IN THIS ISSUE:
A NEW BOOK
By JEFFREY HART

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NOVEMBER 30, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

EXTRA: THE COMPLETE PHOTO-STORY OF THE DINNER, WITH STEVE ALLEN ♦ WM. F. BUCKLEY ♦ JOHN DOS PASSOS ♦ SEN. BARRY GOLDWATER ♦ CLARE BOOTHE LUCE ♦ ADM. LEWIS STRAUSS ♦ PLUS THE INSIDE STORY OF NR BY PRISCILLA BUCKLEY

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We celebrate the Tenth Anniversary of NATIONAL REVIEW, by publishing book reviews, articles, special features and, above all, an abridgement of a new and unpublished book by Professor **Jeffrey Hart.** Mr. Hart's book, *The American Dissent,* is subtitled *A Decade of Modern Conservatism.* Mr. Hart, whose discerning reviews are well known to our readers, conceived a year ago the necessity to present his colleagues with a book that attempts to show what the conservative position as crystallized during the past ten years, is: or, at least, what are some of its major themes and variations. In the course of preparing it, he read every issue of *NR* and managed, quite to his surprise, to survive the ordeal easily, and profitably. In his masterly analyses of the major tendencies of contemporary conservatism he shows that it is a movement that profoundly engages the deepest instincts of man, and the acutest necessities of the age. The entire book, one half again as long as the condensation, will appear in January, published by Doubleday. Mr. Hart, who is in his thirties, is a full professor of English at Dartmouth, author of several books of history and biography, and is spending a sabbatical year abroad.

➔ **James Burnham** has selected three representative columns written over the past ten years. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** meditates on the state of the conservative movement in England. . . . **Aloise Heath** tells what it is like to grow up with NATIONAL REVIEW. . . . **Johannes Eff** takes *NR* on, poetically. . . . **Frank Meyer,** for the occasion, crystallizes a few special principles and special heresies. . . . **Russell Kirk** ruminates on conservative thought and action. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** discusses the European void. . . . **William Rickenbacker** reminds us that the overgrown state remains the principal enemy of freedom. . . . **Hugh Kenner** writes a haunting ode to an echo chamber. . . . And **Will Herberg** instructs us on conservatism, Liberalism, and religion.

➔ The book session is mostly devoted to round-up reviews and articles. **Frank Meyer** talks about the growth of conservative thought. . . . **Hugh Kenner** reappears to make bright commentary on the lingering tastemasters . . . **Joan Didion** asks, and answers, questions that lurk in the mind about the New Fiction. . . . **Henry Hazlitt** discusses the development of economic thought, and demonstrates that theoretical socialism is in retreat. . . . **Arlene Croce** writes of critics, directors, stars, and men: a round-up review of the movies. . . . **Francis Russell** examines the Boston reconstructed by the federal bulldozer, and weeps. . . . And **Guy Davenport** reviews the visual arts, 1955 to 1965, with zest and feeling.

➔ A special Tenth Anniversary section is introduced by Managing Editor **Priscilla Buckley,** who gives a lighthearted history of the last five years. . . . **William Rusher** follows her with "The First Ten Years Are the Hardest," a short and lurid account of our gruesome economic history. . . **Edward J. Bell,** who has been with us during the summer as an editorial assistant, appends a historical footnote on the *other National Review* (1883-1960). . . . And we come to the Tenth Anniversary Dinner, SRO, hundreds turned away, some of our best friends what seemed miles away from the dais (we were not responsible, remember: we were guests). We begin with excerpts from a fine and witty address by Mrs. **Clare Boothe Luce,** go into a photographic display with excerpts from the short addresses by representatives of the sponsors' committee, and by the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, and finish with the address of **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**

➔ There are informal shots, in the Dinner spread, of John Dos Passos, James Burnham, Lewis Strauss, and Henry Luce posing for a portrait of The Thinkers. . . . Clif White, organizing genius of the draft-Goldwater movement, posing amicably with his successors, Denison Kitchel and Dean Burch. . . . Brent Bozell and Marvin Liebman, organizer of the dinner, smiling at something. . . . Republican Minority Leader Gerald Ford, also laughing . . . Wm. Buckley meeting Goldwater for the first time during the evening, reaching over Mrs. Luce to shake hands. . . . Priscilla Buckley relaxing on the dais. . . . Mrs. Wm. Buckleys, Jr. and Sr., finding something or other hilarious. . . . Henry Luce Jr. in animated conversation with Theodore H. White, with John Jessup of *Life* looking on. . . . Goldwater whispering to Buckley on how to win elections. . . . Steve Allen, Frank Meyer, Arlene Croce. . . . C. D. Batchelor, Robert Bauman of YAF, Lem Boulware of General Electric, Holmes Alexander, Ruth Alexander, Congressman John Ashbrook, *Eminence grise* William Baroody. . . . A great show. ➔

(Contents, p. 1053.)

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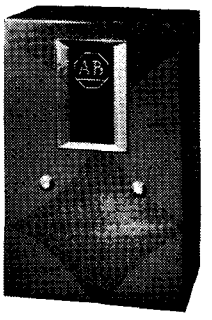

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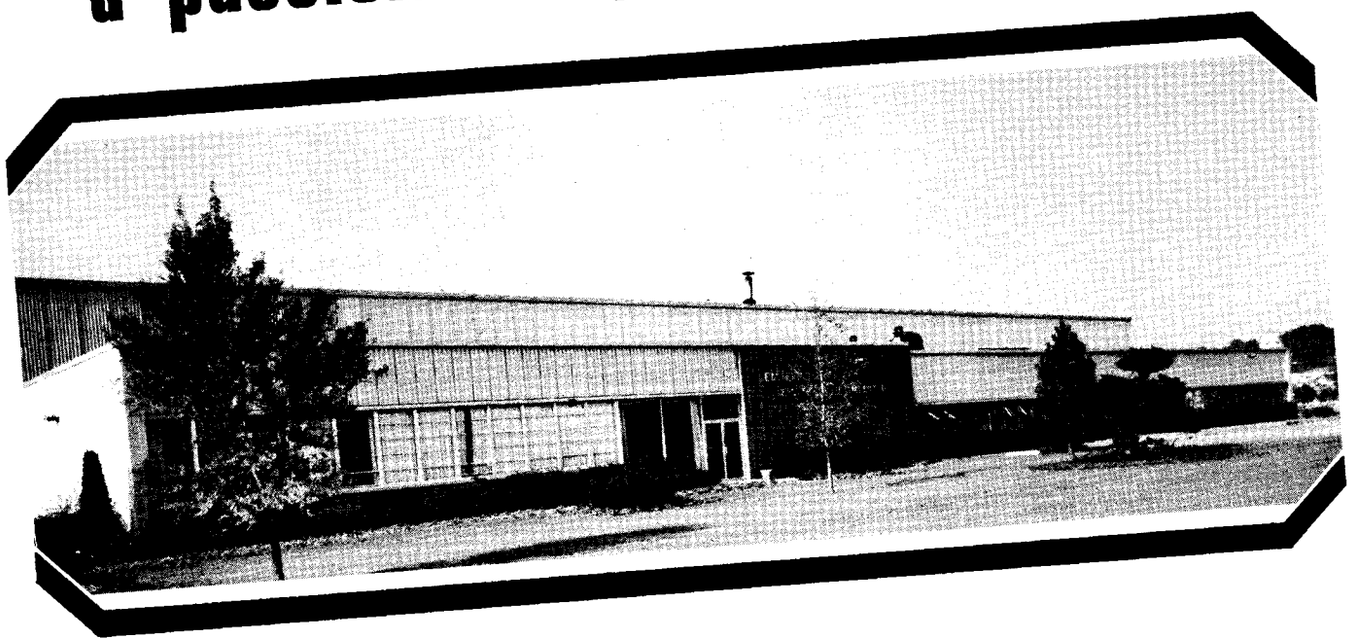

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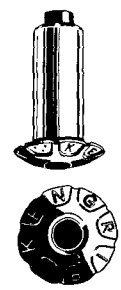

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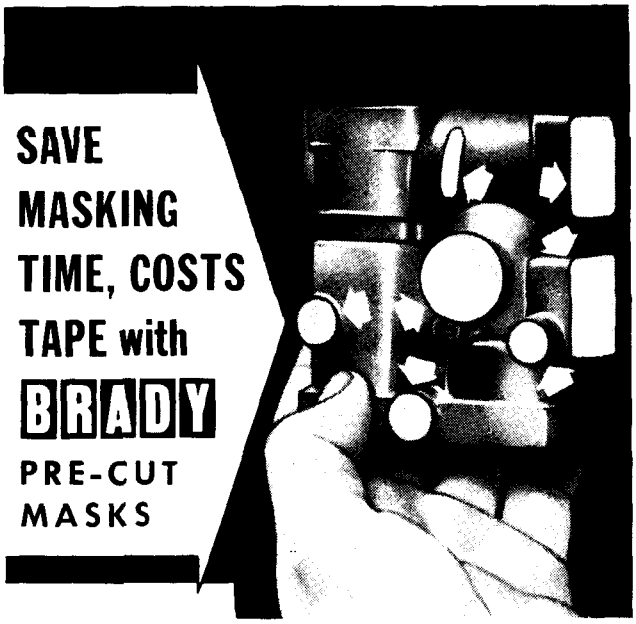

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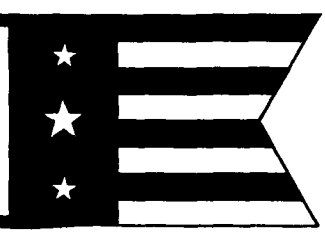

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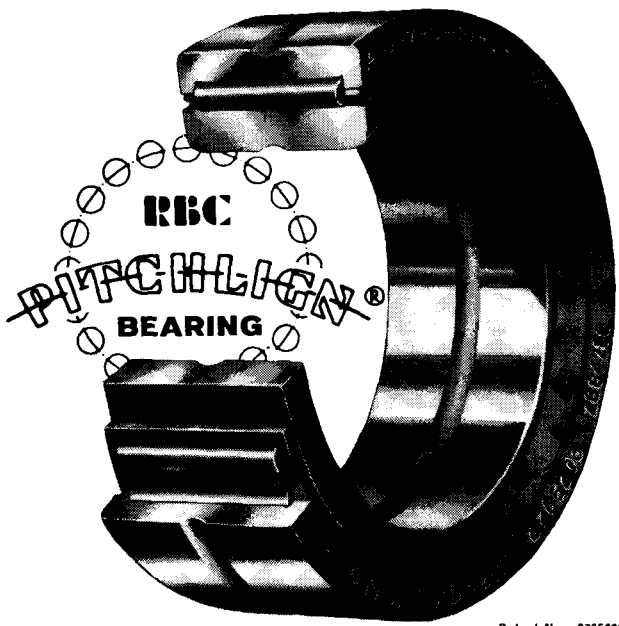

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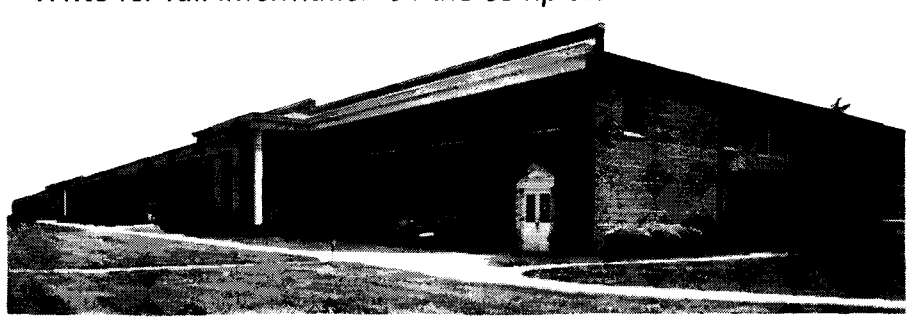

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TO THE EDITOR

Happy Nov. 2

Re your editorial, "The Elections" [Nov. 16]. No "nightmare" here! A solid win for our Republican candidate (of conservative bent) and a defeat for Democratic State Chairman John J. Burns' brother, plus the local political machine, both newspapers, and all TV and radio in the area. A *solid* win in spite of the additional "help" the Democratic candidates had with R. F. Kennedy campaigning here for them!

Binghamton, N.Y. MRS. WM. G. HERRICK

John Abbot Clark

As a former student of Professor John Abbot Clark at Michigan State who came under his sway I share Russell Kirk's sentiments about the man [Nov. 16].

H. L. Mencken said that if a college graduate could name five professors who altered his outlook on life he could consider his college days worthwhile. Mr. Clark, indeed, made college worthwhile for many students during his many years at Michigan State University.

New York, N.Y. JERRY COHODES

Christian Belief

Harold O. J. Brown in his discussion of the "Intellectual Climate and Christian Belief" [Nov. 16] properly deplores the modish assumption that anyone with a spark of decency in him "is, whether he likes it or not, a Christian," but

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neglects to note that, given a baptized subject, this is simple truth. Christianity teaches that God accepts the man in whom the merest trace of the spiritual life can be found: the quarrel is with those dilute ministries which encourage him in this irreducible minimum of Christian practice. There are countless Christians who conduct themselves in faithful accord with the light given them, however little that light may be enhanced by anything coming out of today's impoverished pulpits. We may safely commend them to God's understanding, but their mentors recall to mind the Biblical prescription for the use of a millstone.

New York, N. Y. DOROTHY REA

"The Intellectual Climate and Christian Belief" by the Rev. Dr. Brown places the "new theologians" (Robinson, Altizer *et al*) in perspective. I found the discussion of intellectual and spiritual schizophrenia—trying to hold a materialistic world view and still be a Christian—very challenging, and somewhat depressing.

Thanks for a tremendous article.

Minneapolis, Minn. JAMES SOLHEIM
The Lutheran Standard

Harold O. J. Brown seems to have left out the atheist who does not reject rationality . . . . Let us not blame secular materialism on science.

Rochester, N. Y. ALETHA H. CARLTON

Howling Dissent

Permit me to register howling dissent to Mr. Robert M. Hyatt's article, "Let's Halt the Federal Land Grab" [Nov. 2]. (1) The Federal Government is on a land-buying spree? Blessed be God. (2) Blessed be God because our galumphing birth rate, plus liberalized immigration, will, inevitably, destroy our wilderness before our grandchildren can yammer Dan'l Boone.

Let's then cede that there are probably unjustified "land grabs" on the federal docket. Did ever God grant government the grace to do anything wholly right? Anything wholly without some peculation and some special privilege worming in the woodwork? All power to those who soberly decry this or that unjustified "grab." Curses on those who seek, by illuminating foul egregious example, to upset the drive of conservationists to salvage in every state of the union some percentage of terrain free from blight: by which I mean metropolitan sprawl ("Paradise Lane" and "Skyline Vista" subdivisions) and commercial exploitation (lumbering and cute, corny resort inns).

Now this is where the editor's blue pencil will slash. Come on, now, let me make my second point. . . .

Madrid F. R. BUCKLEY

Bombs for Japan . . .

Wherever did you get the idea that Japan would be interested in "knocking aggressive plans out of Chinese Communist heads" [Oct. 19]? Japan's fantastic recovery and ever-increasing prosperity negate Communism's basic appeal to the have-nots. Yet her Communist ranks, already in the millions, continue to swell and they support Peking not Moscow. From fear? Who is more powerful, Moscow or Peking?

The Soka Gakkai agitate against the U.S. and for increased relations with Peking. Businessmen circumvent the regulations of their own government to expand trade with Peking. And it was a battery of Japanese attorneys who prepared the defense for the nine Chicom subversives picked up in South America a year or so ago.

Indianapolis, Ind. DOROTHY D. DREIMAN

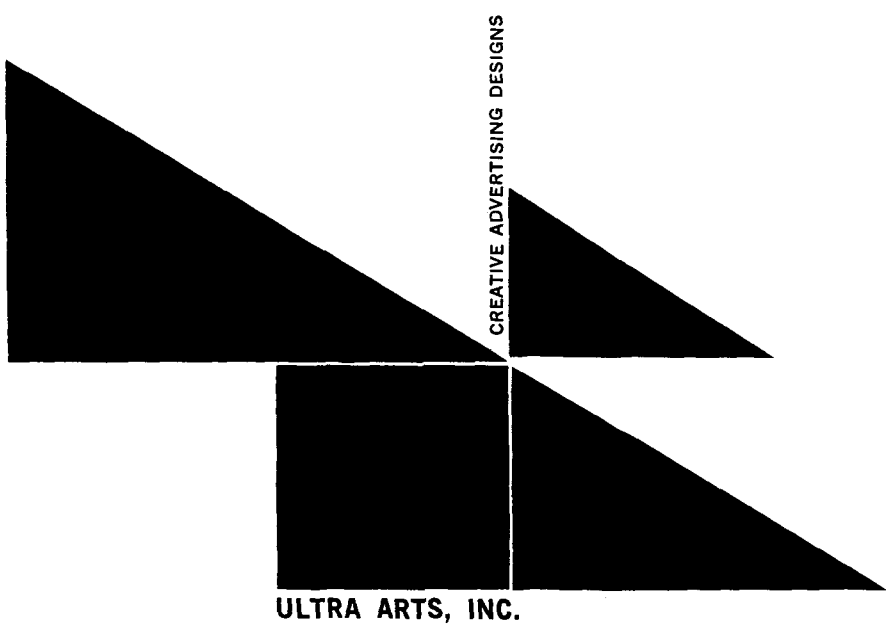
Geography, history, economic interest and culture combine to guarantee that Japan will never voluntarily subordinate herself to China. Possession of a few bombs might help guarantee that she will not be compelled to do so involuntarily. —ED.

And Math Lessons for NR

Re your editorial, "Should We Give Japan Some Bombs?" Your proposal, though sound, was a bit untidy in choice

(Continued on p. 1130)

Please read the important message on page A-48.



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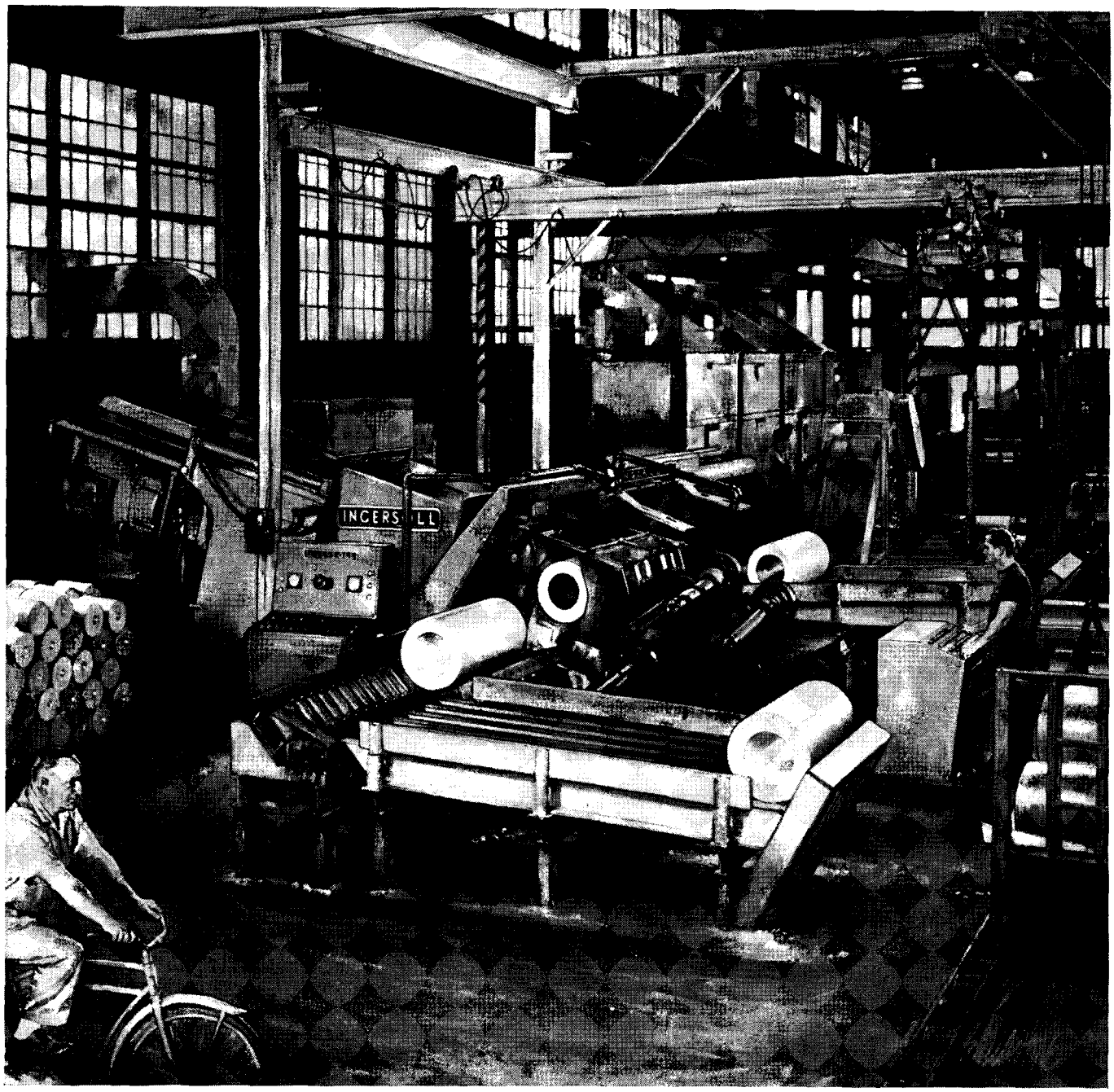

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The WEEK

● One reason why the Cuban economy staggers along just above the level of total collapse is that Canada keeps supplying Castro with badly needed spare parts. If Canada feels so brotherly towards the Castro regime, why doesn't the State Department ask Ottawa to receive, house, and employ the 4,000 Cuban refugees now arriving each week in Miami? Good idea? *Excellent* idea.

● Simon Casady, chairman of the California Democratic Council, has survived (narrowly) a move, sponsored by Governor Brown, to impeach him. Mr. Casady is therefore free to continue his peregrinations around the state and nation, anathematizing President Johnson and Governor Brown for their shared support of U.S. policies in Vietnam. Accordingly, the Board of Directors of the largest political-action group in California is now considering, for the first time, a moratorium on endorsing primary candidates. The reason? At this point, a CDC endorsement would be the kiss of death for almost any Democratic hopeful.

● The chairman of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee, as we all know, is J William Fulbright. J. William Fulbright, as most of us have come to realize, is the *New York Times'* favorite Senator. So when a flood-size leak of alleged secret testimony before the Foreign Relations Committee pours onto the front page of the *Times* (Nov. 14), you don't have to think very long to guess who opened the spigot. Said testimony concerned the early stages of the U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic revealing, among other matters, that the U.S. had ruled out beforehand a Bosch restoration, had judged that the military alone could prevent a Communist takeover, had solicited the junta's request for intervention, and had held back from an attack on the rebels in the Old City only because of probable high casualties to women and children. Chairman Fulbright apparently feels this bolsters his current campaign to convict the U.S. of imperialist aggression and to persuade the Administration to turn the country over to Bosch. Caamaño & Co. But, as we read the leaked report, it makes an impressive case for the foresight and firmness of the U.S. policymakers involved in Dominican affairs prior to the intervention, and during the first period.

● If anyone wants to get serious about sexual discrimination in employment, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission is going to have its (his, her) hands full. On the one hand, Equempoppocom says that sex is a valid consideration when it is significant "in terms of community standards of morality or propriety." On the other hand sex doesn't count if it's merely a matter of "historical usage, tradition, or custom." If it turns out that community standards of morality and propriety are *also* a matter of historical usage, tradition, and custom—then Equempoppocom has the final say. Can a male homosexual serve as a brassière fitter? Does the law empower Equempoppocom to conduct examinations to determine the sex, if any, of plaintiffs and plaintives? But we always knew this would be the culmination of the Snooper State: the command to drop one's drawers, and cough. Eek!

● Martin Luther King, America's most prestigious Negro leader, has been made welcome in Harlem by America's most disreputable one, Adam Clayton Powell Jr., and such was the unction of their mutual testimonials that observers were set to wondering who wanted what from whom. Does King need Powell in order to get Red China into the UN? Does Powell need King to fight off Bobby Kennedy or whichever Big Democrat sees himself growing bigger from the political demise of Abraham D. Beame? One thing seemed sure. With Martin Luther King ordering up peace marches from the pulpit of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, John Lindsay may wish he had never heard the word fusion.

● The suicide attempt of a South Bend, Ind. housewife brings to four the number of Americans who have set themselves on fire because of, or so they have said, the war in Vietnam. (Back in March an 82-year-old woman in Detroit had killed herself "like the monks in Vietnam.") The actions of the impressionable insane argue by their very wild novelty that something more than an individual's psychic balance is grievously out of order. Hearing the suicide of Norman Morrison praised as a martyrdom by pacifist A. J. Muste, Roger LaPorte goes off to the UN and incinerates himself, and is thereby commended by a visiting poet to a school full of Catholic girls. Are we not to understand that Quakers, or Catholic Workers, *endorse*? . . . But the poets rave on.

● Local opposition to peacenik agitation is bustin' out all over. Mrs. Zita Parker (536 Elspeth Way, Covina, Calif.) is circulating petitions throughout California supporting the Vietnam war effort. BREAKTHROUGH, an anti-Communist action group (P.O. Box 3061, Fort Shelby Station, Detroit, Michigan 48231),

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is doing likewise in the Detroit area. The most promising nationwide operation to spring up so far is the YAF-sponsored International Youth Crusade for Freedom in Vietnam (YAF, 514 "C" St., N.E., Washington 2, D.C.), which will hold campus debates on Pearl Harbor Day (Dec. 7) and a series of rallies in major U.S. cities on January 7 and 8, 1966.

● In the debate on the admission of Red China to the United Nations, Cambodian delegate Sambath declared: "Taiwan is a province of China and Taiwan is therefore an internal problem" and thereupon led a walkout of Afro-Asian and Communist delegates at the appearance of Free China Ambassador Liu Chieh. The delegates who walked out, come to think of it, are there insisting—at other UN debates—that Mozambique and Angola are *not* provinces of Portugal and therefore *not* an internal problem.

● We now know for sure that the author of the brilliant anti-Soviet satires that have been turning up in the West for the past five years is a 49-year-old Moscow literary critic named Andrei Sinyavsky. As Abram Tertz, Sinyavsky gave free rein to a critical talent that had managed to assert itself even within the restrictions of Socialist Realism. As Sinyavsky he had managed to perform significant if modest services of rehabilitation among the dead and dishonored of modern Russian literature. Now with another writer, Yuri Daniel, who had written under the name Nikolai Arzhak, he awaits trial on probable charges of subversion—which unpleasantness, however, the authorities are discreetly postponing until the regime's (and the Nobel Committee's) favorite author for 1965, Mikhail Sholokhov, returns safely from Stockholm with the prize that Boris Pasternak, whose admirer Sinyavsky was, had to turn down. The blatant caution of this move should be notice enough to Western intellectuals of what a rattling good stink could do, right now, for the future of freedom in Moscow.

● A recent refugee from Red China, interviewed over Radio Hong Kong, reported the incredible feats of China's number one track star, one Lo Wang. Lo, said the refugee, has smashed in rapid succession the country's records for the 200-yard dash, the 400-yard dash, the 800-yard dash, the mile run, the five-mile cross-country run and the marathon endurance race, in the course of which he fought his way through a blizzard and climbed a range of mountains. Unfortunately, said the narrator, Lo's fantastic performance was in vain. He was captured just before reaching the border and sent to jail.

● Circle the country that best fills the blank in the following quotations from a story in the *New York Times*: "Miss Sarabhai, a spinster in her early fifties, was arrested Wednesday evening under the Defense of ———— Rules. The Rules give the government authority to detain persons indefinitely without trial during times of emergency" (South Africa, Franco Spain, India). "The detention order gave no reason for the action. No explanation is required under the Defense of ——— Rules" (Portugal, India, Rhodesia). Correct answer: India. All other answers are wrong, and win two weeks on the Foreign News desk.

● There'll always be an adman. From a recent advertisement of the English publisher, Harrap, announcing their book, *Spies Who Never Were,* by Col. Vernon Hinchley: "An intriguing series of revelations describing men and women wrongly accused of spying—Capt. Dreyfus, Mrs. O'Grady, Trebitsch Lincoln, and Alger Hiss among them. (Sept. 27) 18s."

● Theft, looting, rioting. Windows smashed. Some damage or other to nineteen buildings in Greater Kalamazoo. Destruction of Christmas decorations. As of November 13 the Job Corps had pulled off yet one more caper. The citizens of Kalamazoo may address their thanks to Sargent Shriver, the Job Corps, Washington, D.C.

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Focus on WASHINGTON

Look for renewed warfare between the President and the Washington press corps. Since Mr. Johnson's operation — and particularly during his recuperative stay in Texas—he has been secretive and testy in his relations with the corps of correspondents which follows his peripatetic course. So far, antagonism against Mr. Johnson has been held down by the fear of reporters that they will be hit by White House reprisals. More than one correspondent has been removed from the Presidential beat by his editor because of real or fancied "attacks" on Mr. Johnson.

◆ Conduct of the Vietnamese war, and the heavy censorship exercised both in Saigon and Washington, will be Exhibit A in the case made by the restive reporters. Behind some of the complaints made by the press, however, is another reason for its anti-Johnson attitude. This can be summed up in two words: intellectual snobbishness. Those reporters who basked in the pop culture of the Kennedy Administration feel that Lyndon Johnson is a kind of yahoo, lacking the refinements of taste and sensibility presumably found in the late John F. Kennedy.

◆ There is little rejoicing in Administration circles over Senator Robert F. Kennedy's Latin American hegira. This trip, encouraged by anti-Johnson and pro-appeasement elements at the State Department, is being converted into a triumphal tour for Bobby. Crowds of professional students, most of them in their thirties, and other leftists have hailed Mr. Kennedy even as they have raised anti-American slogans. (The egg- and tomato-throwing incidents had not been planned.) They very astutely see that this Latin American tour is a frank bid for status, to be added to the second-hand charisma on which Bobby is counting most heavily in his Presidential bid. If reports are true that middle-echelon American diplomats are setting up private meetings between the elder Senator Kennedy and left-wing leaders in Latin America, the prospect is chilling. Observers here rate Bobby as perhaps the most left-wing member of the United States Senate. If his commitment is deepened he may well become the Claude Pepper of the 1960s.

◆ Labor circles are watching with some interest a new controversy between General Electric and the International Union of Electrical Workers, former bailiwick of James B. Carey. Behind the feud is an odd and revolutionary decision of arbitrator William Gomberg, formerly of the ILGWU and now a professor at the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Gomberg had ruled that GE was wrong when it fired three employees for picket-line violence, which the company is entitled to do. This decision was immediately criticized by GE as constituting an "incitement to violence." Now the IUE is loudly crying that GE, which reinstated the three employees as ordered, had no right to complain or to restate its position. In its counterblast, the IUE held that GE's statements were "a new step in General Electric's drive to abolish or make inactive the use of the arbitration process"—a non sequitur which follows the peculiar logic of trade-union polemics. What is at stake, obviously, is the right of a company and its employees to protect themselves from organized violence in collective bargaining disputes.

◆ Fear of inflation has returned to Washington. Economists in and out of government are aware that prices have risen more in the last eight months than they did in the previous eight years. But there seems little inclination on the part of President Johnson or his Council of Economic Advisers to take the one step which will stabilize the economy—namely, to put a stop to the multi-billion-dollar programs which only serve to pump up the inflationary balloon. This, obviously, would hurt the new army of happily occupied and overpaid "anti-poverty" bureaucrats and in turn do damage to the Johnsonian political machine of which they are the nucleus. The Administration, therefore, intends to continue down this merry road, blaming every price increase and every jump in the cost of living index on business. Now and then, labor will be slapped across the wrist—but not too often. And since business refuses to learn how to take its case to the public, business deserves it. **—CATO**

● One prospective juror, according to the *New York Times*, "said he had heard a derogatory remark about the Communist Party, and two said they believed it was an enemy of this country." Disqualified, said the judge presiding in the trial of the Communist Party for failing to register under the Internal Security Act. Disqualified, also: anyone who had ever listened to Fulton Lewis Jr., or William Buckley, or read NATIONAL REVIEW. The twelve selectees will report, once the trial is ended, to Johns Hopkins, where they will be placed in jugs and taught to harmonize *Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing* in three parts.

Crrrack!

The October issue of *ADA World*, official organ of Americans for Democratic Action, is not much short of a declaration of war against the Lyndon Johnson Administration in which Hubert Humphrey—ADA charter member, onetime Chairman, and Vice Chairman until he resigned to accept his 1964 nomination —sits as Vice President. For some months ADA has criticized the President's policy in Vietnam, but in this issue criticism escalates to crusade. "Viet Bombs Attacked by Edwards [Rep. Don Edwards, Cal., present ADA National Chairman], ADA Board,"

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thunders the main front page head—and you may be sure they're our bombs, not the Vietcong's, that Edwards & ADA Board are attacking. One editorial condemns the U.S. bombs that "continue to rain death and destruction on North Vietnam and on numbers of innocents in the South." Another unconditionally defends the peaceniks' "Right to Dissent." Attorney General Katzenbach's attempts "to tarnish [the dissenters] with a brush of Communism are in the worst traditions of American government—the traditions of the Alien and Sedition Acts and of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy." Page 4 features "The March Call" for the Nov. 27 peacenik March on Washington. U.S. actions in the Congo and the Dominican Republic are given side-swipes in passing. Chairman Edwards, ADA Board member Don Fraser (D., Minn.), and Rep. Jonathan Bingham (D., N.Y.) are hailed for their gallant though "unsuccessful fight to beat down a resolution that would authorize unilateral intervention in Latin America." "American foreign policy is sick," Chairman Edwards sums up.

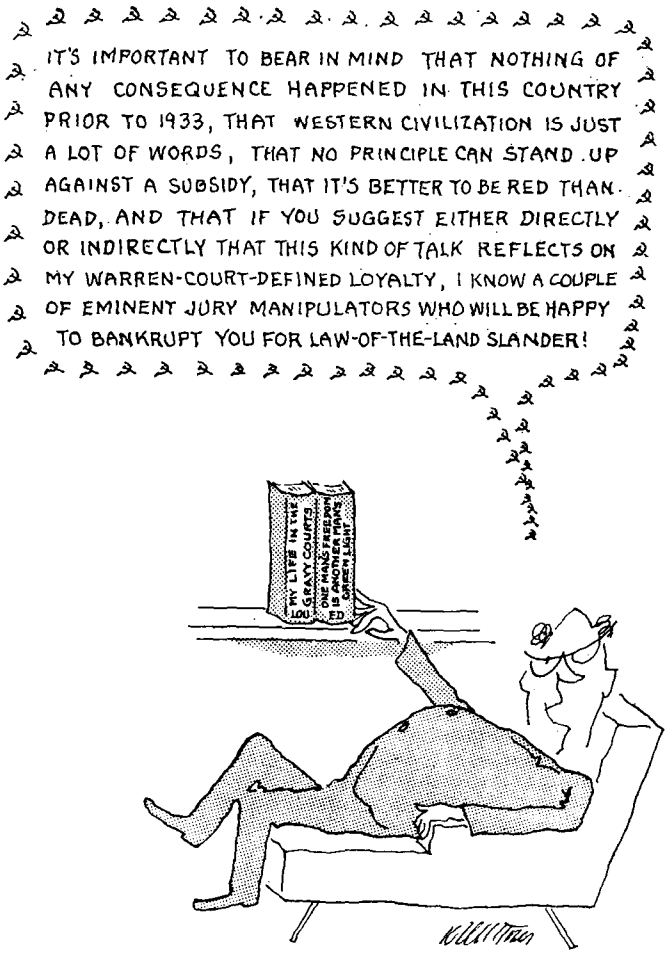
And ADA no longer stops with LBJ's foreign policy crimes. Chairman Edwards, we are informed, "lashed the Johnson Administration for 'timid, weak and vacillating' enforcement of the 1964 and 1965 Civil Rights Acts." The ADA Board "lamented the failure of the House to unseat the five 'elected' Mississippi congressmen." An article excoriates the failure of Congress to pass the District of Columbia Home Rule bill, and notes that opponents "were allowed by the President to vote against the bill."

The ADA's house dispute is bursting out in public. Professor John P. Roche (former ADA Chairman; now, along with J. K. Galbraith, Wayne Morse, Walter P. Reuther, and Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., one of ADA's dozen Vice Chairmen) wrote for the *New York Times Magazine* (Oct. 24) a moderate defense of the LBJ foreign policy and a sharper criticism of some of its opponents, including, by name, Senator Morse and ADA Board member Hans Morgenthau. This brought in those same columns (Nov. 14) a pained repudiation by Roy Bennet, Chairman of ADA's National Foreign Policy Committee, and a formal notice that Prof. Roche's views must not "be confused with the stand of the organization he formerly headed."

This sort of scratching and clawing inside the Liberal family hasn't been seen in a hound's age. It is one more symptom of that crack within Liberalism referred to in James Burnham's remarks to the NATIONAL REVIEW anniversary dinner, from which excerpts are printed elsewhere in this issue. This crack may be expected to extend and deepen in the months and years ahead, as the more responsible and reasonable of our Liberal citizens find themselves compelled to draw apart from their ideologized and reckless brethren.

Fire Burn, Cauldron Bubble

Not infrequently in public affairs men confront a set of alternatives all of which are undesirable. But it is seldom that they then proceed, deliberately, to make the worst of a bad lot: as, however, the Western nations (save France alone, who maintains her scornful Gaullist aloofness) seem bent on doing in the Rhodesian affair. We say, restrictively, "the Western nations," though these are—for the moment—lined up with the African nations, Asian nations, Communist nations and everybody else in the galaxy with the exception of Portugal and South Africa. For the black African crowd it is a standard racist performance that does not call for comment; for the Asians, it is one more anti-colonial routine, spiced, too, with racist pepper; for the Communists, it is a hopeful chance to reduce one more orderly sector of the non-Communist globe to chaos. But for the Western nations? For the United States? What in God's name can we expect to gain, politically, economically, strategically *or* morally—for ourselves or for the Rhodesians, white *or* black—by wrecking that remarkable mid-African plateau which, in a mere 75 years (we cite a London dispatch to the Nov. 12 issue of that purest fountain of un-racism, the *New York Times*) has been transformed from "a region of savage tribal warfare, disease, hunger and super-


IT'S IMPORTANT TO BEAR IN MIND THAT NOTHING OF ANY CONSEQUENCE HAPPENED IN THIS COUNTRY PRIOR TO 1933, THAT WESTERN CIVILIZATION IS JUST A LOT OF WORDS, THAT NO PRINCIPLE CAN STAND UP AGAINST A SUBSIDY, THAT IT'S BETTER TO BE RED THAN DEAD, AND THAT IF YOU SUGGEST EITHER DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY THAT THIS KIND OF TALK REFLECTS ON MY WARREN-COURT-DEFINED LOYALTY, I KNOW A COUPLE OF EMINENT JURY MANIPULATORS WHO WILL BE HAPPY TO BANKRUPT YOU FOR LAW-OF-THE-LAND SLANDER!

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stition" into "a land of flourishing agricultural, mining and industrial activity [that] is unquestionably a product of the plain courage and sweat and colonizing vision of the original 180 settlers of the Pioneer Column and those who followed them." . . ?

This was one of the times, we repeat, when there was no desirable, no positively good, alternative. It is as hypocritical to pretend that the policy of the Rhodesian whites is not racist, as to refuse to admit the arrant racism of black-ruled Africa. Ian Smith has publicly pledged that the blacks will not govern Rhodesia in his lifetime, for all the constitutional provisions that would make it theoretically possible, and that is why the Rhodesian whites support him. They do not propose to give up the country that they and their fathers have built. Racism—white, yellow or brown—is in essence evil; and is, moreover, overwhelmingly rejected in the belief—though not the practice—of our time. Whatever the contradictions in practice, the prevailing opinion of mankind will not accept a racist premise among the avowed foundations of government: and this refusal is as real a political fact as armies and police. The present conflict over Rhodesia is therefore inevitable.

But surely the role of the Western states, and most particularly of Britain and the U.S., should be to restrain that conflict in the degree that is possible, to strive to prevent its explosion into violence, destruction and bloodshed, and to preserve Rhodesia within the comity of nations instead of thrusting her into an outlaw darkness where she may be compelled to act as outlaws do. Surely France was right in withdrawing from the entire UN discussion of the Rhodesian question and abstaining on all votes. How much more dignified, and more prudent, if all the Western nations had followed her example, and held apart from the nihilistic amalgam of the Communist and Afro-Asian states. Even granted that UDI was "wicked", the deed is done. What good, we ask again, will conceivably be accomplished by punishing hundreds of thousands of whites and millions of blacks for that "wickedness"?

Or do our statesmen believe that the kind of society lately manifest in Burundi, Zanzibar and Lumumba's Congo is what Africa *deserves*?

Unfogging the Vietnam War

In an open letter, a group of the country's foremost "scholars and specialists [who] have devoted most of [their] adult lives to study and work in South and East Asian affairs" disperses the fog spread over the Vietnamese landscape by "a small but vociferous group of fellow university teachers," most of them without qualification "in the fields of government, international relations, and Asian studies."

Just Ask BBC

Kenneth Tynan, literary director of England's National Theatre, shocked England last night when, on the BBC television, he admitted he was quite prepared to portray sexual intercourse on the public stage, only he didn't say it that way.—AP

Oh, Kenneth Tynan is a wit.
You just ask BBC.
He grabbed their mike and hollered —.
C?
Yeah, Kenny Tynan runs amok.
Think not? Ask BBC.
While on their air he hollers —.
C?
So all the Isle is now compl'inin'
About the BBC,
The heat is on to censor —.
C?

"For the record," these scholars who *are* qualified "make the following assertions of fact: The Vietcong initiated the present war in South Vietnam. The Vietcong is a Communist-led and Communist-controlled political movement. Its aim is to establish, by any means available, a Communist rule in South Vietnam. . . . The People's Revolutionary Party, which leads the Vietcong, is a segment of the Lao Dong (Communist) party of North Vietnam. The Vietcong itself was organized by the North Vietnamese, armed by the North Vietnamese, and trained by the North Vietnamese.

"The Vietcong have employed methods of terror, torture and outright murder. For American academics to bemoan the 'brutality' of the South Vietnamese response, without the slightest comment on the initiators of the brutality, is the epitome of bias. The Communist regime in North Vietnam is among the harshest and most brutal in Asia. . . .

"Our negotiations and agreements must not be 'Munichs.' Men who prize liberty are unwilling to settle for peace at any price. The surest guarantee of peace in Asia is what it has always been everywhere: recognition by all that our commitments to our allies will be honored."

A number of the same scholars—among them Professors Frank N. Trager, William Henderson, John T. Dorsey Jr. and Wesley R. Fishel—are on the editorial board of a new journal, *Vietnam Perspectives*, which is being issued by the American Friends of Vietnam, Inc. "to put before the American public data about the Republic of Vietnam."

We commend these gentlemen and scholars for these public acts by which they redeem the honor—rather battered by the excesses of the past year or so—of their profession. ➤

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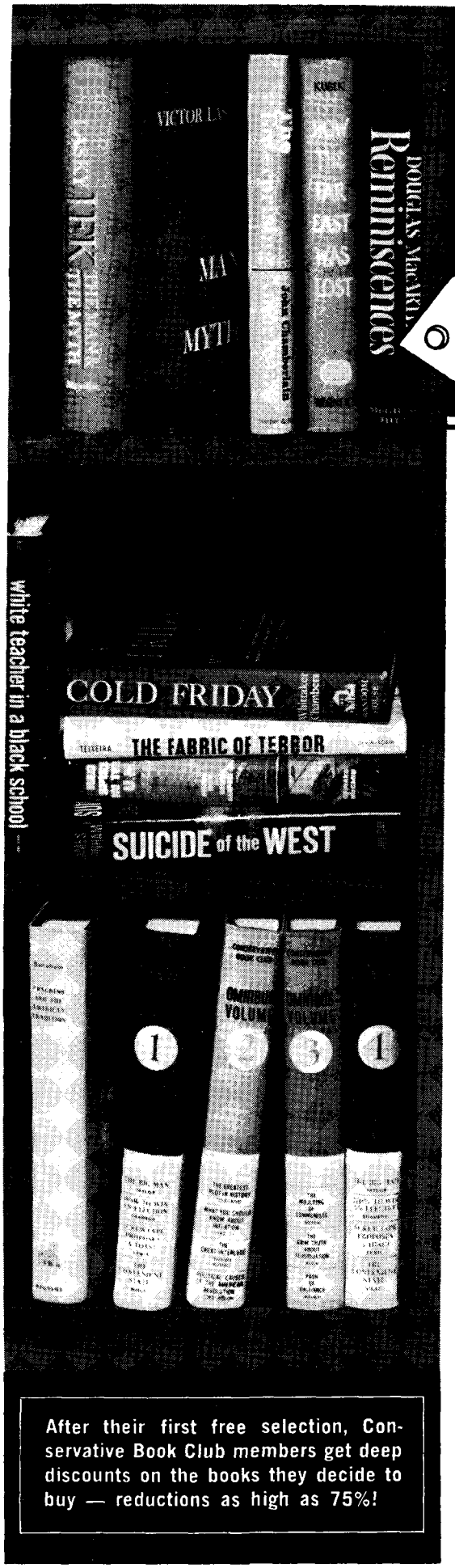

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25. WHITE TEACHER IN A BLACK SCHOOL. Robert Kendall's first-hand account of what our Liberal education system does to its victims. Far from the ivory towers where the Liberals draw up their plans for us, Kendall and his Los Angeles Negro students must **live** these plans . . . and it's hell! You won't be able to put this book down; you'll read it with mounting outrage. **Retail price $4.95.**

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Re the Blackout

On May 28 three electronic relay stations along the Utah-Nevada border, carrying the greater part of transcontinental communications, were blown up. On June 13 the cities of San Francisco and New York experienced simultaneous power failures, apparently as the result of minor mechanical malfunctions. On June 15 a large pier in the Hudson River burned up, temporarily closing the West Side Drive, one of two principal traffic lanes north out of New York City.

No, we are not going to stand up and shout that it's all a Communist plot. Neither can we guarantee that the events were *not* a sort of warming-up exercise, a rehearsal: or perhaps a test of this country's ability at repair and salvage. How did it happen? who did it, if anyone, and why? are questions that need answers; but they are not the only questions.

Such events, whether malicious or accidental, should remind us of the necessary corollary of technological progress: the vulnerability of concentration. In the days when the transportation system consisted of every man's feet and whatever horses he owned, it was virtually impregnable: now a half-dozen bombs in major switching yards, and a strike by pilots or flight engineers, with perhaps a wink from Jimmy Hoffa, is all that's needed to halt the flow of people and goods. Way back when the communication system was post horses, it would have been the work of an army to cut off the circulation of news. When every home had lanterns, the cities could not be thrown into darkness by the failure of a switch. For the magical advances in communications and transportation every thoughtful person must express admiration and thanks; and every thoughtful person must also see that the broad and rapid supply of power and goods entails, necessarily, the possibility of broad and instantaneous disruption of that supply. For each advance, a price has been paid. As we have concentrated more and more of our life-force in these mechanical brains, we have exposed more and more of our jugular.

And a second question, flowing from this: when an underground electrical switch, or a deserted relay tower, or an abandoned wharf, constitutes a critical link in the great technological chain of being, can the wise man, or judge, dismiss wholly from the mind the problems of internal subversion?

—an editorial printed in NATIONAL REVIEW, July 1, 1961

With all due respect to J. Edgar Hoover, the internal Communist threat in the United States is virtually nonexistent.

—from an editorial in the *New York Times*, November 16, 1965

So Long, Rhodesia

In Ghana, they've got a "messiah";
In Kenya, Kenyatta's a god.
Burundi's a land where menus are planned
With dishes decidedly odd.
The Congo is still . . . the Congo.
Nigeria's gonna go "boom!"
While in the Sudan, the northerners plan
To do what they did at Khartoum.
Above the green, greasy Limpopo
The natives are restless, tonight.
One nation *alone's* stability-prone—
Unfortunately, it is white.

W. H. VON DREELE

Dickey Chapelle, RIP

In a United States increasingly populated by *papier-mâché* people, Dickey Chapelle was real. She was the kind of woman war correspondent portrayed in a dozen old Hollywood movies. Dickey talked gruffly and laughed hard. Tough, big-hearted. She was a real combat reporter who covered wars on battlefields, not from hotel bars.

I first met her before dawn one morning in Vietnam in 1962 when we shared a jeep en route to areas where the Communists were operating. Dressed in a jump suit and wearing combat boots, she wouldn't let me carry any of her equipment. She did a man's job and refused any special consideration. Dickey's only concession to her sex was a map she carried of the combat areas that she worked in. It was marked with the sites of ladies' rooms and, in their absence, emergency alternatives. She joked about the confusion of the Communists in trying to decipher the symbols if ever they captured her map.

Dickey Chapelle was an excellent combat correspondent who reported accurately—but she was not neutral. She believed in winning. Covering the Dominican Republic crisis, Dickey told me—in her saltiest language—of the general reaction among the military when a major attack aimed at destroying the rebel forces was suddenly canceled. She had been with the advance combat unit, ready for action, and joined the troops in slamming helmets to the ground in disgust.

When in the U.S., Dickey frequently spoke in favor of standing firm in Vietnam. She was especially effective before college audiences in routing the Left propagandists.

On November 3 their Vietnamese comrades killed her. At age 47, Dickey Chapelle had walked into enemy territory with a patrol of marines almost young enough to be her grandchildren. I am sure she was carrying her own equipment.

CHARLES WILEY

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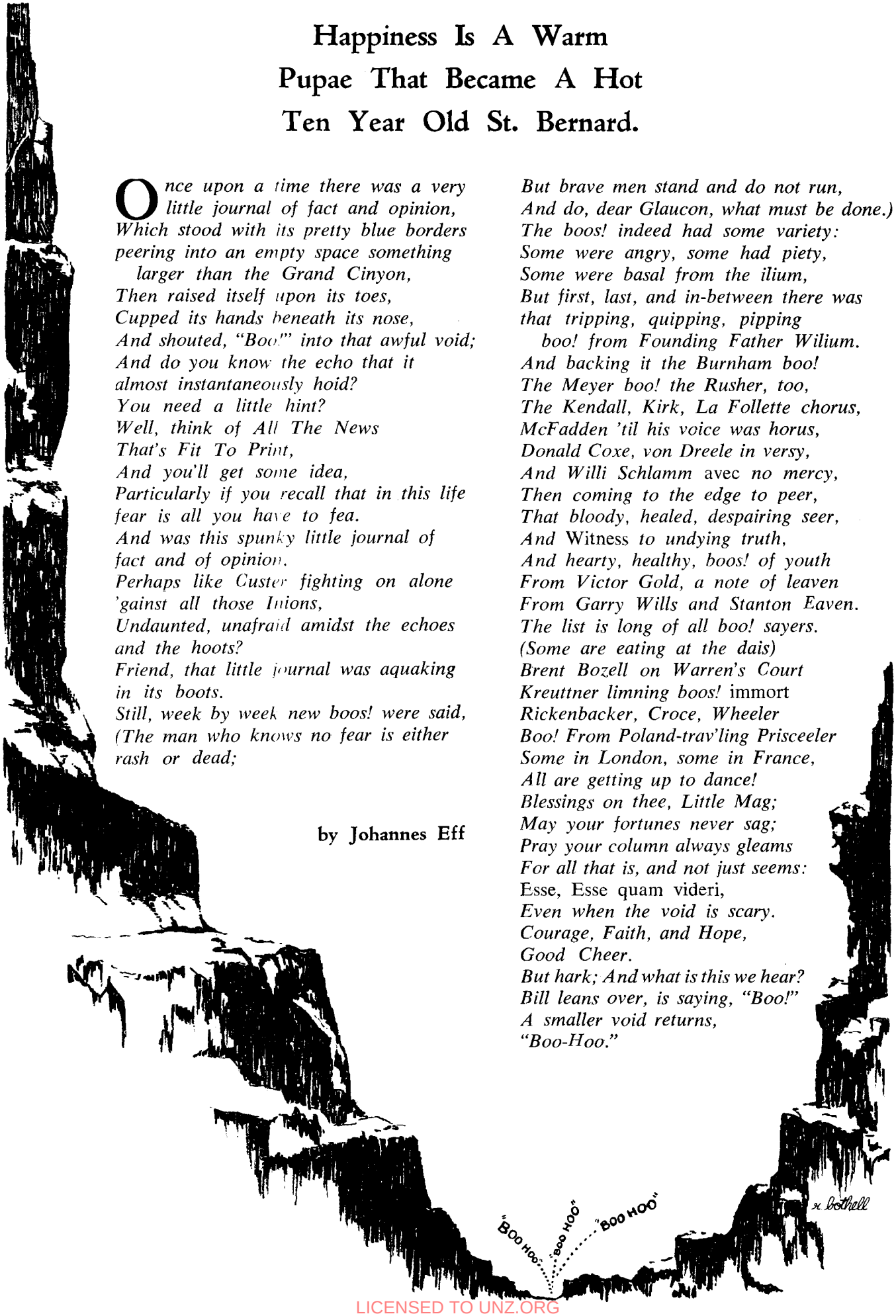
Happiness Is A Warm Pupae That Became A Hot Ten Year Old St. Bernard.

Once upon a time there was a very
little journal of fact and opinion,
Which stood with its pretty blue borders
peering into an empty space something
larger than the Grand Cinyon,
Then raised itself upon its toes,
Cupped its hands beneath its nose,
And shouted, "Boo!" into that awful void;
And do you know the echo that it
almost instantaneously hoid?
You need a little hint?
Well, think of All The News
That's Fit To Print,
And you'll get some idea,
Particularly if you recall that in this life
fear is all you have to fea.
And was this spunky little journal of
fact and of opinion.
Perhaps like Custer fighting on alone
'gainst all those Inions,
Undaunted, unafraid amidst the echoes
and the hoots?
Friend, that little journal was aquaking
in its boots.
Still, week by week new boos! were said,
(The man who knows no fear is either
rash or dead;

by Johannes Eff

But brave men stand and do not run,
And do, dear Glaucon, what must be done.)
The boos! indeed had some variety:
Some were angry, some had piety,
Some were basal from the ilium,
But first, last, and in-between there was
that tripping, quipping, pipping
boo! from Founding Father Wilium.
And backing it the Burnham boo!
The Meyer boo! the Rusher, too,
The Kendall, Kirk, La Follette chorus,
McFadden 'til his voice was horus,
Donald Coxe, von Dreele in versy,
And Willi Schlamm avec *no mercy,*
Then coming to the edge to peer,
That bloody, healed, despairing seer,
And Witness *to undying truth,*
And hearty, healthy, boos! of youth
From Victor Gold, a note of leaven
From Garry Wills and Stanton Eaven.
The list is long of all boo! sayers.
(Some are eating at the dais)
Brent Bozell on Warren's Court
Kreuttner limning boos! immort
Rickenbacker, Croce, Wheeler
Boo! From Poland-trav'ling Prisceeler
Some in London, some in France,
All are getting up to dance!
Blessings on thee, Little Mag;
May your fortunes never sag;
Pray your column always gleams
For all that is, and not just seems:
Esse, Esse quam videri,
Even when the void is scary.
Courage, Faith, and Hope,
Good Cheer.
But hark; And what is this we hear?
Bill leans over, is saying, "Boo!"
A smaller void returns,
"Boo-Hoo."



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The Third World War: Three Insights

JAMES BURNHAM

To: The Secretariat
From: Intelligence Section
Subject: Weekly Summary, International (excerpts)

Date: March 14, 1956
The monitor branch is completing its analysis of world press coverage of the Twentieth Congress. It is clear that our ability to control the content of the bourgeois press has reached such a point that we would suffer little loss if we were to dispense altogether with the Party-owned press, which has in any case been of negligible importance for the past two decades.

We are already in a position to state that the primary objective of the Congress has been obtained.

As transmitted by higher instance to this Section, the problem of the Congress was formulated in the following manner. *By an application of the inevitability of Communist victory: a) to reinforce the concept of the futility of resistance to Communist advance; and b) to popularize formulas for non-Communist collaboration in that advance.*

According to Plan

In our recommendations for solution of the problem we advised:

1. In relation to a), a simple, "single theme" program for the Congress. All speakers at the Congress to picture the Soviet Union as showing unparalleled power and accomplishment in every field of human endeavor; as destined soon to surpass all the rest of the world, and particularly the United States, in everything; as already irresistible in armament and nuclear capability.

2. In relation to b), selected speakers to revive Popular Front slogans, call for peaceful coexistence, propose increased economic intercourse.

3. In order to attain maximum psychic penetration for the above, a manipulation of the world bourgeois press as the principal communications medium for the Congress.

These recommendations were accepted, and they were carried out according to plan.

The Communications Chain

In its operational instructions, higher instance lifted the recommendation of simplicity to a new dialectical level. Its conception was to have the entire Congress consist of a single speech, or report. This was delivered by Comrade Khrushchev, and then repeated in sections by all the other speakers. The multiple repetition gave hypnotic depth to the carefully limited number of ideas and slogans. It was an entertaining stroke, with a useful diversionary effect, to make mandatory on all speakers an implied condemnation of Stalinist monolithism and an enthusiastic tribute to collective leadership.

The "sensationalist" requirements of the bourgeois press determined the formulations and timing. Each day's proceedings were designed to provide subjects for news headlines, editorials, and columns: promise of peace; threat of war; astounding statistics; sweeping proposals and equally sweeping refusals; mysteries and intrigues; spies and heroes; reversals of the past and conquests of the future.

The world press was transformed for ten days into the publicity apparatus of the Twentieth Congress of our Soviet Party. *Yomiuri* in Tokyo, *Il Tempo* in Rome, *Le Monde* in Paris, *Frankfurter Zeitung* in Germany, the *Times* in London and New York and New Delhi, and all the others, in news reports, editorials, columns, and special articles, told the masses of the entire world precisely what we wanted them to hear.

As a typical sample, we call attention to the February 23 column of the brothers Alsop, especially revealing because they are presented to the American public as sophisticated insiders rather than vulgar journalists. Their first sentence is a summary of the concept which was the objective of the Congress to transmit: "The Soviet rulers are now genuinely and absolutely confident of their position." Unaware of the process that has led them to their beliefs, they state in their own name what we wish to communicate to the American public, but could not through the medium of a Communist writer.

"Now, as Khrushchev and his colleagues look about them," they go on with that tone of fatality so well suited to aid us in the task of paralyzing the American will to resist, "they can be pardoned for self-congratulation. Their home political base is wholly secure. They have in China a dependable and increasingly powerful ally. . . . There is now solid basis for Khrushchev's boast that 'the majority of the population of our planet' is on his side. . . . There is not the slightest doubt that the Soviets are now threatening to surpass us, not only in missiles, but in the whole area of air-atomic power."

We must revise upward our estimate of the American public's readiness to accept absurdities.

Eyes Front

Higher instance's decision to keep the tone of the Congress relentlessly "positive" succeeded in focusing the bourgeois press, also, on the positive. Even our most obvious failures and vulnerabilities went unremarked. All comment was on our mighty goals for the future, none on our immense lacks of the present. No bourgeois columnist wrote on the failure of the virgin land development program; the strategic significance of our lack of roads, trucks, cars, and telephones; the proof by our meager electrical energy output that our nuclear achievement cannot be of the same order as the American; the revolts in the camps and the revival of religion; the persisting national aspirations in the subject nations of our West and South; the collapse in housing and meat production; the ideological impasse shown by our inability to write a history of our own country or an analysis of our own economy, and by our current need to scramble yet again the past accounts of our revolution; the meaning of the fact that Mao was not in attendance at

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Three columns by Mr. Burnham, at five-year intervals, tell a great deal about: 1) Soviet Cold War strategy, 2) The stakes then, and now, in Africa; 3) How that old humbug, World Opinion, should be treated

the twentieth Congress. . . .

It is as Marxism has always predicted: the old society dies by suicide, not murder.

The Loneliest Men

March 12, 1960

A few days ago, in Nairobi, the spokesman of the comparatively moderate United Party, to which most of Kenya's whites adhere, declared of the agreement just reached in London on Kenya's road to independence: "It is a cynical abandonment of the Europeans in Kenya, no doubt resulting from American pressure." He was certainly correct on his first point, and probably on his second.

Burnham

In his illuminating dispatch from Algeria, E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn (March 12, 1960) notes that "what we are witnessing now in Africa is the belated birth of 'national democracy'" in a historical situation where this concept has become not merely archaic but irrelevant.

Western ideologues and politicians interpret the current African events in terms of their own ideas of "nationalism," "self-determination," "democracy," and so on. But for most Africans — whatever their origin — these are just ritual words, without substantial content.

The idea of "nation" presupposes the historical continuity of a people linked by all or most of such factors as geographical contiguity, language, customs, myths, religion, law, arts, heroes, the shared experience of suffering, wars, defeats, and triumphs. In all Africa, the only communities so qualified are Egypt, Ethiopia, and Morocco, and—though with shallower roots—Liberia and the Union of South Africa. The rest of Africa was organized tribally, not by nations in our sense, free, slave, or colonial. The shadowy older empires and the more recent "colonies" and "protectorates" have been mere administrative divisions.

The African Struggle

In a recent letter to the *New York Times,* Professor Steven Enke has pointed out that the present African revolution is in reality not "nationalist" ("for national independence") but tribal and racist. What is happening in Africa is not a struggle of Kenyans or Nigerians or Cameroonians to free their countries (nations) from oppressors. There *are* no countries of Kenya, Nigeria, or Cameroon. The struggle is an upsurge of black men against white men; and in the North, of the mixed Arab masses against the white men of European origin. The black men aim to destroy the power and privilege of the white men; to take over their property, or most of it; and to permit white men to remain only as servants and handmaids—technicians and advisers, as we say nowadays—of black rulers, like the Christians of the *ra'iyeh*, impressed for the administrative and military services of the Ottoman Empire. The building of nations and empires, or geographical disintegration under the tribal impulse, can come later.

The whites of Africa, like the African (and Harlem) blacks, know well enough the real nature of the African revolt. They cannot afford the Liberal-egalitarian illusions. Their careers, possessions, homes, and quite possibly their lives are at stake. They know also that from the perspective of Britain, Belgium, France, and the United States they are indeed expendable. Hence their desperation.

Perhaps the great powers are right, judging from their corporate perspective. A black-ruled Africa, or black plus Arab, is not necessarily "lost" to the West. Economically, a black Africa could hardly avoid being a market, supply source, and frontier of the West—if the black rulers are really interested in economic development. There are Westernized blacks in Africa, and there can be more. Politically and militarily, the West could keep black-ruled Africa at least neutralized in the world struggle. Perhaps, then, the metropolitan centers are right, by the rules of *Realpolitik,* to toss the white Africans into the pot. But this is not much of a consolation to the victims.

So the local white communities have not consented, and do not and will not willingly agree to the "independence" of the areas where they reside. They know that the independence formulas mean their drowning in the black wave.

The whites resist, and will resist. Where the white communities are very small, as in Ghana, Guinea, Sudan, Nigeria, or the Congo, they can at most achieve a small delay. Where they are more considerable but still small percentagewise, as in Kenya, they can hang on longer—after all, the Mau Mau, Tom Mboya's lineal predecessors, were smashed; but the outcome seems assured, and black, rather sooner than later.

The Palestine Example

In Southern Rhodesia, the Union of South Africa, and the somewhat different context of Algeria, where the white communities are of some size and are solidly rooted, they will hold out, they must hold out (for they have no choice, really), to the end—and it is not certain that the end will be their defeat. Through courage, resolution, and political skill a handful of Jews has successfully taken on the whole Arab world. The white Europeans of South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, and Algeria are in no tougher a spot than the Jews in Palestine.

There is one critical difference between the position of the white, Christian, Western communities of Africa and that of the Palestinian Jews. The Jewish settlers—and invaders and terrorists—had, and have, the total backing of all the Jews of the world; even, in the showdowns, of the anti-Zionists. The white communities of Africa are denounced, rejected, condemned, and even actively fought by most of the Christian, Western whites of the world. They are not

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included in the benisons of the Brotherhood Week that we have just finished celebrating.

Yet from the point of view of the West, even in terms of the coldest strategy, the fate of the white-cored communities in Algeria, Rhodesia, and South Africa may well be decisive for the whole African continent in the struggle for the world.

Whose Opinion Is World Opinion?

July 14, 1964

Prominent among the deities on whose altars we modern men are summoned to toss our pinch of incense is the dread goddess, World Opinion. Sometimes She is not unlike to the bogeyman of childhood, who gets us if we don't watch out. We can't send in air cover over the Bay of Pigs, use advanced weapons in Southeast Asia, take steps against violations of the persons and property of our citizens, tell the truth in the United Nations, or try to get something for our money, because—World Opinion will get us if we don't watch out.

Then too, She is like our Fairy Godmother, who will grant our fondest wish—above all, that supreme wish to be loved—if we are good little boys and girls. Just throw away those naughty bombs and vote with the poor dear nations in the UN and elect soft-headed internationalists and invite Negroes to the country club—and World Opinion will give us a great big kiss and a sugarplum.

It must be said for World Opinion that She has a fast reaction time when She thinks the situation requires it. The polls in California had hardly closed before we learned, through the customary channels, that World Opinion was agape and aghast at the prospect that Goldwater would be the candidate of the Republican Party. World Opinion had denounced the verdict in South Africa's Rivonia trial last month even before it had been rendered — before, indeed, the trial had started.

Clearly, there is no need to take a vote among the earth's three billion inhabitants in order to find out how World Opinion feels; nor even to make, Gallupwise, a "scientific sampling." We do not have to wait for official statements from the world's governments. All that is necessary is to cast a summary eye over the relevant dispatches and editorials in eight or ten journals: the *Times* of New York, London, and New Delhi; *Le Monde, Il Tempo, Economist, L'Express,* for good measure a glance at *Yomiuri, Die Welt,* and *Dagens Nyheter.* Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, you can cut the list down to the three *Times* and take the rest for granted. These will give you the sufficient word, passed on from "unimpeachable sources," "high officials," "UN delegates," "opinion here," and the global "man in the street."

From Myth to Reality

World Opinion, examined empirically, turns out to be a myth created, or transmitted, by a handful of journalists, editorial writers, and (let us add) TV commentators. But the fact that She is a creature of mythology does not mean that World Opinion is either meaningless or impotent. A myth gets its strength from our belief. The governing classes of modern society believe passionately in the reality and power of World Opinion, and therefore World Opinion *is* real and powerful. There are different sorts of belief, however: some of us believe passively, submissively, and seek only to please the Goddess and do Her will; others, like those hearty pagans who denounced, bribed, scolded, and threatened their gods in order to get satisfactory performance, treat World Opinion more as servant than master: use Her, in fact, as instrument of their own will.

The Communists have long studied World Opinion with Talmudic care and devotion. They have pondered the structure and methods of the newspapers, magazines, broadcasting networks, and pulpits through which World Opinion finds public expression; and thought still more deeply about the motives and ideals and assumptions of the men and women who transcribe the words that are accepted as Her voice. They look on World Opinion primarily as an instrument or weapon that can be wielded to their use to divert, seduce, or paralyze their enemies. Using the knowledge they have gained, they introduce a unit of directed energy here and there at critical points in the machinery of communication and the minds of the men and women who tend it. Thus they often start the whole apparatus throbbing in harmony with their purpose. Sometimes, in truth, it so throbs as it were spontaneously, without need for deliberate intervention.

World Opinion finds Herself proclaiming that nuclear tests must be stopped, or Chiang or Rhee or Diem ousted, New Guinea ceded to Sukarno or Katanga crushed, Castro accepted or South Africa ostracized, yes, or this man elected and that one blackballed, these criminals freed and those critics sentenced—for World Opinion pokes Her nose into the most intimate domestic affairs.

Fortune Favors. . .

World Opinion, like Machiavelli's Fortune, "is a Woman, and must be Hector's, to keep her under; and 'tis visible every day she suffers herself to be managed by those who are brisk and audacious, rather than by those who are cold and phlegmatic in their Motions, and therefore (like a Woman) she is always a friend to those who . . . attack her with more security and boldness." So reads the record. World Opinion turned friendly to us, in 1950, exactly when our troops began driving the enemy back from the coast of Korea. She held her tongue all through the first day of the Bay of Pigs invasion, and then, when it was seen that we were going to prove not brisk and audacious but cold in our motions, She heaped abuse on us. She was awed and polite—in spite of frantic Communist manipulation—as we drove Arbenz out of Guatemala, but shrill and carping when we permitted ourselves to be pushed around in Panama. We have helped pile at Her all the colonial interests of our allies, regardless of time or context; and She calls *us* "the leader of world imperialism." Today She condemns our action in Southeast Asia, and orders "neutralization." But let us once start winning that war and how quickly Her tune would change! Of Her, as of not a few others of Her sex, the old rule holds: He who asks Her favors will never gain them.

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Letter From London

What Hope for Conservatives?

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The similarities and contrasts between what happens in Britain and what happens in America are, at least to me, endlessly fascinating, and should be instructive, though sometimes only as an Awful Warning, to both countries. In spite of everything, we belong inextricably to the same civilization.

To ask what the prospects are for conservatism in Britain is, therefore, not wholly different from asking about the prospects for conservatism in America. The same factors are at work on both sides of the Atlantic. Britain, as I've suggested before, is only a stage further down the leftward road on which America too is well embarked: and there are a few subjects, notably the legalization of trade union tyranny, on which America seems actually to be ahead. Harold Wilson, according to some commentators, fancies himself as a sort of poor man's President Kennedy, and would like the Labor Party's appeal to be as relatively nondoctrinaire and as broadly based as that of the Democratic Party. In which case, he still has a long way to go: but the position of such American Liberals as Mr. Humphrey or Mr. Galbraith is at least analogous to that of many British Socialists.

Similarly, recent leaders of the British Conservative Party have born a distinct resemblance to Rockefeller Republicans. It is necessary, therefore, to distinguish sharply between conservatism and the Conservative Party. Historically, the Conservative Party has never been particularly attached to the doctrines of personal freedom, certainly not to laissez-faire economic policies, and it has scarcely been conservative in a liberal sense since the time of Disraeli. The pragmatism of which Tories are apt to boast gave the party little resistance to the tides of collectivism which have been running so strongly since the war.

Winston Churchill read, and was impressed by, Hayek: but Churchill, the aging warrior, was not equipped for the difficult task of molding domestic policies according to sophisticated and consistent principles. After the Labor landslide of 1945, the Conservative Party was, in fact, largely remolded by the rubber-faced rubber-principled Mr. Butler, about whose off-the-record remarks in the past some horrid revelations have lately been appearing. The resultant shape was called "Butskellism," a combination of Mr. Butler's name with that of the Labor leader, Hugh Gaitskell.

When the Socialists were defeated in 1951, there was, as the Tories claimed, a "dash for freedom." A lot of controls, levies, and restrictions were scrapped. Before long, however, the pace slackened and eventually went into reverse. Tory ministers in charge of nationalized industries and socialized welfare services found that, whether they liked it or not, they had little choice, within the context of what they regarded as politically practicable, but to behave like Socialists. Anthony Eden, who succeeded Churchill, was never a man of strong conservative principles, and, after the Suez fiasco, he retired, sick and defeated. His successor, Harold Macmillan, rallied the party magnificently, but behind his deceptive Edwardian façade he pushed it sharply left; he invented that baneful phrase, "the wind of change," and he was proud of it, and it epitomized his political philosophy.

Tories Turned Collectivist

He did, nevertheless, perform one last great service to the party: he ensured that the succession went not to Mr. Butler but to Lord Home. Home failed, however, to turn the party rightward again; on the contrary, the Tories entered last year's election on the most collectivist platform which has ever disgraced their prudence or their principles.

Perhaps just because he was a fourteenth Earl, Alec Home felt obliged to demonstrate his Liberalism. Perhaps his inclinations really are, as he said himself, left of Tory center. This was certainly true of most of his colleagues. No senior Conservative for a long time has admitted to being on the right of the party. The new Tory leader, Edward Heath, will not restore principled conservatism; he is as much a pragmatist as anyone. But he does in many ways mark a break from Butskellism.

Genuine principled conservatives still exist in Britain, of course, as they do in America. They come in several kinds. There is, for instance, the crusted reactionary, known in British folklore as "Colonel Blimp," a rather lovable character—and there is, at the other end of the scale, a small band of right-wing intellectuals, too few and too uncoordinated to indulge in the sort of ideological disputes which sometimes enliven the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW. But the distinction that matters, in Britain as elsewhere, is broader and more fundamental—a distinction between collectivists and anti-collectivists. The anti-collectivists may call themselves by any of several labels or by none: some would still like to be called Liberals, but, for convenience in this great divide of human thought, they can all be counted with the conservatives.

Within the spectrum of practical politics, conservatism has no hope of power, or even of much influence, except through the Conservative Party. Two questions therefore arise: (1) What are the Conservative Party's chances of returning to power in the near future? (2) What are the prospects for conservatism in the Conservative Party?

When Parliament rose for the summer vacation after nine months of Socialist rule, nine months of economic crisis, higher taxes, and rising

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prices, nine months of ineptitude and bluster, the public opinion polls had begun to give the Tories a substantial lead. But a healing period of recess, a temporary settling down of the economic crisis (with the aid of vast international loans), and the publication of some massively spurious plans by the government, have all had their effect. The public opinion polls now show Labor in the lead again. Many people in both parties think that Mr. Wilson would be well advised to hold an election at once: but it seems he has no intention of doing so. He believes that the success of his economic policies will bring richer dividends next year. Meanwhile, he is leaving no publicity gimmick unturned, no hurried journey untaken, no television appearance unexploited, in order to establish himself in the imagination of the electorate.

Is Heath a Winner?

What will have happened by next spring, who knows? Mr. Wilson is hoping that Britain will have emerged from her troubles (for which he will blame the Tories) into the sunny uplands of prosperity (for which he will claim the credit), with welfare bonanzas for everybody. The Tories believe—and, truth to tell, hope—there will be no such improvement. They are determined to attack the government fiercely and unremittingly. They chose Mr. Heath as their leader for that very purpose. He has got to be, and be seen to be, a fighter; indeed, he has got to win—or the supporters of the deposed Sir Alec Douglas-Home will have reason for bitter complaint.

Since mass electorates are essentially unreasonable, and the proportion of votes which might actually swing is small and hard to analyze, Mr. Heath may not succeed, however well he plays his cards. So far, he has merely been playing them very cautiously. The position seems to be that the Labor Party, since the General Election, has lost a good many friends and gained no new ones, but that the Tories are still not attracting much positive support outside the ranks of the faithful.

There is a sense in which Mr. Heath genuinely ought not to be classed either as a right-wing Tory or a left-wing Tory. Something is moving inside the Conservative Party, and Mr. Heath, in his classless, unideological, rather unwelcoming way, probably does represent that movement.

It is a movement away from blanket welfarism, penal taxation, unlimited protection of the unions, and the sentimental view that there are no real conflicts of interest in the community; "abrasive" is the vogue word among his followers. Since it is better to do some of the right things for the wrong reasons rather than the wrong things for the wrong reasons, true conservatives must welcome this movement, but their welcome cannot be unqualified.

These new policies are not a commitment to freedom or the rights of individuals for their own sake. The stress is put entirely on "incentives," and "efficiency" and "competitiveness." If the sociologists and managerial experts decided that high taxation was not, after all, a serious disincentive, and that union monopolies were conducive, rather than an impediment, to efficiency, would Mr. Heath and his policy-planners immediately be in favor of high taxation and the union shop? The impression they give is that they might well be.

What has been achieved, though, is that the collectivist assumptions, which have prevailed almost universally since the war, are at last being challenged. Young intellectuals who fifteen years ago would have been uncritical admirers of Mr. Butler are now disciples of Mr. Enoch Powell, a ruthlessly consistent advocate of a free economy. His ideas are far from being generally accepted, but they have begun to take root at the growing-points of conservative thought.

Britain is Unhealthy

What Britain lacks, both inside and outside the Conservative Party, is the conservative spirit, the conservatism of the heart. Nations, like individuals, are often praised for the very virtues which they do not possess and blamed for the very faults which they least exhibit. Britain is always being accused of hidebound conservatism and an absurd fondness for tradition. If such charges were ever justified, they are certainly not justified now. On the contrary, Britain is wallowing in an orgy of self-criticism, reformism, modernization, the precipitate destruction of everything old, stable, and decent.

There is a massive *trahison des clercs.* Many of the people who, by virtue of birth, education, and position, ought to be standing against the flood have been eagerly helping to open the floodgates: and the subculture of technologists and sociologists, of pop singers and folk singers, of aggressive egalitarians and militant students, of cynicism and slogans and slovenliness, of mass values and mass deception, all of the rubbish of the twentieth century is pouring in to occupy the vacant places of the national mind, the emptiness which resulted from the abandonment of empire, and the euthanasia of the middle classes.

Britain today is not in a healthy state. Mr. Heath and the Young Turks of the Tory Party are perhaps right in thinking that conservation is no longer very relevant; there is not enough left to conserve, and the longer this government remains in power the less there will be. The need now is for restoration or, if you prefer, for the right kind of innovation: and there are, dimly devised in the darkness, a few encouraging gleams.

The Tories, even the slippery managers of the Conservative Party, are at least thinking again about the principles of welfarism, the effects of taxation, the doubtful virtues of government planning, and the undoubted burden of government spending. They have become intellectually much tougher—and so, to do them justice, have the more sensible members of the Labor Party. Sheer Liberal wooliness has diminished. The champions of freedom occasionally make themselves heard and are gathering a few converts.

There has been no true reaction away from the Left, no revulsion among the young, no raising of a banner to which conservatives could wholeheartedly rally. But the fight continues, and in this battle conservatives have one great advantage over Leftists: their faith is not dependent on fashion, on "the spirit of the age," on a belief that the tide of history is with them. They are temperamentally prepared, even glad, to fight for a lost cause, and by fighting may win it.

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Er-rumph

Growing Up With National Review

ALOISE B. HEATH

The job of editors, at least as that job is seen by the Editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, is to head blank pages with random phrases they have grown to love ("To Err is Truman" is still heading a blank page somewhere in the Managing Editor's desk) and the job of writers is to make sense out of them. Sometimes this is possible. Other times it is not; in which case the brass, forgetting the incisive reasoning, the witty alternatives, the tear-sodden telegrams which failed to break up the affair between them and their title, will thank the writer for her nice piece which, however, they cannot help but feel does not *quite* hang together. Nor will this nice piece; not with that title hanging just over the horizon.

In the first place: WHO GREW UP WITH NATIONAL REVIEW? Not me, certainly. I grew old with NATIONAL REVIEW, if that's what they mean: usually at the rate of 365 days a year but often much faster. On several occasions I went from the prime of life to the verge of senility in a couple of paragraphs.

Once was the time Bill Buckley so endeared himself to the Body Temporal with his lofty objectivity on the subject of Pope John's encyclical (surely you remember the *Mater Si Magistra No** — nervous giggle — issue?). Well, in the course of that week there came a cold grey day when I collected seven children from seven classrooms under the cold grey eyes of the seven nuns who teach them their catechism. (I was late, but not that late.) And I learned, from the happy cretinous babble of my jewels that our copy had been passed from classroom to classroom by pride-lit young Heaths who carefully pointed out to each teacher the week's Gospel according to Uncle Bill. *Wasn't that nice, Mother? Because Sisters like Popes, Mother.*

And if that's what the editors call Growing Up With NATIONAL REVIEW, then my dearest wish is to have NATIONAL REVIEW grow up all by itself, because what growing I did that afternoon was from the full bloom of ripe womanhood to. . . . Did you ever see a fat hag?

Or by Growing Up do they mean shedding illusions, accepting reality, the "see life steadily and see it whole" perspective by which guidance counsellors sometimes prevent dropouts and NATIONAL REVIEW editors almost invariably cause them. (I understand that one senior editor shed two or three hundred subscriptions per illusion, but then he may be boasting.)

Quivering Masochists?

There is no doubt that in the days when the object of our recent gala reunion was only the object of our affection the lovers of NATIONAL REVIEW were a solid lump of quivering masochism who treasured the notion that the entire reading public of the United States knew their dear one well enough to hate it. Proud as we were of our bright youthful new baby with a real cover that made her look like a real magazine we still clung to the thrilling underdoggery of the years when our most deeply buried fear was that Gerald L. K. Smith was the only other conservative in America; and it was a dull day indeed which passed without our finding at least one insult to suspect, collect, hug to our heaving bosom, and hoard. Anyone who suggested that the *New York Times* did not daily point its lead editorial at NATIONAL REVIEW would have been lynched. Oh I *tell* you: what with our dilated pupils and nostrils and all, you could spot us on the *street!* (Actually, you could only spot those of us who couldn't give NATIONAL REVIEW anything but love, baby. The others who also gave money weren't on the street to be spotted, they were home in bed, with the blinds drawn three-quarters of the way down.)

Eventually, of course, we did shed our illusions and accept reality as our six-thousand-circulation-baby grew bigger and bolder and, yes, brassier. We no longer had time to dig up imaginary insults; for one thing no one of us had enough ganglia to deal with the real ones. In fact the insult-ganglion ratio shortly grew so disproportionate that with few exceptions they retired to grow scar tissue.

You can still spot NATIONAL REVIEW lovers on the street; the only difference is that today they aren't also spotted by policemen and nervous old ladies. In New York we wear bland smiles, Conservative Party buttons, and ties on which there is just the tiniest stain (no, *really* . . . you can barely see it!) that looks as if it might have been made by one of the blintzes our recent candidate for mayor kept *not* eating. In the hinterlands NATIONAL REVIEW readers are equally distinctive, but different. They are all those callous, insensitive, thick-skinned, brutish and belligerent-looking people wearing the Chippendale chips. And let no one jump to the conclusion that this is a simple side effect of ganglia-retirement. That's the way We Grew Up With NATIONAL REVIEW. It took two issues to do it. The first carried an article by Jim Burnham on the ADA which practically nobody would have called a paean of praise; and two or three days later it became apparent that roughly half our nodding acquaintances were Americans for Democratic Action (this is one of the few calculations you can still make in the Old Math). The second issue carried a lengthy editorial on the John Birch Society. Practically nobody would have called that one a paean of praise either, and shortly thereafter, we noticed without any calculation at all that the other half of our nodding acquaintances must be Birch.

NRers Never Sad

When nodding acquaintance is all you ever had in the first place, this kind of thing leaves you either sad—or callous, insensitive, thick-skinned, brutish and belligerent, and the

(Continued on p. 1075)

* Witty quotations from the conversations of Garry Wills, Vol. VI, p. 396.

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Letter from the Continent

The European Void

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The prosperity which reigns in Europe has for too long obscured the *provisional* character of almost every free institution south of the Protestant monarchies. The frightening vision of Donoso Cortes, who saw Europe without loyalties, attachments, or convictions, has become real; the European void is a fact.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Of this void the French Revolution was a premonition; old Europe collapsed in 1917-1918, a catastrophe that was followed by the republican-democratic experiment. By the mid-1930s the experiment had obviously failed on the Continent. And 1945 was only another edition of 1815. This time, however, instead of the Bourbons, republican democracy was restored by the bayonets of a victorious alliance, which broke up sooner than had the Holy Alliance. And if this "restoration" is still functioning, it is only because fear of the East inhibits experiments. Hence the image of the "galvanized corpse." If the pressure from the East or prosperity (or both) were to subside, we would be where we started in 1922 or 1932.

Any inventory of European realities yields only four staples: a) a Christian minority everywhere acting as a leaven, b) a Communist menace, c) a successful free-market economy, and d) an image of a united Europe, more potent than the misgivings of statesmen and economists. This is little enough, but things are even worse if we look for genuine loyalties, traditions and values for which "Free Europeans" would be willing to live and, above all, to die. With the aid of the pro-Communist vote Italy became a republic in 1946 and the Crown was removed as a possible center of loyalty. Today the Italian coat of arms shows an arbitrarily selected geometrical figure, the five-pointed star, and the presidency changes hands among politicians. The *Democrazia Cristiana* is still the governing party and the Apennine Peninsula seems a precarious reincarnation of the defunct Papal States. Thus in Italy the Church has proved to be the only effective means of cohesion. But how long will it last?

The Austrian coat of arms, like that of certain South American republics, bristles with symbols chosen at random (a hammer and sickle among them) in an attempt to replace the glories of the Habsburgs with tourism, festivals, and summer schools. Western Germany, like Austria, is a fragment of an Empire, a country flying the flag of the ill-fated Weimar Republic and divided into federal states which (except for Bavaria) are a travesty of history; their shapes, boundaries, their very names were decided at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam.

Kingless Kingdom

Spain is a kingdom without a king. Even monarchists are divided and the students dream of a political order in the best nineteenth-century tradition — retarded provincial visions which are farther from the Spanish reality than the present, none too popular but practical, and more and more liberal system. Yet Spain offers no vision of permanence, no center of affection and enthusiasm, either to the masses or to the elite. No more does Portugal.

Or let us look at France. In the 1950s a subway poster designed by Sennep, the famous cartoonist, showed four strutting Mariannes, and a fifth much smaller Marianne peeping coyly around the corner. The text read: "Republics come and go (but Soudé Paints stay forever)." Since then the Fifth Republic has become a reality and people are beginning to wonder what there will be "beyond de Gaulle." Whatever one thinks of this contradictory statesman, the fact remains that de Gaulle cannot be easily replaced. The constitution of the Fifth Republic is not an abstraction, it has been tailored to fit de Gaulle. The question remains whether the Fifth Republic can go on—and whether a Sixth Republic can be imagined at all.

The end of the republic *qua* republic is by no means unimaginable. After all, Pétain, who founded the *État Français,* was voted into power by a majority in the Chamber, and in May 1958 France was within a hairbreadth of becoming a military dictatorship under General Massu. A deputation went almost literally to their knees to de Gaulle. Had he not accepted, Massu would have taken over the bankrupt Fourth Republic. A *coup d'état* by paratroopers had been minutely prepared, and the *citoyens,* grown fat on the good life, would not have mounted the barricades. And this was by no means the first such crisis.

The question of European democracy and republicanism is best put in negative terms. We must not ask how many Europeans give their assent to the existing order, but how much resentment its replacement with an undesired (and undesirable) new one would cause. If, for argument's sake, the Army were to restore the monarchy in France, who—as long as personal liberties, living standards, and trade unions were left unmolested—would risk his life to prevent France being given back her old coat of arms, the Bourbon *fleur de lis,* now in use by the Boy Scouts? (Significantly, France today has no coat of arms—unless it is the initials RF or the fasces figuring on certain documents.)

It is true that the patriarchal and dynastic image is deeply engraved on the European heart. A glance at almost any newsstand in Europe shows an incredible array: the marital problems of the Queen of England, the heartbreaks of the Dutch princesses, the births in the Spanish and Greek royal families, the career of ex-Empress Soraya, Prince Akihito's romantic marriage, the engagements of the Comte de Paris' children, the adventures of Princess Margaret, the doings of ex-King Umberto's daugh-

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ters, and some of the more scandalous goings-on in deposed royal families, all of which interest most people far more than constitutional reform or economic squabbles they do not understand. (And how marvelous when the movies, Mediterranean romance, and a dapper young prince all meet in one dream-world, as in tiny Monaco!)

Fleeting Eros

Political eroticism? Certainly. America is a land of legalisms, of lawyers, constitutional theory, a country that once tried to fight alcoholism through legislation and now tries to eliminate the far more delicate issue of race by legal fiat. The European mind leans more openly, more honestly toward "existential" forms. In fact, in this age of political TV campaigns Jünger's "fleeting Eros" is at work on both sides of the Atlantic.

At the same time, behind the more obvious erotic attractions there are father-images (and, up to a point, mother-images) that cannot be entirely overlooked in Europe. Americans find it difficult to understand this. Uncle Sam is emphatically only an uncle. He is a New Englander, a bachelor, a morally upright, sharp old man. He has nothing in common with the amply bearded, fat, benevolent monarchs depicted on traditional playing cards. Whoever in Europe rejects the loving King of Hearts will have to knuckle under to the Knave of Spades: whoever is against the father is for the brother—Big Brother, to be precise.

The monarchical issue only *seems* dead. Republican interludes in European history sometimes lasted centuries, as in Rome, but more often than not they can be counted in decades. The republican fear of monarchical restoration is enormous: take the case of "Dr. Otto Habsburg." In the Austrian void (a part of the European void) a man like the former Crown Price would immediately become a point of consolidation and this the Austrian Socialists dread and they are not alone in dreading it.

The void deepens. Europe is today the scene of a sort of mute rebellion of the intellectuals. They drift in large numbers toward the Left, though they have not yet conquered the universities. What they offer is largely a rehash of nineteenth-century ideas—agnosticism, atheism, nihilism. (Herr Szczesny, their leading spokesman in Germany, has stated that Buddhism is preferable to Christianity because it is "more democratic," i.e. *everybody* can become a Buddha but not a Jesus Christ!)

The only consolation in this lugubrious picture is the fact that on the other side of the Iron Curtain things are as tough, or tougher—for those in power. Craving recognition, West European intellectuals (especially West Germans) try desperately to be nonconformist; the Russian intellectuals and artists do the same, but at a great risk and out of a strong inner urge to oppose the Leviathan. They really are made of sterner stuff than the beatnik-y German literati, whose behavior and attitudes were well described by Rudolf Kraemer-Badoni in his witty book, *Beware! Good Men from the Left!* Just before the recent German elections a number of these heavy thinkers signed and published a flaming endorsement of the Social Democratic Party—luckily with little success because their highly esoteric (and thus "undemocratic"?) literary and artistic products have scarcely any popular appeal. (It would be interesting to know whether the gnostic-esoteric trend in art and letters is not in fact a subconscious protest against the Big Democratic Interlude.)

The 'Royal North'

Viewing Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals we find consolidation of a sort (and a sterile sort at that) only in the "royal North." The rest is limbo. Actually the situation could be analyzed—prosperity or no prosperity—as a race for suicide. Which will kill itself first—the East or the West! Further to the East, to be sure, there is an even greater void: China. There, almost nothing of any originality has been uttered or written in centuries. The very dregs and waste of European thought are almost literally worshipped. What it all adds up to is the realization that the emptying, the *kenosis* of the Old World, has now progressed to a point where small bands of men of good will, insight and true non-conformist courage can no longer do much good. We have now to turn to Divine Providence.

Growing Up

(Continued from p. 1073)

friends of NATIONAL REVIEW are never sad. Even Bill Rusher is only sad three times a year and then only to a select group of two or three million people.

'How Now, Brown Cow'

I hate to be stubborn, but I must after all to mine own self be true and this is not Growing Up; it is Growing c., i., t-s., b. & b., which is not the same thing at all, nor did I do it. It was done to me, and by a group of editors many of whom are still adolescing I do believe. No NATIONAL REVIEW editor has ever to my knowledge willingly allowed another to have the last word in their blessedly rare periods of disagreement. How many times have they used up a good 25 cents worth of my 50-cent magazine arguing with each other and for all I know throwing out poems by William von Dreele in order to do so? They even play jokes on each other. I happen to know that not two weeks ago one senior editor spent the whole afternoon bombarding the publisher with fake memos in one of which he went so far as to use the phrase *quid nunc vaca fusca* which is Latin for "How Now, Brown Cow" and which must have been terribly hard to work out if all the tenses and things are right which I assume they are. I put it to you: is that mature, adult, grown-up—all that work for "How Now Brown Cow"?

The only NATIONAL REVIEW personality whom I consider totally Grown Up is Francis Russell who once reviewed a book of photographs of Brigitte Bardot in her customary costume. Mr. Russell, when he arrived at the torso chapter, remarked: "Her navel is totally undistinguished." I have never met Mr. Russell but I hope to some day and when I do I hope our meeting blossoms into friendship and our friendship into intimacy because there is a certain question I want to ask him. Nobody I know now has the slightest idea even what the criteria are. And the man who does is the man about whom I could write at some length. The topic would be: "Growing Up With a Certain National Reviewer."

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Principles and Heresies:
A Crystallization of Ten Years

Our man in Woodstock offers some cogent nuggets on libertarianism, conservatism, Liberalism and Communism from his columns of the past decade

FRANK S. MEYER

An anniversary is not only festive, it is sometimes sobering. For ten years now I have been writing these columns in NATIONAL REVIEW, and the challenge to crystallize in brief compass what I have been trying to say is very sobering indeed. Reading over ten years' work, I have been only too aware of its imperfections and weaknesses. Nevertheless, I have come to the conclusion that the best way to summarize what Principles and Heresies has represented is to put down, just as they appeared, the passages that follow, which seem to me to give the essence of these columns.

Meyer

On Conservatism

"Natural conservatism," that universal human tendency to hold by the accustomed, to maintain existing modes of life, is a continuing and deep-rooted characteristic of all men at all times. This natural tendency and its opposite, equally natural, human characteristic, the impulse to break new horizons in the deepening of truth and the heightening of values, are held in just proportion as long as men of all conditions believe, each at the level of his understanding, in the same transcendent Ground of truth and value, eternal and dynamic.

But when, through whatever cause, this unity in tension is riven . . . when a revolutionary era shatters the unity and balance of men's world—then, after a little, another kind of conservatism is born. . . . It is now that conservatism in the sense of a philosophical, a social, a political mode of consciousness — what we may call "conscious conservatism"—comes into being. . . . It cannot simply affirm. It must select and adjudge. Its conservative character arises from the fact that in its selection and its judgment it bases itself upon the accumulated wisdom of mankind over millennia, and accepts the limits upon the irresponsible play of reason which the unchanging values exhibited by that wisdom dictate. But it is, and must be, not acceptance but challenge. For in such an era existing circumstances are fundamentally wrong. To accept them is to be not conservative but acquiescent in revolution.

A correspondent accuses me of being "in love with the 'freedom to choose,' not with the truth that that freedom may lead to." But the point is that the "truth" is a *metaphysical end* and "the freedom to choose" is, so far as human beings are concerned, the *moral-political condition* of achieving that end. . . . The belief in ultimate values and the belief in freedom are dependent one upon the other, integral aspects of the same understanding. The love of liberty and the love of truth are not the hostile standards of irreconcilable parties; rather they form together the twin sign of any viable conservatism.

On Traditional and Libertarian Conservatism

It is [the] rejection of the humanist element in the Western and Christian tradition that leads [to an] insistence upon the radical opposition of the good society to the free society. The humanist side of that tradition has always held in check the Puritanical and Jansenist drive toward a conception of man as a totally corrupt creature. . . . Therefore, it has conceived virtue not merely in the negative terms of subduing evil inclinations, but also in positive terms—in terms of achievement of potentialities which, although finite, are immeasurably great. Rejecting the Manichaean disdain for the things of this world, it has considered the joy of created being as a high good.

The principle that the political order must be a free order if men are to have the maximum possibilities of achieving virtue is, I maintain, inextricably linked, in the tradition of the West and the tradition of the American republic, with the principle that the goal of men is virtue. They are both essential principles of conservatism—which by definition is devoted to the preservation, maintenance, and extension of that tradition. Conservatism, therefore, unites the "traditionalist" emphasis upon virtue and the "libertarian" emphasis upon freedom. The denial of the claims of virtue leads not to conservatism but to spiritual aridity and social anarchy; the denial of the claims of freedom leads not to conservatism but to authoritarianism and theocracy.

When these attitudes are only emphases, differences of stress among conservatives, they can produce a fruitful and healthy dialogue. But neither the libertarian nor the traditionalist can totally deny the ends of the other without moving outside of the conservative dialogue and breaking continuity with the Western tradition. That tradition bears onward from generation to generation the understanding—rooted in the Christian vision of the nature and destiny of man—of the primary value, under God, of the individual person. From his nature arises his duty to virtue and his inalienable right to freedom as a condition of the pursuit of virtue.

Neither virtue nor freedom alone, but the ineluctable combination of

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virtue *and* freedom, is the sign and spirit of the West.

The West is in decay not . . . because "the free society has come to take priority over the good society"; but because freedom has declined as virtue has declined. The recovery of the one demands the recovery of the other; the recovery of both is the mission of conservatism today.

On the Task of Conservatives

Conservatism must be something more than preservative; it must restore, and it must create new forms and modes to express the essential content of our civilization. That requires an activity far wider than the political, for the political is the sphere of struggle, struggle *for* a vision that is articulated. Conservatives today have the double task of simultaneously fighting for a position and articulating it. . . .

We attack the Establishment, and justly; but we have not met its pretensions area by area and point by point at the level that *our* pretensions to be the heirs of Western civilization demand. . . . We cannot be content with slogans, with oversimplifications of complex reality, with neat formulas to capture votes. As the defender of the tradition of the West, the conservative movement must stand for excellence—and excellence at every level of human endeavor.

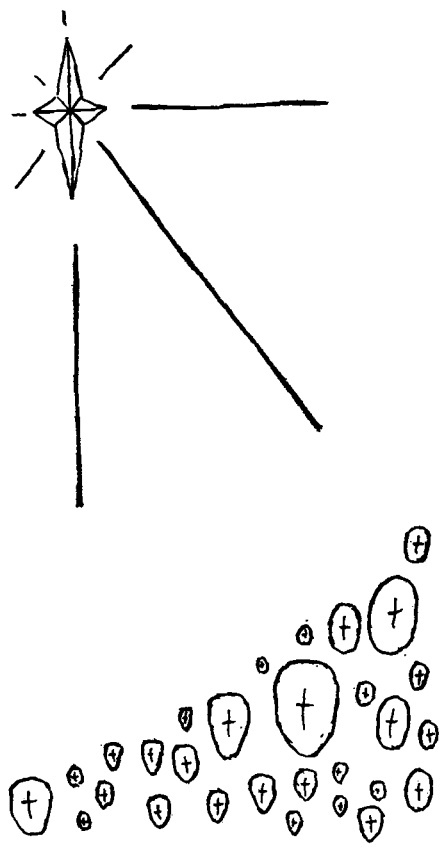
On Liberalism

[This is] the essential inhumanity of socialism and welfarism: the leveling that, by reducing the person to a statistical number, degrades all men, whatever their capacity or position; the ignominious removal of responsibility for his future and his family from the hands of individual men into the hands of an all-probing bureaucracy; the steady attrition of all separate and rooted centers of power and the massive growth of a single bureaucratic center of state power, which from day to day gains more and more control over all the avenues of thought and life.

Philosophically, this body of dogma [Liberalism] is relativist, pragmatic, positivist, scornful of absolute criteria, of all strictly theoretical thought, of all inquiry not amenable to the methods of the natural sciences.

Socially, it assumes the existence of an organism, "society," as the being to which, and to the good of which, all moral (and by the same token, political) problems finally refer. Sometimes this principle is modified, but never by intrinsic reference to the individual person, only by reference to collectivist images of specialized groups of individuals: "minorities," "the underprivileged," "the elite," "scientists," "gifted children," "backward children," "labor." . . .

Politically, it attributes virtue in strict proportionality to power. Actions are best, and best performed, when the state performs them; and within the governmental structure, best when the action of the Federal Government rather than of the several states; and within the Federal Government, best when the action of the executive rather than of the legislative. And if it cannot be the act of government, better that it be the act of an organization than that of an individual, better that of a large organization than that of a small one.



Economically, it takes for granted that the several energies of men expressed through the functioning of a free-market economy can lead only to disaster (although it was with the growth of that system that the great leap in human productivity of the last 150 years occurred). Considering centralized direction and regulation the desideratum of economic systems, it looks towards state ownership of all productive facilities either in a Marxist or quasi-Marxist manner or in a Keynesian manner; it demands that the statist section in a "mixed economy" control all the decisive sectors of the economy and receive a lion's share, through taxation, of the product. In either case it insists that only "socially desirable" production shall be encouraged, and that the decision as to what is "socially desirable" shall be made not by the individual consumers through the market, but by the bureaucrats and social workers through the power of regulation and taxation.

Emotionally, it prefers psychoanalysis to the dark night of the soul, "adjustment" to achievement, security to freedom. It preaches "the end of ideology," admires experts and fears prophets, fears above all commitment to value transcending the fact.

On Liberalism and Communism

It must be understood that Liberalism weakens the fiber of society, but that Liberals are not, as are Communists, conscious enemies, conspiratorially organized for the conquest of world power. They must be fought in different ways: Communists with *every resource* both of the individual and of voluntary associations of individuals *and* of the state; Liberals by the methods of education, political organization, and action.

The underlying assumptions of the Liberal mind are such that they continuously veto the necessary principles for the conduct of a successful struggle against the horror of Communism. . . . Ideological images can always blind the Liberal to reality. As a sadistic criminal becomes a "juvenile delinquent," to be "understood" and sociologized when the magic words "underprivileged," "deprived of love" are uttered, so a thrust forward into our vitals by the international Communist power machine becomes a phase in the great world

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revolution of the "underprivileged peoples." . . . No wonder the Liberals are immobilized before the current mode of Communist advance, which is the development and exploitation of "national people's revolutions," . . . for they accept as truth the immobilizing concepts behind which the enemy advances.

On Communism

It is pathetic to hope, as President Kennedy does in this speech [at American University], that "if we cannot end now our differences, at *least we can help make the world* safe for diversity." Diversity is just what the Communists, with their vision of a collectivist, controlled, engineered, and utopian world, strive by every means at their disposal to eliminate. To posit "diversity" as the basis of a possible compromise with Communism is the historical equivalent of a Norman Crusader proposing to a Moslem leader acceptance of the doctrine of the Trinity as the basis for agreement between them.

This utter lack of understanding of the phenomenon of Communism and of the extreme challenge it poses to the West is the foundation of the structure of Liberal foreign policy. . . . We have, it would appear, in President Kennedy's view, "a mutual deep interest in a just and genuine peace" and in "increased contact and communication." But "justice" in our tradition is derived from the objective reality of the moral and metaphysical order; to the Communist it is that which serves the victory of Communism. And "contact and communication," which is to us the stuff of civilized intercourse, is to them a weapon of war.

On Conspiracy

Decades of Liberal pooh-poohing of the reality of the Communist conspiracy have created an atmosphere where it is *de rigueur* for the Left to deny the possibility of conspiracy ever having any serious effect on history (other historical eras in which conspiracy played a conspicuous role are conveniently ignored). On the other hand, in sections of the Right, the true existence of conspiracy as a decisive and inescapable fact in world events sometimes tends to be exaggerated out of all proportion. . . . Indeed, at the margin, the idea of conspiracy has so passionately seized the imagination of some that they are not content with the hideous existence of the actual, documentable, powerfully functioning Communist conspiracy, but must needs conjure up still deeper, more devilish conspiracies, hatched in the murky regions of the intellectual underworld—conspiracies encompassing Communists, international bankers, Freemasons, Jews, Catholics, and Heaven knows whom else, all directed by some mysterious "They," some arcane "Invisible Government."

On Politics

A "law of parity" would seem to be operating, whereby, as the state enlarges its claims and directs its power towards the total domination of society, it fails more and more to be able to do that for which we must depend upon the State: to preserve our order internally and against external enemies.

By and large, until recent times it was thought the duty of those elevated to positions of legislation and administration to act as a "creative minority," to guide and educate the opinion upon which they were dependent. Thus, the appeal to the electorate was, on large issues at least, an appeal to choice on the level of principle. It would be idle to idealize the past or to deny that, even at the best, principle in politics has always been mixed with a large element of interest and advantage, that it has always been more or less heavily larded with pork from the barrel. But it has been left to our enlightened time to make a virtue of opportunism, to deny the very place of principle in politics, to make of sensitive and immediate reaction to the mood of the voter, skilful interpretation of public opinion polls, the highest quality of the rising public man. . . .

Those who are called to the positions of natural leadership within the constitutional structure of the Republic forfeit their role, while fearful issues of domestic and foreign policy are manipulated to secure the approval of the lowest common denominator of the electorate. In such a vacuum, it is obvious that when the raw presence of crisis penetrates to the consciousness of the people, they will look elsewhere for leadership; and there are, as the twentieth century has amply shown, totalitarian demagogues, quite outside of the traditions of the West, ready to give them leadership. What is not so obvious is this: Even as things are, the attitudes and desires of "the people," to which political leadership panders, are by no means the simple views of simple people, but the creation of irresponsible elites who shape and "represent" public opinion. . . .

Yet for all the danger they pose to the Republic, indeed to civilization *itself, these are not evil men*—neither the real nor the nominal holders of power. . . . Neither the discipline of definition and differentiation nor the very existence of values, of standards by which action can be judged, has been taught them. Reason has been subordinated to the flow of experience; distinction and differentiation mocked at as pedantic medievalism; and values reduced to the taste and choice of each man's natural and untutored desires. And for this state of affairs the blame rests upon the intellectuals, [for] it is those who deal with fundamental ideas, with philosophy and theology (or, in our day, anti-theology), who in the end shape the way in which men live.

A change has been in the making in the mechanics of American politics for a number of years. It first affected the Democratic Party, as the old-style precinct workers were more and more replaced by motivated workers from the unions and from Liberal circles. [Now] the same process has come to a head in the Republican Party, with the emergence of a powerful force of committed conservatives as the decisive sector of Republican campaign workers. This is a strategic fact of the greatest importance. On the one hand it means that American conservatism has moved into the actual political arena, creating an experienced political corps of a kind it has never had before. On the other hand it means (whatever gymnastics take place . . . on the National Committee level) that the Republican Party has become a party which will in practice, outside of a few constituencies, function as a conservative party or will not function at all.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Some Reason for Cheerfulness: Rumination on Conservative Thoughts and Action

The fifties were years when men woke to the need for defending what T.S. Eliot called "the permanent things." True, a decade after NATIONAL REVIEW commenced publication with the intent of flogging the naked follies of the time, we still find ourselves under the giddy domination of Dinos: "Whirl is king, having overthrown Zeus." Yet more and more voices assert the legitimacy of Zeus; and, better than one might have expected, the legitimists have held their ground against the lust for innovation. To quote Eliot again, there are no lost causes, because there are no gained causes.

Kirk

In western Europe and America, for the most part, the past decade has been a time of respite from totalist revolution. As Raymond Aron puts it in *The Opium of the Intellectuals:*

> In the Western world, the Revolution is behind us, not in front of us. Even in Italy and France we no longer have any Bastilles to storm or aristocrats to string up. The object of any possible revolution now would be to reinforce the State, to restrain vested interests, to accelerate social change. Against the old ideal of a society which is stable in its custom and in its laws, both Left and Right in the middle of the twentieth century are equally committed to the permanent revolution which American propaganda boasts about and which is also attributed, in another sense, to Soviet society. Conservatism, after the fashion of Burke, limited to a narrow circle of intellectuals, is at pains to counteract, not economic progress, but the decomposition of eternal moral values.

That a society is in no mood for violent political revolution need not be a sign of perfect health. A people can bore themselves to extinction or sink into perilous smugness. Yet the decline of ideological passion has given Aron's "narrow circle of intellectuals" breathing time in which they may remind the mass of men of the permanent things, the "eternal moral values"; and in which they may recover the conservative imagination as a weapon against the nihilism of the Left and the stupidity of the Right.

Though the grim tendency of the age has continued to diminish variety, personal freedom, and individuality, this writer has found it possible to retain a measure of rare independence. Since the surprising success of *The Conservative Mind* in 1953, your servant has been a wandering scholar, critic, novelist, journalist, and political volunteer. Though not precisely the detached observer, he has lived the life of a masterless man, independent of Behemoth University, the colossal foundations, mass industry and mass government, partisan conformity, and the life of getting and spending. Having wandered much in Europe, Africa, and these Americas, he has learned that the need for roots is the principal characteristic of modern society. Only those political leaders and those thinkers possessed of the conservative imagination can hope to remedy the rootlessness of our era, the disruption of true community, the desperate inchoate longing for a security and a stability which are more than high wages or (in Dr. Frank Tannenbaum's phrase) "the evil benefits of the welfare state." Confusedly, the present generation hungers for order, personal and public. Latter-day disintegrated Liberalism cannot supply this want, nor can discredited fanatic ideology.

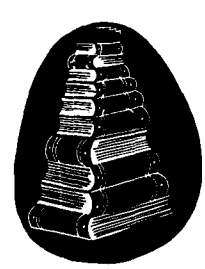
The uprooted, unquiet spirits of our age are persons displaced culturally, geographically, and intellectually: their chains were struck off long ago. What they require is not emancipation, but a place of their own. Today they wander in a shadowy illimitable limbo, deprived of their spiritual patrimony, of expectations for their posterity, of certitudes that give motive to integrity, of fraternal membership in a community united by love, of pride in their work, of literal and figurative *homes*—in fine, deprived of permanence and continuity. The magnitude of change has thrust them shivering upon the wintry roads of social and personal disorder.

The Liberal, old style or new style, still talks of more freedom. But freedom from what?—as Santayana asked. "Freedom from the consequences of freedom." The dispossessed are perfectly free—to stray miserably through their limbo. The rootless man does not require acts of legislature to tell him that he can be foot-loose.

The dispossessed turn from the Liberal author of cant to the totalist ideologue. There, indeed, the rootless man is promised an aim, membership, more creature comforts, a structure of pseudo belief. But the aim, soon or late, is discovered to be the old *lubido dominandi;* the membership is mere faceless anonymity among the "masses"; the comforts are postponed, or actually diminish; the belief, apprehended, is ugly and hollow.

Whence Communism's Appeal?

Consider the appeal of Communism. The illusion that comparative poverty makes Communists has been repeatedly exploded: some of the poorest peoples in the world forthrightly reject the Communist ideology; and besides, any reasonable observer of our time of troubles knows by now



that Communism does not bring affluence, but only guns and prisons.

Where does the Communist make converts nowadays? Among the uprooted: among the displaced of Asia and Africa, bewildered between two cultures and submitting to Communism only as an alternative to total anarchy. Only with the recovery of

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community and order—only with the regaining of moral and social roots—will the Savage God of ideology be deprived of worshipers. Such is the task and the hope of conservatives.

Consider the ferment among American colored people, whom the Liberal offers arid abstract "rights" that the Negro cannot eat or drink, whom the totalist ideologue offers "social revolution" that could end only in catastrophic defeat for the Negro minority. Why have many Negroes fallen prey to the demagogue and the voices of Bedlam? Because they, too, are uprooted, lost in cities foreign to them, saddled with "benefits" that disintegrate their families and their self-respect, treated collectively as an abstract "problem," rather than as individual human beings deprived of community. Until they are helped to settle down, to recover permanence, all the Civil Rights Acts in the world will only leave them more violent.

Consider the turbulence of the college campus. Are American students really enamored afresh of the God that Failed? Do they really prefer action without defined objectives to the works of the mind? Do they really want more "free speech" at a time when almost anything can be published without reproof, and when college administrators welcome indiscriminately every wind of doctrine? Are they not, rather, in vague revolt against the condition described by Whitehead—that the ancient philosopher aspired to teach wisdom, but that the modern professor teaches only isolated facts?

Behemoth U. Disorderly

The present Behemoth University is collectivism cosseted with fun and games. What students fail to find is order: a hierarchy of knowledge, an intelligent search for norms, a recognition of the student as a person rather than a business-machine number. Is it any wonder that the bored and purposeless find relief in rowdy demonstrations, or that they play erratically with old political fallacies? Until a conservative reform reinvigorates university and college, the average student will be found in the ranks of the culturally dispossessed.

Consider the feebleness of will, the poverty of thought so often manifest in Washington. Unnerved by a muddy relativism, immersed in the clichés of yesteryear, many of our political "leaders" and administrators are displaced persons — intellectually rootless, allured by an amorphous "futurism," defending as "pragmatism" the random baneful decisions of the moment. Their understanding of community decayed, their gratitude for our heritage atrophied, such possessors of power are not unwilling to abandon the old American territorial democracy for a central authority, nominally benign, directed by an administrative elite incompetent to govern on the grand scale. Conservative statesmen of strong character, eloquence, and vision, attesting the wisdom of our ancestors, could supplant these Hollow Men by public acclamation, in any high crisis.

To the discontented, and to the large part of the modern public that observes, dismayed, the symptoms of social decadence, conservative men and measures would come as a cleansing wind, supposing that conservatives can make themselves understood. No other body of opinion knows any satisfactory clue to the maze of disorder in the civil social order. We are not decisively trounced. Social collectivism, and personal anarchy, need not be the wave of the future. Systems that run contrary to human nature still can be overthrown by an imaginative appeal to common sense and the common good. Much has been lost; much more remains to be preserved, and not a little may be regained.

One wearies of well-meant lamentations. In these United States, the conservative inclinations of Congress and of the public prevented any major inroads upon our constitutional and economic order (except by fiat of the ritualistic-Liberal majority in the Supreme Court, men of the generation that is passing) until President Johnson abruptly, and by a kind of historical accident, obtained power to enact legislation smacking of his political youth. Probably many of Johnson's schemes will be swept away in a healthy reaction, as was much of the New Deal's grand design. American society retains vitality sufficient to throw off temporary disorders—if conservatives reveal other paths, persuasively. A Congress of altered complexion and a few new appointments to the Supreme Court might yet work wonders.

The Public Grows Uneasy

Liberal and Left leadership today is not inspiring, and the public grows increasingly uneasy at the drift of affairs. Granted clarity of utterance and manifest soundness of judgment, the conservative interest would not only win a respectful hearing, but might profoundly alter the "inevitable."

What's to be done? First, people of conservative bent need to emancipate themselves from counsels of despair, obsession with theories of conspiracy, and an inclination toward ideological utterance really alien to their principles. As this commentator has traveled speechifying, in nearly every state, since 1953, he has been most favorably impressed by the revival of interest in the norms of politics, morals, and taste; yet also, occasionally, he has been discouraged by rashness or intemperance among well-meaning people who desire to preserve this republic. We can do something more effective than wail at a wall; the errors of our age are not, primarily, caused by the machinations of a little secret knot of diabolically cunning architects of evil; and where the civil social order is concerned, we do not fight fire with fire.

Freakishness and crankiness, that is, ought to be left to Liberals and radicals, whose congenital ailments they are. Brilliant eccentricity has its merits; but mere grumpy, growling grotesqueness will ruin any cause it embraces. Nothing does more to influence people than the manifestation of a sense of humor.

High Decisions Required

It is well to be against much in this world: the Decalogue, after all, is phrased in the negative. But in an hour when high decisions are required urgently, it will not do to utter an eternal "Nay!" It is quite possible for conservatives to make sense, despite the vaporings of ideologues of the Right. The rising generation of conservatives sometimes make better sense than do many of their elders. Despite the frequent domination of graduate faculties by doctrinaire Liberals, I have encountered perhaps a

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hundred recent recipients of the doctoral degree who seem certain to make their mark after a conservative fashion.

Some of the best thinkers of our kidney have passed from among us, in recent years, to a realm where change and decay are powerless: T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, Roy Campbell, Richard Weaver, William McGovern, Wyndham Lewis, Herbert Hoover, Bernard Iddings Bell, Gordon Keith Chalmers—to name only those whom (except Frost) I knew well. Though they differed considerably among themselves, these men were all "conservators"—guardians of the legacy of civilization. Yet their successors will be found.

The rising conservatives are not Adullamites, resorting to the cave in the wilds because disgruntled with existing dominations and powers, or in revolt against all authority. Near all of them take long—by which I do *not* mean latitudinarian—views. Early in the fifties, a good many of the younger men and women who objected to the tendency of affairs suffered from a certain obsession with economic doctrine so that some stood in danger of falling into the error of their opponents; but it is not so now. Irving Babbitt once was told that the future would be almost wholly concerned with economics. "Then the future will be superficial," Babbitt replied. The active conservatives of 1965 manifest more catholic interests. (Of the undergraduate and graduate students attending a recent summer school of the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, 35 per cent were students of political science, 20 per cent of history, 12.5 per cent of English, 10 per cent of economics, 7.5 per cent of philosophy, and 15 per cent of other disciplines, including agriculture, anthropology, drama, French, journalism, and music. It seems worth noting that not one was majoring in sociology.)

The religious convictions which form the basis, historically, of conservative belief also are stronger today among young conservatives than I found them a decade and more ago. Many of them second Richard Emrich, Episcopalian Bishop of Michigan, when he says, "Seeing the sin of man, the conservative recognizes that barbarism and anarchy are not behind us, but below us; and between the cracks of civilization he can see the smoke of hell."

Young conservatives, generally, are not fogies or doctrinaires. I find them seeking for practical measures to preserve the tension of order and freedom which makes justice possible. They are dissatisfied equally with New Deal slogans and anti-New Deal slogans. They tend to be attracted by such approaches as that of Mr. Robert H. Finch, an ascendant Californian light of the Republican Party.

The first third of our century, says Mr. Finch, was an epoch of "the private sector"; the second third was claimed by "the public sector." But the last third of the twentieth century will be marked by the reinvigoration of voluntary action in America: "the independent sector." Local, self-governing groups of all sorts—churches, labor unions, service organizations, fraternal orders, and community associations — may make unnecessary and undesirable many centralized undertakings of the Federal Government. No anarchists, most conservatives who have formed their opinions since 1955 agree with Mr. Finch that "this impulse to tackle problems directly by joining together, personally and spontaneously, is a distinctive part of the American character."

God willing, your servant expects to comment upon the twentieth, thirtieth, fortieth, and perhaps the fiftieth anniversaries of NATIONAL REVIEW. American conservatives are no longer confined to Aron's "narrow circle." If they do not succeed, to some considerable degree, in counteracting the decomposition of eternal moral values—why then, John Stuart Mill will have been right in calling conservatives "the stupid party," and Brooks Adams (himself a conservative of sorts) will have been vindicated in his mordant line, "With conservative populations, slaughter is nature's remedy." But I do not think that ours, in the fullness of time, will be the losing side.

DISASTER AID

The President decrees the hurricane
To be an evil; he'll help it if he can.

BENCH WARMER

Since Grease can argue legal any tort
He's been promoted to the Highest Court.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Police today must learn to be polite.
The trouble is you can't go out at night.

TV PROGRAM

The war on poverty is going well
The politicians say; the poor can't tell.

TO A DEMONSTRATOR

I am "against humanity" you say.
Perhaps.
But that excludes you anyway.

TO AN EVERGROIN POET

Do you want to out-obscene the most obscene?
Pubicus: be clean.

Richard O'Connell

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And Still Our Enemy

Nobody really wants governmental elephantiasis as an end in itself, but that's what's around the corner. Cancel Longfellow. Write Orwell

WM. F. RICKENBACKER

The State. Ludwig von Mises delights in calling it "the social apparatus of compulsion and coercion." It has a monopoly on violence. It is unique in that a free citizen must consider every negotiation with it as an adversary proceeding. It is the very opponent and negation of human freedom and individuality. Men strive to excel, the State seeks after averages. Men covet novelty, the State extrapolates from yesterday. Men love to chaffer person to person, the State is a rule book. Men yearn to be free, the State is the sum of liberties lost.

Rickenbacker

And so it is that the confrontation of individual and State is one of the most ancient, great, and continuous themes in human story. In times of abundant liberty the theme is taken up merely by theoreticians and philosophers; it retains an abstract vigor. In times when the people feel the monster State jostling and herding them, the problem of liberty once more pre-empts debate in the councils and occupies the gossip of the people. Robert Crunden, the biographer of Albert Jay Nock, is of opinion that there were only six books "worthy of mention as individualist literature" published between 1939 and 1945 in this country. In the last ten years, by contrast, our political presses have scarcely been concerned with anything else. That is a measure of the speed at which the State has made itself felt among the people. The growth of centralized government is, as this magazine pointed out exactly ten years ago in its inaugural issue, "the dominant social feature of this century."

Why has the State expanded so? Because of error, despondency, and demagogy. Error on the part of our politicians, publicists, and intellectuals, who have allowed themselves the luxury of dreaming that the social apparatus of compulsion and coercion is benevolent. Despondency on the part of too many citizens, who, battered in the Great Depression, summoned to war around the globe for a quarter of a century, and seemingly condemned to perpetual disinheritance through secular inflation, have allowed themselves the folly of looking to the State for their deliverance. Demagogy on the part of those despicable political brokers who prey upon the public despair in order to cloak their ambition in the silky myth of State benevolence, verily spreading germs in order to sell medicine that is itself poison.

Hope Springs Eternal

Over against all of this we dare to stand, to speak and write. Not against the demagogue, unless it be to deliver a dosage upon occasion of our undiluted and very most theological scorn. Not especially to the masses who are falling back in disarray and confusion as they retreat from the challenges of life and from their obligations as men.

Perhaps here and there an individual heart may be steeled by a word of scorn for the blackguard politician or a note of hope for the just—a not extravagant expectation, that; but not the end for which our work is most specific, as, let us say, the aloe leaf is specified for peristalsis. No, if there is to be gained something from speaking, then we must speak principally with those who share our chief goal in politics, which is to be free. The demagogue seeks power and the pride of office, upon whose altar, amid whose stinking incense, he willingly sacrifices our liberty. The masses, in the vision of Ortega, dumb and terrified, find fault with liberty for the chaos in their souls, and are in peril of submitting to a life of regimentation in order to achieve the neat security of the barracks. The demagogue refuses to speak the language of liberty, as M. de Gaulle to speak English, and the masses, though it is their language, have forgotten it, as the Quechuas have their Inca. Chiefly we must deal with those who, seeking the right goal of politics, liberty, choose the wrong instrument, the interventionist State.

The case against the interventionist State has been made, and made again, over the centuries and millennia. At its very best the omnicompetent State submerges every aspect of life in a swamp of perpetual stagnation. At its worst it is a prison, and the inmates may thank only their own submissiveness and the caprice of the regime that they are spared each day the violence and terror that lie at the soul of the State. The economic arguments against bureaucratic planning of things economic have been known for two centuries. The moral forces that can be released under liberty have been known since the escape of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage. Aristotle clearly stated the threat to political liberty from small encroachments which at last ruin the State "just as the constant recurrence of small expenses in time eats up a fortune."

The Laws Multiply

And yet the State doth grow. I have it on the authority of my father that when he was a boy he could reasonably look forward to a lifetime in which he need never have direct contact with the central government in Washington. By contrast, in a recent month I performed 45 distinct

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acts in compliance with laws passed in Washington, and in most cases the penalty for noncompliance would have been a burden. That I am controlled by laws is no guarantee that the laws are not dictatorial. That the laws are passed by a legislature and not decreed by a prince is no guarantee of my liberty. That the legislature was elected and not appointed is no guarantee against interventionist centralized administration. Democracy is flawed by its congenital proclivity to degenerate into the tyranny of the mob. The laws multiply; the State grows.

The seriousness of the present trend of things is exquisitely stated in a passage by T. S. Eliot:

> By destroying traditional social habits of the people, by dissolving their natural collective consciousness into individual constituents, by licensing the opinions of the most foolish, by substituting instruction for education, by encouraging cleverness rather than wisdom, the upstart rather than the qualified, by fostering a notion of *getting on* to which the alternative is a hopeless apathy, Liberalism can prepare the way for that which is its own negation: the artificial, mechanized or brutalized control which is a desperate remedy for its chaos.

Liberty Gone Sour

Eliot uses the term Liberalism in a very broad sense, as he goes on to explain; but it is sufficiently defined in his specification of the qualities that it encourages or destroys. It is, in effect, liberty gone sour; we meet once again the melancholy image of the man who, by choosing the instrumentality of the putatively benevolent State, finishes by wrecking the liberty he had hoped to shelter. And Eliot reminds us of the complexity of the task that faces those who would halt and even reverse the ponderous process of the self-aggrandizing State.

For it is not only that the State doth grow; the people *permit* it to grow. And people will all too probably continue to accede to the encroachments of the State until something is done about recapturing traditional social habits, regaining the solidarity of social conscience, affirming Mind as a decision-maker no less important than the show of hands, redirecting the school system towards humane letters, challenging the ethos of material success. . . . These efforts, too, must be a part of any serious challenge to the present drift of thought and politics. The opposition to the interventionist State must be as various and flexible as the State is in its maneuverings, and the opposition must be mounted on every battlefield.

T. S. Eliot: ". . . Liberalism can prepare the way for . . . . the artificial, mechanized or brutalized control which is a desperate remedy for its chaos."

Such an opposition must transcend mere anti-Statism; it must even be more than the sum of all the negations it hurls in the path of the oncoming State; it must amount, finally, to an *affirmation* that there is an entirely different style of living, thinking, producing, and governing, different from that which Statism leads us to, different and better and —is it not so?—even not incapable of being holier.

Present Drift a Nightmare

But the "artificial, mechanized, or brutalized control" foreseen by Eliot is not the end of the nightmare of the present drift. That disastrous terminal situation will possess one further and terribly chilling aspect: it will last an exceptionally long time. Not merely a long time in the sense of Orwell, whose pitiable Smith could barely recall the ancient forgotten rhymes once sung in his childhood, but literally centuries. Karl Wittfogel points out that the "hydraulic" (despotic) society, wherever it has become installed, has shown amazing longevity. The various oriental despotisms lasted hundreds and hundreds of years:

> Hydraulic society is the outstanding case of societal stagnation. Probably originating in several ways and under favorable circumstances developing semi-complex and complex patterns of property and social stratification, hydraulic society did not abandon its basic structures except under the impact of external forces.

If all the nations of the world were free and only this one were in transition toward institutional despotism, the situation would be dark enough, but there would remain two avenues of hope. One might, before the walls go up, escape to a country more likely to remain free. One might hope, instead, that one of the free foreign countries, or a coalition of them, might dismantle the institutional despotism by force. But all the nations of the world are not free, and those that are are too small to take us on. We are, therefore, notably poor in alternatives. Either we successfully halt the onrushing institutionalized technomanagerial despotism in this country, or in effect we condemn the world to centuries of totalitarianism. Some think, as did Whittaker Chambers, that it is too late. Wittfogel says it is late, but we still have an open historical situation. Even putting the best face possible on matters, the facts remain stark.

> *Let us, then, be up and doing,*
> *With a heart for any fate. . . .*

Dear Longfellow. Would his breezy and almost irrelevant optimism of a century ago, in the midst of a genuinely golden age in the Western World—would it be with him yet if he were with us now? But we will be up before we're down, as Eliot said to one of his last visitors, and while we're up we shall be doing something, heart or no. What to do? I think of the military command, Continue to march! Oppose every new encroachment, question all the old ones, do no honor to false masters, and everywhere quietly nourish the springs of rebirth. Continue to march! Refurbish tradition, celebrate wisdom, honor the patriot, glory in righteousness and truth. Continue to march! And, *Deo volente,* the State shall lie shackled once again at the feet of American freemen.

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Ode from the Echo Chamber

Resonances inherited from the past are frowned on by the revolutionary; the simplifying madness is at work, and Language has lost its memory

HUGH KENNER

A whole people training their young in four principal virtues, Temperance, Industry, Exercise, and Cleanliness: we have read of this, and are even accustomed to its rituals: surfing, the Phys. Ed. major, the apotheosis of the Sanitary Engineer. Of the virtues on which more encumbered folk are catechized they have no need: not Justice, since rights cannot collide; not Fortitude, since there is nothing to be endured; not Prudence, when there is nothing to be decided. Their offspring, all nutrition supervised, learn especially strength, speed, and hardiness, a curriculum with no intellectual prerequisites. They reject all knowledge of which the use is not apparent; they regulate births; they consider that the proper object of affection is the whole species, among which they are careful to make eugenic choices when they mate, valuing chiefly on his side strength, on hers comeliness: Mr. Hargitay, Miss Mansfield.

Kenner

(See, see!
See Jane.
Oh, Jane!
Look, look, look!)[1]

Of such a world, the best of all peaceable worlds, we have only one written record, that of a British seaman who landed there in 1711 and was expelled three years later as being imperfectly assimilable.[2] Their own records we cannot read, since they make none; they lack the need, since nothing ever happens among them. To the innocent eye they resemble horses, and their advocate, a certain L. Gulliver, bought a pair of nags to keep him company before composing the 30,000 words he devotes to the time he spent among them.

"The Houyhnhnms have no letters," Gulliver writes, "and consequently their knowledge is all traditional. But there happening few events of any moment among a people so well united, naturally disposed to every virtue, wholly governed by reason, and cut off from all commerce with other nations, the historical part is easily preserved without burdening their memories."

For Gulliver had been, without knowing it, to Plato's Republic, from which poets were excluded; indeed, there is much that Gulliver does not know. It is precisely in knowing nothing, wanting to know nothing but facts, that Gulliver is predisposed to Houyhnhnmhood. The beings who so delight him (and have continued to delight generations of know-nothings) have indeed something that passes for poetry concerning itself entirely with facts: "In poetry they must be allowed to excel all other mortals." We must allow such a claim if it is depthless fact that we value: "The justness of their similes, and the minuteness, as well as exactness of the descriptions, are indeed inimitable."[3] For their language is made up of names, and affirms tautologies, the mind spreading itself like milk over the surface of what is in front of it, thin, clinging, minute, exact: a process indeed inimitable for a language like ours, which vibrates with racial memories.

(Oh, oh, oh!
Oh, see!
Oh, see Jane!
Funny, funny Jane.)[4]

Such memories make for untidiness. We commemorate, when we buy a watch, imperiled Saxons who enjoined the sentinel to keep his vigil, *waecce*, over allotted spans of nighttime; and in teaching a child to misrepresent the sound *p'leesm'n* with the exceptional long *i* and soft *c*, *policeman*, we instruct our posterity (though we teach them no classics) to commemorate the Latin *politia* and the Greek *polis*. Not teaching them *politia* and *polis*, we teach them to encapsulate a conundrum in *policeman*, though a conundrum they may later learn to penetrate. So monks once copied, letter by letter, for later decipherment, manuscripts they did not understand.

Children's Memories Troubled

But to handle what you do not understand, worse, to trouble with what they cannot understand the memories of children, who deserve closer satisfactions, those of strength and speed for instance—such practices outrage the reformer ("How absolute the knave is!" said Hamlet of the gravedigger). So every revolutionary gesture since Plato's has been linked with some program for purging literature of its "lies," that the monolinear understanding may rest comfortable. So Homer (regretfully, since his cadences cling to the tongue) was barred from the Republic; so the New China bans Confucius, and the New Russia harried Pasternak. It is very troublesome to have folk remember so much. And let the New Ireland not remember Swift; let us hasten the

1. Gray, Baruch & Montgomery, *We Look and See*, pp. 8-9. Cf. the locutions recorded by Burroughs, E. R.: "Me Jane. You Tarzan." Cf. also Weismuller's soundfilm recordings ("The Late Late Show", *passim*).

2. Gulliver, L., *Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World*, 1726.

3. Gulliver, *op. cit.*, IV, 9.

4. Gray, Baruch & Montgomery, *op. cit.*, p. 10. The finicky reader will detect a value-judgment, but Gray *et al.* were restricted by the inherent value-structure of "English." It is not recorded that the Houyhnhnm language contains a word corresponding to "funny."

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day when its affairs can be conducted in Gaelic. And as to the affairs of the New America, let them be transacted in . . . ?

Aha, in what? There seems to be no workable substitute for English. But take heart, English is malleable, and has a penchant, moreover, for mislaying its etymologies. It can be manipulated into Newspeak, as Orwell saw, and with a little nudging will decline without shock into Unspeak. It has been assaulted by one major revolution already, the one Swift monitored, when "so many *things*" were to be rendered "almost in an equal number of words,"[5] and the philosophers of Lagado decreed the expedience of having all men carry about with them "such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on," showing to tell and looking to say.[6]

(Come, Dick, come.
Come and see.
See Spot and Puff.
See Baby and Tim.)[7]

"I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burthens, and take their leave."[8]

This, like the poetry of the Houyhnhnms, is Socialist Realism in embryo: a tedious fidelity to empirical surfaces. Into a tongue such as that, which relegates all but surfaces to the domain of "the thing which is not," you cannot transpose so much as the first four words of the Apostles' Creed: for who am "I," and what meaning can be attached to "believe" and "in," and who has seen "God"?[9] English, amid enthusiasm for "clarity" and "naturalness," was pushed perilously close to such norms less than three hundred years ago. The imagination, mobilized for defense, metamorphosed its dominant mode into Satire, and assuming for camouflage the garb of what it opposed, spawned highly factual narratives of wide-eyed voyages to Brobdingnag and Duncedom and other reasonable places. And Civilization, which is Memory, was (once more) not wholly lost, if only because of the reading folk must still do to understand the satirists.

But the language retains, like a recovered cripple, ineradicable limps and wrenches, resistant to figuration and preferring to attach qualifying clauses like prostheses. And the possibilities of such simplification remain latent, for revolution to exploit. Whole

mutations, recessive but transmissible, may yet emancipate millions of minds from hard sense.

(Oh, oh, oh!
Oh, Dick!
Look and see.
See Baby.)[10]

For it is plausible to argue, with the sage Houyhnhnm, "that the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts; now if any one *said the thing which was not,* these ends were defeated; because I cannot properly be said to understand him; and I am so far from receiving information, that he leaves me worse than in ignorance, for I am led to believe a thing black when it is white, and short when it is long."[11]

Quite so; and Sophocles asks us to believe that a man has killed his brother, which is contrary to nature; and that a king has forbidden his burial, which is contrary to hygienics; and that his sister (named Antigone) offers defiance to the king at the risk of death, which is contrary to common sense; for her brother having died has but returned to his first mother, as the Houyhnhnm expression has it, and whether he is buried or not can make no difference to him or to her but only to those who must put up with the corpse: all very pernicious stuff, though fortunately shut up in a language no one speaks any longer.

(Look, Spot.
Oh, look!
Look and see.
Oh, see!)[12]

Of such stuff are our memories, which language conserves. If it conserve only itself, it conserves a great deal: the precisions, the values, the ramifying perceptions that, being precipitated in one structure or another, one convention or another, according to this governing rhythm or that, yield those works of the imagination to be isolated from which is to be lobotomized.

W. H. Auden at the University of Michigan is reported to have once taught a class *Lycidas* by requiring them to look up all its first five hundred words in the Oxford English Dictionary (unabridged). . . . *Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more* . . . Each word, the OED shows us, is an orderly glimpse into time ("*Laurel,* via M. E. from Fr. *laurier, lorier,* O. F. *lor,* Lat. *laurus,* the *l,* as often, replacing the second *r* in the word"), and each usage is one element in a chord where places, times, and cultures resonate ("the Bay-tree or bay-laurel; the foliage of this tree as an emblem of victory or distinction in poetry; a branch or wreath of this tree; the dignity of the Poet Laureate (obs.); in mod. use, applied to

5. Sprat, T. *History of the Royal Society,* 1667, p. 112. This revolution preferred "the language of Artizans, Countrymen and Merchants, before that of Wits, or Scholars," but scholars, as commonly with revolutions, both thought it up and took it up.

6. Gulliver, *op. cit.,* III, 5.

7. Gray *et al., op. cit.,* p. 42.

8. Gulliver, *loc. cit.*

9. Had Gulliver's book been ghosted by a Christian minister, as scholars and librarians conspire to pretend, it is inconceivable that this fellow should not have slipped in the word "God" somewhere. Since the word is nowhere to be found, it is time the book was restored to its true author, as attested by the contemporary title page.

10. Gray *et al., op. cit.,* p. 13. The situations in this work, described in a note as "lively," are claimed to require "little or no 'experiential' build-up." Its reliance on the vocative and imperative no doubt reflects a hunch that the indicative is tautological. No bright child or free adult will *say* when he can *point,* and pointing insures him against saying "the thing which is not."

11. Gulliver, *op. cit.,* IV, 4.

12. Gray *et al.,* p. 17. It is safe to describe this as a molecule out of which perversities like Antigone cannot be synthesized.

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Cerasus laurocerasus and other trees having leaves like those of the true laurel").

It is useless to expect such a language as that—such a language as any people write and speak while doing sundry things out of sundry minds—to put "so many things almost in an equal number of words," and equally useless to expect of the teacher of its literature so many poems almost in an equal number of lectures. For there is no end to understanding. *Lycidas* entails Bion's *Lament for Adonis* and Moschus's *Lament for Bion,* and the lament of Theocritus which both of them imitated, and the fifth *Eclogue* of Vergil which imitates all three, and his tenth from which Milton echoes so many tropes. To cite such things is not to kill time with "influences," but to start perceiving how the life of the imagination is sustained in an echo-chamber, millennia long. Nor is this all, for what follows defines what precedes, and Shelley's *Adonais,* Gay's mock pastorals, the choliambic Idyll in Dr. Williams's *Paterson IV,* all remember Milton's achievement and help us locate it. Can we force ourselves to imagine, like the Houyhnhnms, locutions which remember nothing?

(Go up, Tim.
Go up.
Go up, up, up.)[13]

Every utterance is a quotation from Language; in the Language all possible literature is held in suspension. The Language, in short, which either acts or corrodes, contains what we can do with our minds; and it is a vital matter that the Language be new-cleansed by each generation's acids. Whenever this happens, alarms commence a-clanging as though the Barbarians had arrived. The people who prefer an engine with moss on its connecting rods and a geranium in its stack thought Wordsworth mad in 1800, and T. S. Eliot a Bolshevik in 1919.

For though literature is the most conserving of all the arts, the avowed conservative typically finds it uninteresting (though Important) and inclines to distrust anyone interested enough to re-examine its modes of retaining what we half remember. When a new book comes out, he thanks his stars that he once read an old one. The avowed revolutionary, meanwhile, assumes possession of the new by default and undergoes ritual distress when his Yeatses, Eliots, Pounds, his janissaries of novelty, tug tenaciously rightward, and even Mr. Auden counsels him to trust in God. For the avowed revolutionary believes in Reason, which "strikes you with immediate conviction";[14] is content, for instance, to iterate that people should be happy, that they cannot be happy unless they live, and that red is anyhow no bad color; values the new clarity of new writing; and regrets that it keeps entangling itself with tradition. In the same way, "of books and literature," wrote Gulliver, the Houyhnhnms "have not the least idea," though they "abound in all excellences that can adorn a rational creature";[15] for what is so is obvious, and what is not obvious is not so, and what has Tradition to tell *us,* who are alive now?

(Go down, Tim.
Go down.
Go down, down, down.)[16]

It is a terrible thing, Swift perceived, the simplifying madness. Even Plato succumbed to it, and excoriated Homer. Nothing can oppose it but collective memory: language. Its present energumens, paraphrasing the habits of twelfth-century mendicant ascetics, go about sandaled and unbathed, preaching Nestorian and Antinomian secularisms, like for kicks, man, amid an uncoiling smoke of burnt draft cards. They pass, guitar at the ready, for language-men; they won't burn books, which they hand about in paper covers. Their mission is to return books and literature (of which no sensible person can be expected to burden his memory with the least idea) to the oral, to the present, to spontaneity, to creation without memory and without prerequisites.

(Up and down.
Up and down.
Go up, up, up.
Come down, down, down.)[17]

As usual, an effort at lobotomy mimics a prior effort at renovation. Did not Dr. Williams (whom Ginsberg revered, and who was incautious enough to introduce *Howl*) seek to ground a new verse in "the speech of Polish mothers"? Indeed he did; and Wordsworth before him sought to ground a new verse in the diction of Cumberland crofters. That the poet should listen to the speech of his time and purify by its norms the literary tradition he has inherited is no new thing. Shakespeare and Donne did the like, and Dryden and Yeats.

That he should invoke a preliterate Good Time is no novelty either, though seldom good history. The Romantics envied Homer for not having had millennia of tradition pressing upon him. We see today that Homer had, crowding his vast talent, a more active tradition than Shakespeare himself was aware of, and barely set one phrase against another without consulting a word-hoard teeming with formulas. Every phrase in the *Iliad* seems to be a quotation. So does every phrase in the four volumes of Dr. Williams's *Collected Poems,* though since he finds little to interest him in the corpus of written American poetry, it is speech that Dr. Williams (like Homer) quotes.

Houyhnhnms Solicit Revolution

And Williams struggled, draft after draft, altering sometimes between draft and draft no more than a word, to lock speech into a form: a heroic labor, with such a chaos of speech to draw on. Several hundred poems explore free fall as form, each posture of the language cinematically linked to the previous one. It was a labor as unlike tendentious spontaneity as possible, as different as we can possibly conceive from Steining reduplication to twanged strings.

(Jump, Spot, jump.
Jump up.
Jump up.)[18]

Like all great poets, Williams deserved better disciples.

The confusion between Williams and the Beats is archetypal. There is always revolution, and there is always the renovating effort, and they are always getting confused. The pro-

13. *Ibid.,* p. 28.

14. Gulliver, *op. cit.,* IV, 8.

15. *Ibid.,* IV, 3, IV, 12.

16. Gray *et al.,* p. 29.

17. *Ibid.,* p. 33. It may be deduced from the verbs employed that the reader's supposed standpoint is *down.*

18. *Ibid.,* p. 44.

(Continued on p. 1129)

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Conservatism, Liberalism, and Religion

The desire for a secularized, laic state is part of the Jacobin heritage, says the author, separating Liberals, culturally, from conservatives

WILL HERBERG

It can reasonably be contended that one of the most revealing characteristics of conservatism and Liberalism as political philosophies is their radically different attitudes toward religion. For religion in some sense is the most significant thing about a culture; and even in so-called "secular" societies it is very often a profound and illuminating touchstone of cultural attitudes.

Herberg

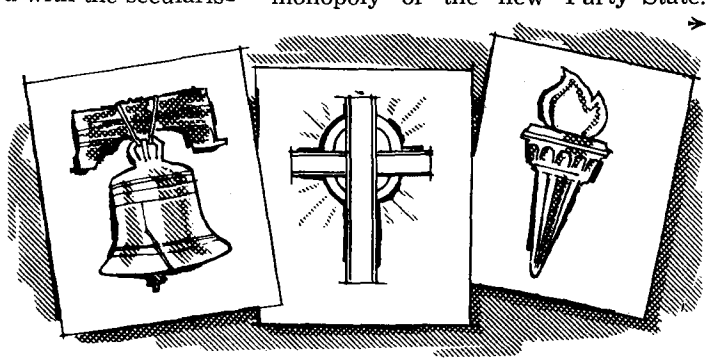
Liberalism, some one has acutely observed, is Jacobinism *sans guillotine*. It exhibits the same urge to incessant innovation, the same contempt for history, the same infatuation with human reason, the same penchant for rationalistic blueprints along which to "new-model" the body politic, the same confidence in the omnipresent, omnicompetent State. The Liberal, however, is frightened at the violence and terror of Jacobinism; he hopes to accomplish Jacobin ends without Jacobin means, to make the omelette (as the true-blue Jacobin tauntingly reminds him) without breaking the eggs.

At no point, perhaps, is the inner bond between liberalism and Jacobinism so obvious as in their common hostility to religion in public life, and in their common commitment to the thoroughly secularized laic state. In the original Jacobin creed, religion was held to be the primal superstition corrupting the innate rationality of "the man and the citizen," and the Church was that "Infamous Thing" which had to be "wiped out" if men were ever to be free. This radically secularistic logic of Jacobinism took some time to reveal itself because many of the early Jacobins were still infected with eighteenth-century Deism and saw themselves replacing the traditional religion of the people with the "pure Cult of the Supreme Being." But already in the course of the French Revolution, Robespierrean Deism had to face the atheistic "Cult of Reason," promoted by Hébert, Chaumette, and the *enragés*. Later Jacobinism was fiercely anti-religious, determined to extirpate religion not only from public life. The Liberals, by and large, shared this bias, but pressed their campaign in their own "Liberal" way. Religion, they insisted, was to be a "private matter," a matter of personal taste; the "modern state," on the other hand, was to be raised on purely secular foundations. The state, in short, was to be "religion-free" and "religion-blind," refusing so much as to recognize the existence of religion as a public concern. But since no enduring social order is possible without some common set of ideas, values, and purposes, the "religion-free" Liberal State necessarily came to mean a state in which the pseudo-religion of secularism was enthroned and established in irreconcilable conflict with the traditional religions of the West. To have seen this so clearly constitutes the great merit of the so-called "reactionary" papal encyclicals of the nineteenth century, however open to criticism these encyclicals may be on other grounds. Liberalism insisted on the extrusion of religion from public life so that the void could be filled with the secularistic gospel of Liberalism itself.

The Liberal program, often championed by the most tolerant, most high-minded of men (such as John Stuart Mill), came to fruition in the brutal anti-clerical, anti-religious legislation of the French Radical Socialist (bourgeois radical) regimes in the early part of this century. Every effort was made, by the power of the law, to confine the priest to sacristy or cloister, to wipe out religious schools, and to forbid religious orders from engaging in education, or even to have a legal existence on French soil. The State was to be the only educator (*l'Etat enseignant*), the only power entitled to influence the people or form the mind of the rising generation. "There are no rights but the rights of the State," declared Emile Combes, premier from 1902 to 1905, and a prime mover of the anti-religious legislation. "There is no authority but the authority of the Republic." Never has the totalistic logic of secularistic Liberalism been so openly proclaimed and so clearly revealed as in these words of the enlightened Liberal statesman.

Bolsheviks: Religion 'Private'

Lenin and the Bolsheviks, who, personally and as a party, were committed to the total extirpation of religion, operated with the same logic when they took power in Russia in November 1917. The first decree on religion, issued by the new regime shortly after the coup d'état, declared religion to be a "private matter," and took measures for expelling it from the public realm, which was to be the monopoly of the new Party-State.



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Very much the same provision has been continued in every Soviet constitution since.

Conservatism, on the other hand, has always found in religion—the traditional religion of the community—both the basis and the pinnacle of the culture and, while not denying its true inwardness, has seen it primarily in its public aspect. Conservative thinkers, from Edmund Burke to Russell Kirk, have believed and proclaimed that, without religion, the body could not survive as a moral entity. Religion, conservatives have agreed, is the spring of social coherence and civic virtue; it binds the community together, it hallows custom, and softens the harsh outlines of power; it humanizes man and so stabilizes society. Perhaps no one has reflected more deeply on the role of religion in modern political society than Alexis de Tocqueville, who saw with foreboding the rise of democratic mass society and felt that nothing could tame this awakening giant and prevent him from destroying all freedom and culture except the civilizing force of religion. He agreed with George Washington that "reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality could prevail in exclusion of religious principle," and stressed that democracies depend upon religion, since "liberty cannot be established without morality, nor morality without religion."

For Tocqueville, the realistic aristocrat confronted with mass democracy, religion was a conservative, one might almost say preservative, force; and so it has remained in conservative thinking since. Apart from private devotion, religion is prized primarily as a spiritual "inner check," curbing, mollifying, and thereby also integrating in the invisible way in which true societies are integrated. Whether religion is to be officially established or not, and in what way, are matters of prudence and historical circumstance. What is fundamental in conservative conviction is that religion is of public concern and properly belongs in the realm of public life. For, as the celebrated Article 3 of the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 puts it: "Religion, morality, and knowledge [are] necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind. . . ."

There is obviously a great deal of wisdom in the conservative understanding of religion as a spiritual force of integration, and we have never been in such need of this wisdom as we are today. Yet it is impossible for the man of faith not to feel uncomfortable with religion so understood. The man of faith feels that somehow, if so understood, religion is not taken with ultimate seriousness. I have quoted some words from Washington's Farewell Address. Let me quote the whole passage:

> Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

Here George Washington, the sincere Christian, is all but admitting—so much the man of the eighteenth century is he—that for enlightened minds which have enjoyed the benefits of a "refined education," religion may, after all, perhaps not be so necessary! When religion is thus conceived and valued instrumentally, some such suspicion is inevitable.

Religion Not Society's Tool

Religion—certainly the biblical religion informing Judaism and Christianity—is deeply rooted in tradition; indeed, it is itself the main vehicle of the historical continuity of tradition upon which every living society must ultimately depend. And yet religion—most emphatically the biblical religion informing Judaism and Christianity—can never accept the role that the conservative, in his eagerness to conserve what is indeed worth conserving, assigns to it. Religion sanctions society, but cannot become simply its handmaiden; it sustains the social order, but at the same time subjects it to a radical, and what must sometimes seem a shattering, criticism. Its standpoint cannot be simply that of society itself; it cannot let itself be robbed of its transcendence without letting itself be converted into an idolatrous cult sanctifying every social order simply because it is the social order that happens to prevail. Our religion, after all, is the religion of Amos, Isaiah, Jesus, and Paul, who certainly did not conceive of the word of God as simply a stabilizing, society-sustaining force.

The conservative's dilemma at this point is a real one. He affirms religion as the moral foundation of civil society; but, *unless he is something more than a conservative,* he will be tempted to turn religion into an exalted public utility serving social and cultural ends; and this true religion will not tolerate. The prophetic faith of the Bible is not a faith that can be domesticated or contained in simply conservative categories. If the secularistic Liberal is always trying to expel religion from the common life, the secular-minded conservative is forever tempted to make of it a mere instrument of social order. The man of faith must protest against both. And a conservatism conscious of its own nature and limits will surely recognize the legitimacy and necessity of this religious protest.

They Don't Write Songs Like This No More

"The Welfare State is in the finest traditions of the American experience."
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

If you don't like your Uncle Sammy;
If you don't like the red, white and blue;
If you've simply *abhorred*
Every Legion award;
If you pale when the Daughters rendezvous;
If you find, chum, you're out of step, chum;
If your i-dee-o-lo-gee is too taboo;
Give a thought, please, before you knock it . . .
Don't bite the hand that's feeding you-o-o!

W. H. von Dreele

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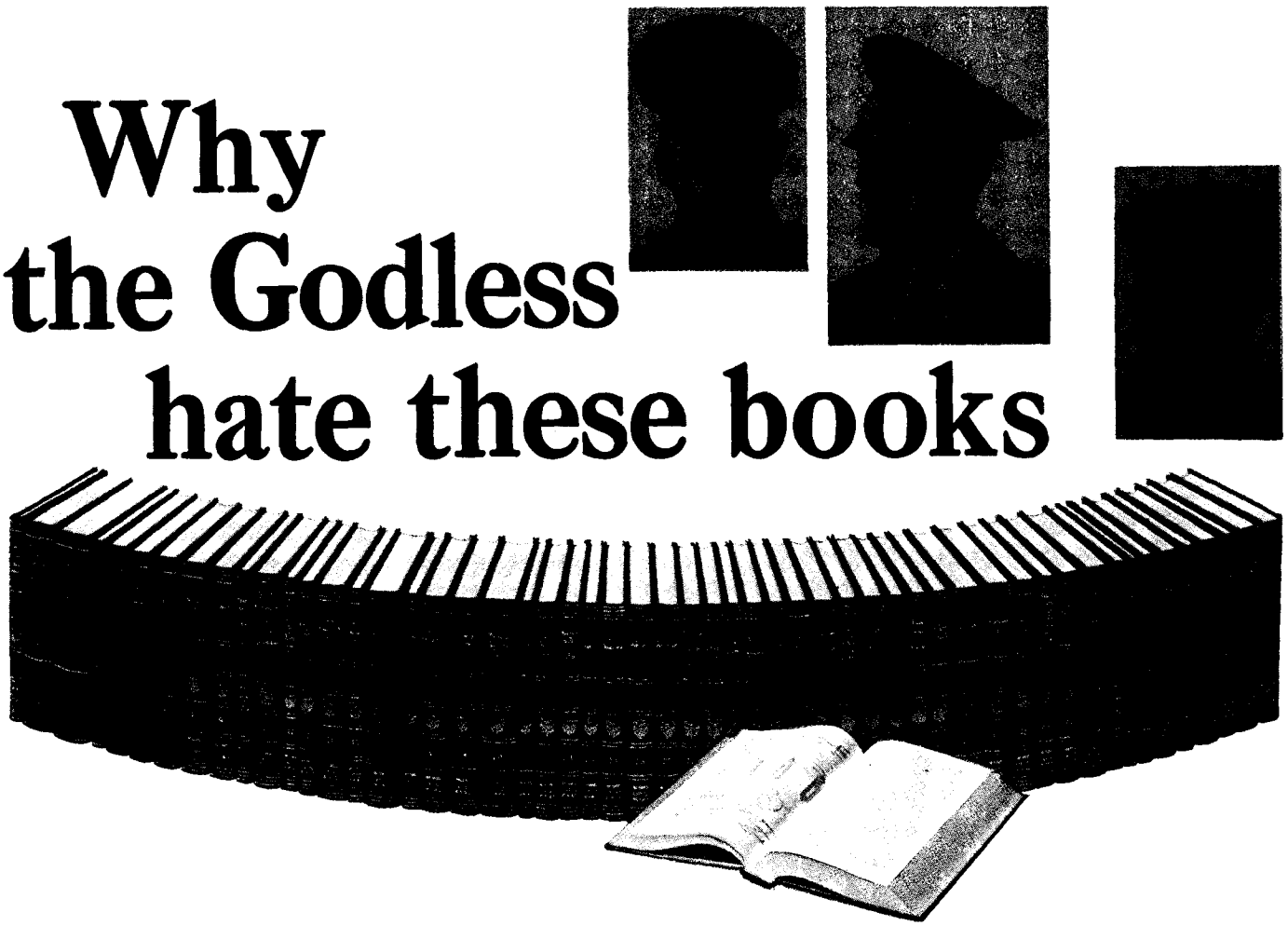
Why the Godless hate these books



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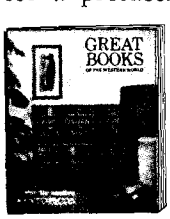

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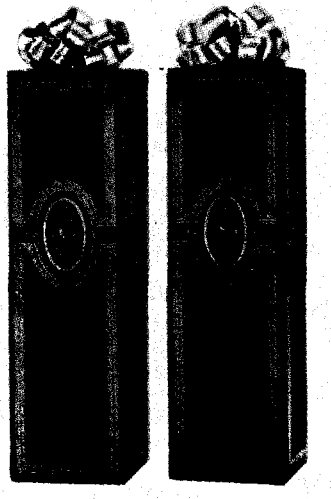

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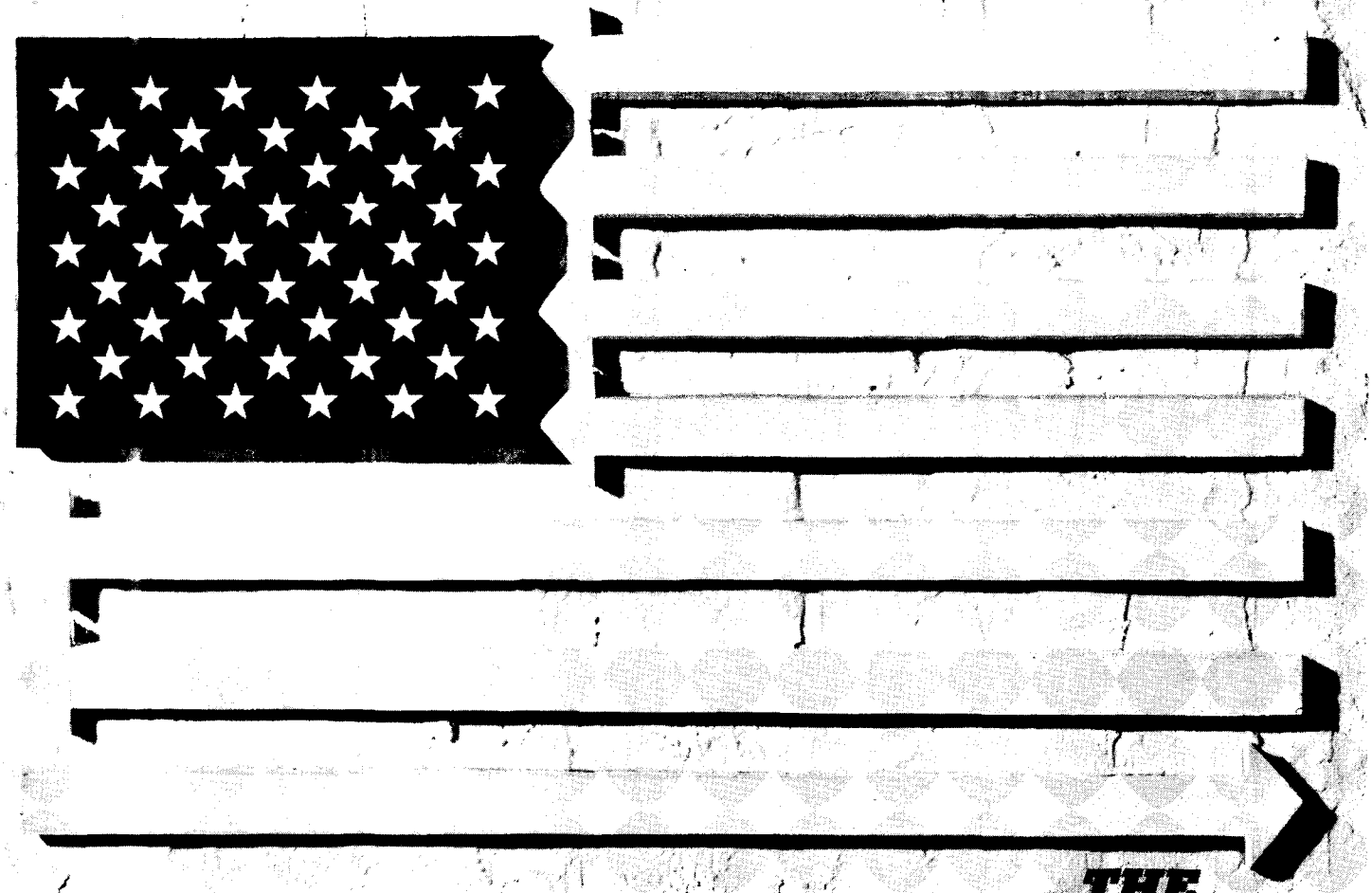

THE AMERICAN DISSENT

A DECADE OF MODERN CONSERVATISM

By JEFFREY HART

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Posterity may know we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in a dream. Richard Hooker

We sit by and watch the Barbarian, we tolerate him; in the long stretches of peace we are not afraid. We are tickled by his irreverence, his comic inversion of our old certitudes and our fixed creeds refreshes us; we laugh. But as we laugh we are watched by large and awful faces from beyond; and on these faces there is no smile. Hilaire Belloc

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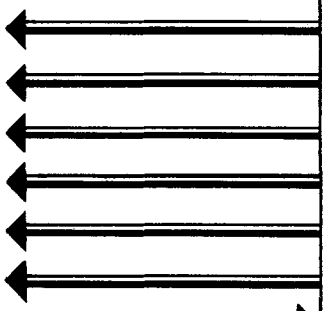
A DECADE of MODERN CONSERVATISM



THE AMERICAN DISSENT

by Jeffrey Hart

Jeffrey Hart, who is a professor of English at Dartmouth, decided to write a book of which the following pages are a condensation, a year ago, after conversing with a colleague, a learned fellow and an amiable man, who asked Mr. Hart some of the routine idiot-questions regularly addressed to American conservatives. The interrogator thought himself well informed. "In fact," Mr. Hart reflects, "he had received virtually no information about the serious political positions of the American Right from the publications on which he quite naturally depended."

"The failure in communication," Mr. Hart continues, "has been virtually total; and so my inquisitive colleague, while reluctantly prepared to admit that a significant segment of the populace does, for obscure and probably pathological reasons, incline to the political Right, could not begin to imagine why any moderately reflective man—myself, for instance, who am not, so far as he could observe, either an oil millionaire or in a hazardous social situation—should voluntarily align himself with the conservatives.

"But then, as usually happens in conversations of this sort, seeking the point of least resistance we passed on to other matters. But the moment has remained in my memory--as symbolic, yes; but also as sad. For if Liberals and conservatives are to reach even the point of informed disagreement, Liberals will have to find out just why it is people quite as intelligent and learned as themselves do not, these days, necessarily end up as Liberals. And unless they do this, my friend and his fellow Liberals are very likely to be surprised, not to say stunned, once again by the political events of the next decade."

Mr. Hart's groundbreaking book will be published early in 1966 by Doubleday.

I. The Emergence of Conservatism

IN THE Preface to *The Liberal Imagination* (1950), Lionel Trilling observed with an air of regret that "nowadays there are no conservative or reactionary ideas in general circulation" and that, as a result, "Liberalism is not only the dominant but even the sole intellectual tradition." The observation that Liberalism is our "sole intellectual tradition" has provided, indeed, the basis for his operations as a literary critic. If there *are* no conservative ideas in general circulation, Liberal ideas meet with no resistance, and so tend to lose their subtlety and vitality, and consequently their relevance to human experience. It follows that Liberals must provide their *own* resistance, their own criticism of Liberal ideas; and this Trilling undertakes to do, using literature, with its awareness of complexity, difficulty and variousness, as a kind of substitute for a conservative tradition. He undertakes these tasks (with an air of *noblesse oblige*) even while regretting that he has to do so, because there is no genuine conservative tradition; he enters upon them, indeed, stoically—knowing that such elegant operations will arouse the resentment of his simpler Liberal brethren.

Growing up in America, at least in the secure, middle-class America in which ideas do actually "circulate," one sees that there is a good deal of force to the observation that Liberalism constitutes "our sole intellectual tradition." The ideas one is likely to encounter—in school, as a magazine and newspaper reader, in political speeches, in the college classroom, in television symposia—are almost universally Liberal ones. Yet it may happen—does, I think, increasingly happen these days—that a certain disparity is noted between Liberal idea and felt experience. The young American knows, as a certainty, that his high school civics teacher would turn blue rather than say anything against the principle of free speech; yet he knows with equal certainty that in his own family, or the community he grew up in, some things are *not* said, or, more subtly, that there are certain modes, certain tones of voice, appropriate to various subjects, suggesting a spectrum of attitudes and assumptions; and he senses that the very identity of the family or community is inextricable from those attitudes and assumptions. The Lib-

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eral principle (part of our "sole intellectual tradition") then acquires for him, increasingly, a ghostly quality. No, the world is *not* like that.

Back at the civics class, perhaps only because he is required to be there, the young middle-class American encounters another Liberal axiom, derived, like the first one, from the eighteenth-century Enlightenment: that the various nations, cultures, religions, groups are *equal,* that is, of equal value. It is a pleasant thought; and again his teacher would turn blue rather than proclaim that one culture, in point of fact, is inferior to another. Yet again, this does not seem to correspond to experience. Obviously, groups behave differently. Is it impossible to evaluate such behavior? Evidently not. One does so every day. Once again it is seen that the Liberal idea is a sort of pious wish.

It may be that the young American develops the habit of comparing Liberal idea and assumption with observed actuality, and that the acid of skepticism spreads, eating in everywhere. Liberals, he understands, condemn "guilt by association," but he remembers the adage, "Birds of a feather flock together." He begins to develop some sensitivity to language, noting the abstract quality of guilt by association, and the concrete quality of birds of a feather —the very phraseology refined by experience. His alertness to language leads him on. He notices that the *New York Times* refers to Spain ("Franco Spain") in tones quite different from those it uses when writing about just plain Poland or Yugoslavia (never "Tito Yugoslavia"), and he wonders whether life in Yugoslavia is really freer or pleasanter than it is in Spain. (If he *goes* to Spain he finds that it is crowded with American Liberal pundits, among others, having a marvelous time.) What is more, Spain being on *our* side, he notices the curious, and ominous, Liberal indifference to that fact.

If Liberal doctrine and assumption violate his sense of fact, Liberal attitudes tend to trouble his moral feelings. Enthusiasm for easy divorce, and moral hospitality to premarital intercourse, homosexuality, and abortion, repel him at first glance, and upon reflection prove to be informed by a profoundly antidomestic ethos: the family is to be weakened *vis-à-vis* outer society, and the individual isolated with his desires. Who is so obtuse as not to know the Liberal attitude on these matters? By this time, our young American may be somewhat loosened from our sole intellectual tradition.

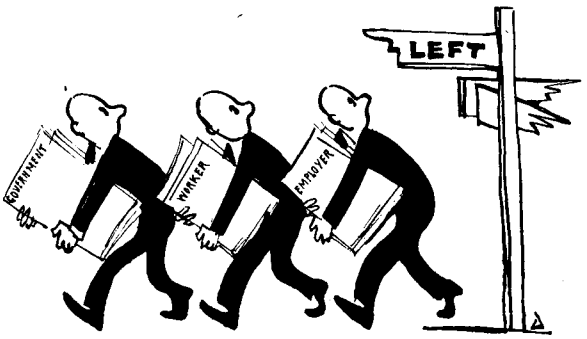
Simmel's Analysis

If he is of a scholarly bent, and goes on with his education, some surprising things turn up. Reading around, and not merely going to lectures, he finds that, in point of fact, there is more historical evidence for some traditional beliefs—the resurrection of Christ, say—than there is for such Liberal certitudes as progress and human goodness. Declining to buy that sociology textbook, price twelve dollars, and monstrous in its official banality, he finds, on his own, that there really have been masters in the field. Georg Simmel, for example, shows that a person's *identity* is inextricable from the "pattern of his group affiliation." That is to say, each person belongs to a wide variety of groups, both organized and informal. One might be, for example, a Protestant of German descent, a family man, an alumnus of the University of Wisconsin, a member of the SAE fraternity, an Elk, an angler, a resident of Oak Park, Illinois, a member of the local golf club, and so on. This complex obviously could be varied, subtly or drastically, by changing one or more of the groups. Another person might move in the same pattern, except that he is a Catholic, or perhaps a regular army man, or not an Elk but a Mason. According to Simmel, individuality is established and maintained by such variation in the pattern of group affiliation.

The more groups there are —distinctive regions, neighborhoods, clubs, professional associations, and so on—and *the more independent they are,* the more various will be the patterns of individual affiliation, and the wider, in consequence, will be the possibilities of individuality. Simmel also observes that it is the exclusiveness of a group that makes for its strength and distinctiveness.

Now Simmel's analysis is susceptible of wide application. It is the group, after all, that has always given meaning and a sense of continuity to the individual life, and as the integrity of groups is broken down—as is happening now in the case of the family, the privately controlled business, the club, the private school, the neighborhood school, and the college fraternity—the individual's sense of his own identity will be broken down as well. An entire literature has accumulated dealing with the phenomenon of the "identity crisis" in modern society, with alienation, with the loss of a sense of the self. Simmel's analysis points to one of the causes of this phenomenon, and the implications of his analysis plainly run counter to the Liberal impulse to break down the power and destroy the exclusiveness of groups within the society. Simmel gives form and articulation to the suspicion that a serious contradiction exists between "equality" as conceived by Liberals and their proclaimed desire for variety and individuality. Nor can it be doubted that an assault upon the natural formation of groups is going forward at the present time under the auspices of Liberal ideology, for virtually any day's newspaper can be called in evidence.

Everywhere the truly inquisitive student turns, in the best modern thought, he finds Liberal assumptions challenged. One important Liberal tradition in ethics is the utilitarian (Locke-Bentham-Mill), which holds that pleasure is good and pain evil and attempts to construct an ethical philosophy on that basis. Yet Kenneth Minogue, an English Liberal philosopher, has no trouble at all in exposing the weakness at the core of the utilitarian position: it offers no



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ground for moral obligation. Speaking of the "moral emptiness" of Benthamism, Minogue writes in *The Liberal Mind* (London, 1963):

> The individual, faced with some sort of moral choice, must [in the utilitarian view] simply decide what he and others want; but the utility of competing courses of action does not *determine* our choice, for the simple reason that it *depends* on our choice. Yet all manner of fascinating possibilities arise. Why not establish sadomasochistic cooperatives, in which those whose greatest happiness lies in inflicting pain meet up with those whose greatest happiness consists in enduring it? Why not cooperation between those afflicted with blood-lust and those about to commit suicide? Such disruptive possibilities could be plausibly defended in utilitarian terms.

The other principal Liberal tradition in ethics, derived from Kant, is a much more elegant thing, but scarcely more plausible than utilitarianism. Viewing ethical behavior as, so to speak, self-validating, Kant dispensed with "the hypothesis of God" in his autonomous ethical system. Yet Kant's system, as has often been pointed out, was actually a form of secularized deism—and not entirely secularized at that, for, though Kant dispensed with the hypothesis of God in accounting for the moral law, he smuggled Him back in as a kind of *deus ex machina* to account for the coincidence of virtue and happiness. Kant's moral idealism was subsisting on a hidden religious capital, and such capital is quickly used up. In the words of Paul Tillich (*The Courage to Be*), "Autonomy is able to live as long as it can draw from the religious tradition of the past . . . But more and more it loses this spiritual foundation. It becomes emptier, more formalistic."

Resistance Begins

So far, I have been suggesting in a rather impressionistic way the sort of response a young American growing up in the '40s and '50s might make to the pervasive Liberal atmosphere. He resists its pressure and is skeptical of its claims. Intellectually, Liberalism seems to him thin, and, at best, even in its intellectual virtues, derivative. Emotionally, it troubles him. He is not yet a conservative, for he lacks a coherent and principled alternative position, and his culture does not provide one—for, as Trilling remarked, there are "no conservative ideas in general circulation." Yet Trilling's remark was truer in 1950 than it is today. During the '30s and '40s, resistance to Liberalism had very largely been reduced to a defense of free-enterprise economics. Informed as it was at its best by the thought of such scholars as F. A. Hayek, such a defense was commendable enough; yet it scarcely constituted a comprehensive conservative position. In other areas, resistance to Liberalism was peculiarly arid: the journalism of John T. Flynn and of the later Mencken was scarcely of the sort to put conservative ideas, or for that matter any ideas, in general circulation.

". . . Under pressure from Liberal abstractions — and the pressure has increased daily—conservative thought has more and more emerged from habits of behavior, from actual experience, and from historic pieties to become available as ideas . . ."

As the decade of the '50s began, however, there were indications that this state of affairs was due to change. In *God and Man at Yale* (1951), William Buckley, then a recent Yale graduate, launched an attack upon the hegemony of Liberal ideas and attitudes in the Academy, and he called attention to the existence of conservative alternatives. In 1952, Whittaker Chambers' autobiographical *Witness*, appearing against a background of espionage revelations, helped to dramatize the fact that we are in the midst of a world revolution—a revolution involving the profoundest of intellectual and spiritual issues, as well as political ones. But perhaps Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind* (1953) should be taken as marking the beginning of the conservative intellectual resurgence. The appearance of this book was an event of great importance, for Kirk succeeded in demonstrating the existence of a conservative intellectual tradition "from Burke to Santayana," and one saw that such a tradition might be drawn upon to give intellectual form to the intuition of Liberalism's weakness. Examining and expounding the thought most importantly of Burke, but also of John Adams, Walter Scott, Coleridge, John Randolph, Calhoun, Tocqueville, More and Santayana, Kirk showed that the traditional culture of the West, with its habits and assumptions, beliefs and moral imperatives, had been defended in the past with powerful intellectual weapons, and he suggested that it might be possible so to defend it in the present and the future.

In addition, *The Conservative Mind* performed for many a valuable secondary function. For some time, no doubt for several generations, the assumption had been widespread among students, and not only among students, that conservatives are vulgar—that they are merely Rotarians, Babbitts and (to use David Riesman's term) Homeguardists, and therefore both incapable of thought and untouched by the ideal. Wilhelm Roepke, one of the most civilized of European economists, has recounted an anecdote about his reception by American students which nicely illustrates my point. They told him that they were familiar with his work on the free-market economy and with his critique of socialism, and that they were aware of his conservative views generally, but they pointed out that they were accustomed to associate such opinions with bankers and members of the Chamber of Commerce and so were astounded to find them espoused disinterestedly by a man of urbanity and immense erudition. Russell Kirk's evocation of a conservative intellectual tradition "from Burke to Santayana," though raising many more questions than at that point one could expect to have answered, showed beyond dispute that the conservative position could be articulated with graceful intensity.

It is quite natural, of course, that the conservative intellectual position should have begun to emerge only recently, and in response to Liberal intellectual hegemony. Conservatism does not normally exhibit itself as a "position" or as a system of ideas, but remains implicit, unarticulated, relying on the various understandings and intuitions upon which an actual civilization is based. Conservative theory does not originate in a tract or a manifesto, but is written, as de Maistre put it, "in the hearts of all

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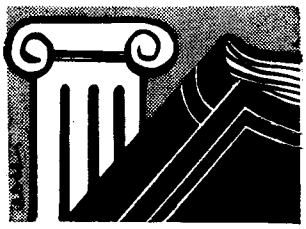
countrymen." It becomes articulate under attack. Much as Burke, facing the abstractions of the French *philosophes,* so destructive in their implications for the actual English nation, found himself "alarmed into reflection," so modern conservatives, in Gerhart Niemeyer's words, have felt "the need for a specific conservative way of thinking . . . only as a reaction against a certain type of political ideology which seemed to know no commitment to the living community." Thus, under pressure from Liberal abstractions—and the pressure has increased daily—conservative thought has more and more emerged from habits of behavior, from actual experience, and from historic pieties to become available *as ideas;* for implicit in the civilization of the West are ideas and assumptions that prefer, so to speak, to remain latent, exhibiting themselves as propositions only under attack, much as the images on a photographic plate become visible only when subjected to the acids of the developing bath.

National Review Is Launched

If the appearance of *The Conservative Mind* in 1953 may conveniently be thought of as marking the beginning of the conservative intellectual resurgence, the weekly magazine NATIONAL REVIEW, launched in 1955 by a group including William F. Buckley Jr., L. Brent Bozell, James Burnham, John Chamberlain, Willmoore Kendall, Russell Kirk, Suzanne La Follette, Frank S. Meyer, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn and William S. Schlamm, sought to give the movement direction and coherence. In background and temperament these people had little enough in common, yet they seem to have been able to function together surprisingly well.

Proceeding from the insight that we live in a period of wide-ranging revolution—political, moral, theological; a revolution, moreover, whose effects will increasingly be felt in every American city and village—the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW concluded that a "natural conservatism," the "continuing piety of men living in untroubled times . . . that universal human tendency to hold by the accustomed, to maintain existing modes of life," would be "radically inadequate," and that circumstances today call for a "conscious conservatism" —in effect, a counterrevolutionary conservatism.

Necessarily, the concerns of the magazine have been broad. As Frank Meyer says, "It has not been limited in its perspectives to the arena of the purely political. It looks toward nothing less than a deep-going renewal of American life in the spirit of the Western and American tradition—a renewal at every level of existence: social, intellectual, philosophical, spiritual, as well as political." In its efforts toward this end, the magazine naturally depends upon the consistent contributions of its editors, but it also has published a large number of other writers, including Evelyn Waugh, Roy Campbell, John Dos Passos, Donald Davidson, Max Eastman, Alistair Horne, Whittaker Chambers, Raymond English, Ross Hoffman, Francis Graham Wilson, Thomas Molnar, Ezra Pound, Colm Brogan, Ernest van den Haag, Eliseo Vivas, Richard Weaver, Francis Russell, Hugh Kenner, and Will Herberg (Kenner and Herberg eventually were added to the masthead). Among younger writers, NATIONAL REVIEW has made some striking discoveries, among them Joan Didion, Garry Wills, Guy Davenport, William Rickenbacker (now a senior editor), M. Stanton Evans, Richard Whalen. One result has been that the magazine has proved to be journalistically and intellectually (if not commercially) successful to an impressive degree. Its circulation, also, has been a pleasant surprise. Beginning with eight thousand subscribers, it now has about one hundred thousand, and about three hundred thousand readers.



Since 1955, moreover, writers associated with NATIONAL REVIEW have published a number of books, many of them growing out of articles and controversies within the magazine. Among such books are Buckley's *Up From Liberalism* and *Rumbles Left and Right,* Bozell's *The Warren Revolution,* Burnham's *Congress and the American Tradition* and *Suicide of the West,* Meyer's *The Moulding of Communists* and *In Defense of Freedom,* Kirk's *A Program for Conservatives,* Kendall's *The Conservative Affirmation.*

To exist as an imaginative force, a magazine must have a distinctive style, a special voice of its own; and that style must express something valid. This remains true whatever the mode of the magazine. The *New Yorker* speaks with its own voice—urbane, knowing, surprised by nothing, contemptuous of the solecism, imaginatively involved with money and with social class. *Partisan Review,* probably the best of the quarterlies, gains its power from the fact that it too speaks in special tones: Jewish, at once scholarly and political (but not really literary); serious, and in a general way Marxian and Freudian. Serious as they are about politics, the conservatives who write for NATIONAL REVIEW do not seem to consider it the ultimate category: humor, as they employ it, is the sign of a proper distance—of temporary removal; of the willingness to step back, and, in the higher sense of the word, play with the subject at hand.

One might wonder, indeed, why so many organs of political opinion never say *anything* funny. The political magazines, though often intelligent and well-informed, are uniformly solemn. The *Nation,* the *New Republic,* the *New Leader,* the *Reporter:* so rare is wit that when it does put in an appearance, as in Murray Kempton and Jules Feiffer, the conservatives are so surprised that they tend to overrate it. Why are these magazines so solemn? For them too, one gathers, politics is the ultimate category. Though they are far from bringing to it the millennial hopes of the Communist, there is nothing, for them, that transcends a political issue. Politics is where one works out one's destiny, and defines one's quality—if one has any. And there is nothing funny about *that.* (Probably, some of their writers have extra-political "beliefs"; but surfaces do not always lie; they are, oddly enough, often profound.) The cheerfulness of NATIONAL REVIEW, in contrast, seems to come from its ability to loosen its relation to politics, to recognize the ironies, incongruities, absurdities of political

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life. The magazine has thus recovered a spirit more characteristic of an older journalism.

"When I first came to New York, in the mid-twenties," recalls John Chamberlain, "the controversies raged quite as they do now. But intellectual warfare in those days was waged gaily . . . The sectarian impulse had not yet triumphed, and parties were stimulating gatherings instead of mutual admiration societies." Such gaiety, indeed, is inextricable from freedom of spirit; solemnity, on the other hand, accords with a sour intolerance of other men's opinions. Thus one is aware at all times in reading NATIONAL REVIEW of the attitude defined in an early issue: "No one would be more resentful than NATIONAL REVIEW of any effort to drain the fun out of politics, that being, we feel, one of its major justifications."

Liberals Attack

Yet with all this activity, which has now been going on for over a decade, very little communication — as I pointed out earlier—has taken place between conservative and Liberal intellectuals. For all his concern in the Preface to *The Liberal Imagination* over the scarcity of conservative ideas in circulation; despite, indeed, his show of distress over that fact, Lionel Trilling has not reviewed one book of conservative tendency that has appeared during the last ten years —notwithstanding the appearance of books by Buckley, Kenner, Kendall, Kirk, Burnham and Meyer; or, moving outside the immediate ambiance of NATIONAL REVIEW, by Strausz-Hupé, Kissinger, Leo Strauss, Voegelin, Oakeshott and Waugh. He has, of course, found time to review any number of books of radical tendency by such writers as James Baldwin, C. P. Snow and Norman O. Brown. And *this* has been the performance of a critic who has claimed to have at the center of his work a special awareness of the "inevitable intimate, if not always obvious connection between literature and politics."

As everyone knows, the official position of the Liberal intellectual community is that truths are likely to emerge from a confrontation of opposing ideas; and there is much to be said for this position. An opponent is likely to spot the contradictions and weaknesses that one conceals from oneself. On this basis, it might have been expected that Liberal intellectuals would have welcomed the appearance of a magazine like NATIONAL REVIEW. Though they certainly would find its position on the whole unacceptable, they might have been expected—if only as Liberals—to recognize the value of another perspective. The initial response of the Liberal community, however, was savage. The magazine had been out for only a short time when Dwight Macdonald, Murray Kempton and John Fischer (the editor of *Harper's*) each produced lengthy essays writing it off as a total failure. Of the three, Macdonald is by far the ablest writer, a gifted phrasemaker who is brought in — much as an Outside Gun is brought in by, say, a beleaguered loan shark—when a special job is required. He has, in fact, done "jobs" on Mortimer Adler, James Gould Cozzens, Ernest Hemingway, Thornton Wilder, etc. Brought in for the NATIONAL REVIEW job by *Commentary*, Macdonald characteristically pulled social rank—an odd tactic, though, one feels, when employed by a writer of the Left in a Liberal, and, officially, egalitarian magazine. "Here," said Macdonald, "are the ideas, here is the style of the *lumpen*-bourgeoisie, the half-educated, half-successful provincials* . . . Anxious, embittered, resentful, they feel that the main stream of American politics since 1932 has passed them by." He stated that William Buckley would be a good journalist "if he had a little more humor" and "if he knew how to write." And he concluded—he has not, I think, reminded anyone of this prophecy—that NATIONAL REVIEW had a dim future.

*He means people who live outside of New York.

For his part, Murray Kempton devoted an essay to "Buckley's National Bore," describing "the swamp to which NATIONAL REVIEW has come so soon." John Fischer used what amounted to the entire editorial section of the March 1956 *Harper's* to attack NATIONAL REVIEW, charging that the magazine is "dedicated to the Conspiracy Theory of Politics," and is "dreadfully earnest," its editorial tone being "almost indistinguishable from that of the *Daily Worker*," besides which, it is "Utopian" and "would like to leap back to 1928." All these statements are patently false.

Well, ten years went by, and, as far as *Commentary* was concerned, nothing at all had changed—though this time they brought in Richard Rovere instead of Macdonald, perhaps for the sake of introducing some variety. Conservatives are mindless, Rovere reassured the evidently anxious *Commentary* readership: they espouse "pre-industrial domestic policies" and "pre-nuclear foreign policies." (Curiously, Rovere didn't hesitate to cite Buckley's advocacy of continued nuclear testing as an illustration of a "pre-nuclear" policy —*bring back Macdonald!*). He charged that conservative intellectuals concern themselves not with "what our relationship with the Soviet Union ought to be, but [with] whether it was right to have any relationship at all." From writers of this stripe, he concluded, "we have had, so far as I am able to tell, almost nothing but insults to the intelligence."

Richard Rovere's importance is entirely due to the representative character of his mind, not to anything intrinsic; yet for this very reason it seems to me worth saying that in this article he entirely deserted his responsibilities as a journalist—and it should be easy, as well as entertaining, as we move through a variety of important matters, to show, in passing, to how alarming a degree he has here been guilty of *la trahison des clercs*.

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II. Liberalism

ONE OF the most interesting tasks performed by contemporary conservative intellectuals has been the attempt to analyze the assumptions of contemporary Liberalism, to raise them to conscious awareness. NATIONAL REVIEW has contributed to this enterprise, and also, through its weekly examination of events, attempted to show in a continuous way the effect those assumptions have had on political and cultural behavior. It was in the nature of this enterprise, no doubt, that it should have offended, and even outraged, some of the pleasantest people around, people of taste, respectable temper, and social power. As Michael Oakeshott has written, Liberalism "has ceased to be merely one style in politics and has become the stylistic criterion of all respectable politics." And to raise Liberal assumptions to awareness, as the conservative intellectuals have done, is to confer upon them the status of the debatable; it is to open the question of the truth of those assumptions, and to require that evidence be mustered in their support. This is an especially painful situation when such assumptions are connected with "all respectable politics."

Basic to the Liberal attitude, according to a number of recent writers on the subject, is a distinctive attitude toward *time*. As Kenneth Minogue puts it, Liberals exhibit "a special kind of hope." To them, he writes, " 'the present' means not only everything that is happening now; it also carries a further meaning that the present is only what *ought* to be happening now." Thus a government, or a mode of consciousness, can exist at this very moment, and still not be "modern" in the Liberal lexicon, for to the Liberal, "Time, like everything else . . . is simultaneously a fact and an aspiration." The words "progressive" and "reactionary" as used by the Liberal depend upon their *linear* imagination of time, and to the Liberal the future, simply by virtue of its futurity, is good. The "modern" man, that is to say the Liberal, represents the future insofar as it can manifest itself with a chronological present, where, indeed, it would manifest itself completely and at once were it not for the irrational obstacles erected by reactionaries—by vested interests, by the prejudiced, the superstitious, and the ignorant. From this imagination of his situation spring both the optimism and the fury of the Liberal. He is optimistic (the title of a recent book by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. is *The Politics of Hope*) because he thinks that the "obstacles" can be removed by "enlightenment" (by education and by pedagogically conceived legislation), but he is angry because these things seem to work so slowly.

The Liberal's Optimism

Because of the Liberal's optimism, observes Michael Oakeshott, an English conservative and Professor of Political Science at the London School of Economics, in *Rationalism in Politics* (1962), "the past is significant to him only as an encumbrance." The "evanescence of imperfection" may be said to be the first item of his creed. Experience presents itself to him as a series of "problems" to be solved. "He is not devoid of humility; he can imagine a problem which would remain impervious to the onslaught of his own reason. But what he cannot imagine is politics which do not consist in solving problems, or a political problem of which there is no 'rational' solution at all. Such a problem must be counterfeit." To a conservative, the situation in South Africa may admit of *no* solution. The Liberal, in contrast, supposes that only the stubbornness of the South African whites blocks a "rational solution." He therefore supports manifestoes, parliamentary motions, and embargoes directed at reducing their "stubbornness"—only to find that such measures increase it. The view that all problems admit of rational solution, moreover, constitutes a rejection of the possibility of tragedy, and therefore of an insight into the human condition that has been a part of the Western tradition since at least the time of Homer.

Because the Liberal is an optimist, the word "change" has a hopeful sound to him. He *likes* to say that "we live in a world of change"—for, as James Burnham has pointed out in *Suicide of the West*, the expectation is that change will bring about improvement. Remembering that men in the past have not, for the most part, celebrated change, that, indeed, Plato regarded it as the *defect* of the phenomenal world, and that the experience of mutability has at all times been the source of melancholy reflection, one may agree with Oakeshott in finding a kind of unworldliness in the Liberal attitude, an eerie lack of attachment to the concrete actualities of the world. As Oakeshott puts it, if "we glance below the surface, we may, perhaps, see in the temperament [of the Liberal] . . . an impatient hunger for eternity and an irritable nervousness in the face of everything topical and transitory."

Because of his abiding hospitality to change, the Liberal, writes Burnham, "tends not merely to accept change that happens to come his way, but to foster innovation." In Burnham's view, this aspect of the Liberal's position has had momentous consequences in our epoch of world revolution. Liberals

> are prepared, in fact, if . . . reforms are slow in coming, to accept revolution, if the revolution in question or in prospect can be thought of as in some way "popular" or "democratic," and against "reactionary forces." Nearly all liberals have looked kindly on, have often actively supported, at least in the early stages, all revolutions from the Left that have occurred during this century; and there have been a lot of revolutions. This was as true in the case of the Russian revolution of 1917 as of Castro's revolution in 1960; of the Algerian Arabs' revolt against France as of the Indonesians' revolt against the Netherlands. If a goodly percentage of these revolutions has gone sour, this does not in the least affect the liberal's optimistic attitude toward the next one.

If the Liberal can be active and zealous in attacking a *status quo*, he is, in contrast, likely to lapse into total passivity before what he considers the direction of inevitable change. Senator Paul Douglas, a Liberal on most matters but heterodox on the issue of Red China's admission to the UN, criticized just such passivity in a speech made in 1961. "There is all too great a tendency in modern life," he said, "to go along with the procession in order to feel

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part of the wave of history. Sometimes the wave of history reverses itself, and I believe that one should stand for what one believes to be right even though one is in a minority. I certainly do not grant that the forces in favor of admission are going to get the necessary two-thirds or that they will wear us down within the Security Council itself."

Inextricable from the Liberal's optimistic view of history is his optimistic view of human nature. He believes, as Burnham says, that "human nature is changing and plastic," with enormous if not infinite potentiality for improvement. He knows, of course, that evils exist, and in fact is exceptionally acute in detecting them, but he does not consider them to proceed from any innate defect in human nature. Men's evil deeds are due to inorganic causes: defective social institutions, ignorance, and so forth. Eleanor Roosevelt had the ability to express this doctrine in its purest form, and as a received certainty. "I was shocked," she once wrote, "to hear that not long ago, in one of our schools, some older boys beat up their teacher. When this happens, you can be sure that the blame does not lie with the young people . . ." The doctrine appears on loftier intellectual

levels as well. In the speech in which he accepted the Sidney Hillman Award in 1959, Robert Maynard Hutchins, admitting that the doctrine is a matter of "faith," observed: "The democratic [*i.e.*, Liberal] faith is faith in man, faith in every man, faith that men, if they are well enough educated and well enough informed, can solve the problems raised by their own aggregation." Even such sophisticated Liberals as Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Sidney Hook and Charles Frankel tend to return, as Burnham observes, to this fundamental faith, though they do so, more frequently these days, in an embarrassed manner. Burnham quotes Charles Frankel: "Can we, amidst the collapse of our hopes, still maintain the essential elements of the liberal outlook on history? I think we can." Thus the "essential elements" cannot be abandoned, despite the collapse of hopes. This is not the language of empirical inquiry. The sophisticated Liberal reaffirms the optimistic view, even if more tentatively than his eighteenth- and nineteenth-century predecessors or his less perceptive contemporaries. He must do so, for it is the foundation of his position.

A Force for Secularization

Because it assumes, either implicitly or openly, that man's destiny is entirely temporal, Liberalism has been a powerful force working toward the secularization of society. By and large, conservative writers, in NATIONAL REVIEW and in their various books and articles, agree that religious faith is integral to the constitution of man's being and fundamental to an intelligible ethics. Conservatives have not, furthermore, been receptive to the argument that religion is a strictly "private" thing, having no role to play in the public sphere. In a recent NATIONAL REVIEW article, "Religion and Public Life," Will Herberg, the religion editor of the magazine and the author of *Protestant-Catholic-Jew* (1955), shed a good deal of light on the issues at stake. Observing that "the Supreme Court actions outlawing the New York State Regents' prayer a year ago, and enjoining Bible readings and the Lord's Prayer in public schools earlier this year, were greeted with approval by a number of Protestant theologians, and by some Catholic publicists, mostly laymen," Herberg went on to explain carefully the form taken by such approval:

> Their argument . . . is essentially a *religious* one. Whatever may have been the case some centuries ago, they say, religious symbols and ceremonies in public life today, considering the advance of secularism in our culture, are becoming a mockery, a travesty of religion, a superficial routinization that, in its tendency to trivialize faith, is worse than an honest and outright secularism. Let the movement toward the "de-religionization" of our public life, so powerfully promoted by the recent Supreme Court decisions, go on, they say, and go on to the bitter end. Then, perhaps, the real religious situation in this country will become apparent; and seriously concerned men and women will turn in the only direction in which a renascence of authentic faith could be expected—to the home and the church.

Herberg finds "some truth" in this view, but he concludes that it is, at its heart, "profoundly and dangerously wrong," for, as our theological and political traditions should lead us to realize,

> a society, and the state through which it is organized politically, remain "legitimate," "righteous," and "lawful" *only insofar as they recognize a higher majesty beyond themselves*, limiting and judging their pretensions. Once the state forgets or denies this . . . it divinizes itself, and thereby ceases to be a "legitimate" state in the theological understanding of the term. Therefore the "established order," the state, above all, ought to include within itself signs, symbols, and ceremonials constantly reminding itself and the people that it *is* subject to a majesty beyond all earthly majesties. That is the indispensable function of religious symbols and ceremonials in public life, one that no responsible theologian, however resentful he may be of trivialization and superficiality in religion, can afford to forget.

Thus Herberg argues, with a good deal of force, that the child who takes the pledge of allegiance including the words *under God*, "if he is encouraged to pay attention to what he is saying, will know that the American state and nation are not absolute; that they stand under the scrutiny and judgment of a higher power."

In another essay on the same subject, Herberg analyzes the assumptions concealed in the phraseology of Justice Tom Clark's majority opinion in the *Schempp* and *Murray* (Lord's Prayer and Bible reading) cases. According to Justice Clark, public activity, to satisfy the strictures of the First Amendment, must have "a secular legislative purpose and a primary effect that neither enhances nor inhibits religion." In this statement Herberg finds a "strange incoherence," for the second part of Justice Clark's test of constitutionality does not follow from the first, but rather contradicts it: "for the promotion of religion may well be seen as a major 'secular' purpose of the state in its

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furtherance of the common good of the *civil* order." This view of religion's value to the civil order, Herberg argues, "was the almost universal conviction of Americans at the time of the adoption of the federal Constitution; and it has remained the conviction of the American people, and the practice of federal and state government to this very day, despite the confusion introduced by recent Court decisions." After providing a good deal of historical documentation in support of his contention that such a view of religion *has* been a part of the American tradition, he concludes that

> within the meaning of our political tradition and political practice, the promotion [of religion] has been, and continues to be, a part of the very legitimate "secular" purpose of the state. Whatever the "neutrality" of the state in matters of religion may be, it cannot be a neutrality between religion and no-religion, any more than (to recall the language of the Northwest Ordinance) it could be a neutrality between morality and no-morality, knowledge and no-knowledge. All three, in our American conviction, are necessary to "good government" and "national prosperity"; and all three fall within the scope of the friendly assistance of the state.

In opposing the secularizing tendencies of Liberalism, other NATIONAL REVIEW writers have made, like Herberg, a strong case for their claim that they are in accord with American traditions. In an article that may be taken as representative of the historical position of the magazine in this matter, "Lowest Common Denominator," which appeared in April 1959, Willmoore Kendall traces the history of the public schools from 1639, when the town of Dorchester, Mass. levied a land tax for the support of a "free school," through various other early provisions for schools, such as the 1647 provision by the Massachusetts General Court that every township must "after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty householders," name a teacher and furnish a school for him to teach in, "it being," the Court asserted, "one chief object of that old deluder, Satan, to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures." Even as late as 1837, Kendall shows, "when Horace Mann became secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, everybody understood the Court's mandate to mean, quite simply, that the public schools were to instruct their charges in the Christian religion." As Mann himself put it, twelve years after he became secretary:

> I could not avoid regarding the man, who should oppose the religious education of the young in the public schools, as an insane man: and were it proposed to debate the question between us, I should desire to restore him to his reason, before entering upon the discussion.

"The record," Kendall concludes, "is clear: Through the first two centuries of our history Americans thought of themselves as building, and handing down to their descendants, a *Christian* society. They intended their public schools to provide the religious and moral training appropriate to such a society." Quite capable themselves of reading the language of the First Amendment, it never occurred to them that there would come a moment when Christianity, let alone religion in general, would be barred constitutionally from the public schools. The conservatives' conviction that in opposing such secularizing moves they are in harmony not only with American tradition but with the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the people, received support from a 1962 Gallup Poll. As an editorial noted in August: "If there was ever any doubt that the Supreme Court's prayer decision was unpopular with the American people, Dr. Gallup has now dispelled it. His latest poll shows that an astonishing 80 per cent of those questioned approve religious observances in public schools, while only 14 per cent oppose them."

Moral Questions

It is consistent with the Liberal's optimistic rejection of the past and of custom, and also with his rejection of the metaphysical sanctions that have traditionally obtained in the West, that his attitudes on practical moral questions should have a revolutionary character. Liberals, according to Minogue, "have rejected the patriarchal order which Europe has inherited," and, in his phrase, tend to be "tolerant" on most of the traditional moral questions. This aspect of Liberalism has received extensive treatment from American conservative writers. From the standpoint of the Liberal, according to James Burnham, for example, "it is difficult to justify the strong attachments so often found in the past to such non-rational groupings as the family or the nation, or indeed to any groupings more parochial than mankind. Not surprisingly, we find that most liberals favor easy divorce laws —indeed, these are ordinarily called 'liberal' divorce laws. Liberals and their forebears have carried the brunt of the campaigns that over the past hundred and fifty years have so greatly loosened the bonds of matrimony."

In this, as in so much else, the Liberal idea is at variance with the common sense and the settled opinion of mankind. As far as marriage is concerned, observes G. K. Chesterton, with his splendid ability to articulate a widespread and ordinary feeling, "the overwhelming mass of mankind has not believed in freedom in this matter, but in a more or less lasting tie." Disapproval of easy divorce, he argues in *Orthodoxy*, is based upon a sure instinct: "In everything worth having, even in every pleasure, there is a point of pain or tedium that must be survived, so that the pleasure may revive and endure . . . All human vows, laws, and contracts are so many ways of surviving this breaking point, this instant of potential surrender . . . Coercion is a kind of encouragement."

Such an expression of the common feelings of man is seldom met with. Indeed, NATIONAL REVIEW has noticed how frequently what must, I suppose, be called "educated" opinion comes out against such ordinary sentiment. "A recent issue of the London *Economist*," observes a 1959 editorial, "comes out in favor of 1) repeal of all sabbatarian legislation now on Britain's statute books, 2) repeal of the Labouchère amendment (which makes homosexuality unlawful), and 3) removal of the existing legal barriers to the performance of abortions ('the matter [should be] left absolutely at the doctor's discretion'). 'Let the list lengthen,' the *Economist* proclaims, for 'Britons are not as free as they think.' " That last sentence is worth thinking about. The *Economist* admits that Britons "think" they are free, but proposes another definition of freedom—"real" freedom perhaps—which evidently is

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not dependent for its valuation upon the opinion of those who experience it.

A particularly interesting NATIONAL REVIEW editorial was evoked by a controversy that raged at Harvard over the refusal of Dean Monro to liberalize the regulations governing the hours within which girls may visit Harvard dormitory rooms. The Dean refused, on the grounds that some students had been abusing the current rules by holding sex orgies and wild drinking parties. In a letter to the *Harvard Crimson* he quoted a statistic to the effect that 50 per cent of the women who graduate from American colleges have lost their chastity, and said that under the circumstances of an increasing sexual intemperance and personal indiscipline he was not disposed to liberalize the existing hours. Rather, he was thinking of constricting them. Naturally, he immediately found himself at the center of controversy. The *Crimson*, reported NATIONAL REVIEW, "editorialized by poohpoohing the the scandals, insisting that they were merely isolated incidents—involving, presumably, no more than 50 per cent of college girls" and also gave room to a former *Crimson* editor to express his opinion that what a student does in his room is his own business and no one else's. Commented NATIONAL REVIEW: the ex-editor's article "has had the disquieting effect on the Harvard campus of the voice whose counsels you intuitively reject, but whose words, for lack of ground on which to stand, you know not how to resist." There is no Liberal principle whatsoever observed the editorial, to which Dean Monro can refer in support of his feeling of disapproval. The civil law is ambiguous, and almost entirely lacking in deterrent force. The sanction of community feeling is itself a kind of residue of the older religious sanction, and in any case is not persuasive to a Liberal. As NATIONAL REVIEW concludes, "What Dean Monro faces is the Problem of the Evanescing Sanction." Or, as Frank Meyer a few years earlier, described the situation of the Liberal who instinctively dislikes certain kinds of behavior but can find nothing in his own set of consciously held principles which can be invoked against them: "Liberals . . . are still living

on inherited moral capital, so that, happily, their actions often do not rigorously follow the logic of their beliefs."

A notable Harvard alumnus, George Santayana, put the matter even more bluntly in an essay that appeared after his death: "Isn't this looseness in everything in so far as it may not be useful, this blankness of will in respect to ultimates, an evident application of the principle of liberalism dominant in the nineteenth century? . . . The question at once arises, how long, if all moral codes are tolerated, those who hold those views can be restrained from putting them in practice. And what authority can the dominant morality retain? Evidently none: yet it is wonderful how long it has taken the liberal world to discover that it has deliberately abandoned mankind to moral anarchy."

The Case of Dr. Dooley

Of unusual interest in this connection is a strange and complicated case to which the magazine devoted considerable space in its third issue, that of Dr. James Dooley. NATIONAL REVIEW alone recognized the importance of the case, and showed enterprise in assembling the facts and presenting them in a careful and responsible way. James Dooley, a doctor of outstanding professional qualifications, and a specialist in treating seriously disturbed children, had treated some of his patients, it was established, by engaging with them in homosexual acts. Brought to trial, Dr. Dooley contended that such treatments were an integral part of a pioneering technique of psychotherapy, and that by means of it he had succeeded in improving the condition of many of his patients. The prosecution, for its part, argued that the letter of the law was clear, and that Dooley had been guilty of "indecent assault and risk of injury to a child." It further argued that not all of the "treatments" had been therapeutic, but that, in point of fact, Dr. Dooley was gratifying his own unnatural desires.

Plainly, there are a number of issues involved here, and, as NATIONAL REVIEW reports, opinion in the Connecticut community in which Dr. Dooley practiced was sharply divided. The greater number of ordinary citizens—"the farmers, artisans, merchants, laborers and some part of the teachers, lawyers, writers, artists and the wealthy who are scattered here and there through the hills"—agreed with the eventual verdict in the case. Found guilty, Dr. Dooley was sentenced to from one to six years in the penitentiary. On the day of the trial, however, about fifty spectators appeared in the courtroom to demonstrate their support for the doctor, and their rejection of the verdict the court was expected to hand down. "These were not the farmers, artisans, merchants and laborers: nor, except for a marginal few, were they mere idlers. More than fifty of them, well dressed and assured in manner, were a selection of the region's intellectual elite. Most of them were women, the women recognized as community leaders, who head charity drives, belong to

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clubs, run the Parent-Teacher Association, the Association for the United Nations, the League of Women Voters. Almost without exception they were Liberals, by their own classification—though of course many who think of themselves as Liberals were not there, and would not have agreed with those who were." To these people Dooley was a martyr in the cause of science, and the columns of the local paper were filled with letters in his behalf. One admirer wrote that "a truly great, pioneering physician" had been subjected to a "grave ordeal": "It makes one feel that society has not gone too many steps forward since the trials of Giordano Bruno, if a physician, using unorthodox methods in his studies to help mankind, can be incarcerated for doing so."

While admitting the complexity of the issues, and throughout the article treating respectfully and seriously the "powerful" defense made by Dooley, NATIONAL REVIEW nevertheless agreed with the verdict of the court, and carefully explained its reasons for doing so, pointing out that the justifications offered for Dooley depended upon assumptions whose potential consequences are far-reaching and dangerous. The doctor and his defenders, it argued, failed to make the basic distinction between "the unfolding world of scientific inquiry and the unchanging world of moral absolutes," and it pointed to the implications of such confusion: "Those who believe that scientific progress is not subject to the restraints of traditional morality cannot at their convenience, for reasons of sentimentality, taste or tactical usefulness, draw back from the consequences of such a position . . . These principles accept a total experimental attitude toward the human personality provided only a) the experiment works, and b) the person conducting the experiment is motivated by a concern for the 'welfare' of the object upon which the experiment is being made." In the opinion of his defenders, Dooley had satisfied both criteria. Addressing itself to the first criterion, NATIONAL REVIEW asked whether "the Nazi doctors who experimented with human victims in order to benefit society—and, in a sense, the wretched victims who were thereby put out of their misery—[would] have been heroes rather than brutes, 'the most creative' rather than 'the most destructive,' had they come up with a cure for cancer?"

'Human Brotherhood'

In the view of the principal conservative writers, certain Liberal attitudes differ markedly from those of most men, past and present. Perhaps in no connection is this more marked than in regard to the idea of the nation. In the Liberal, the idea of the nation, or, as he often calls it, it, the "nation-state," arouses little affection. As Minogue observes, Liberals deplore the "competing gangs called nation states," and feel a powerful allegiance to "human brotherhood."

For most other men, in contrast, the idea, say, of "England" or "France" or "Spain" calls up a greater number of concrete associations, and is a more compelling thing than "human brotherhood" or "Mankind," which seem too remote and abstract. It is the smaller unit, as Burke saw, that first engages the affections, and it is through the smaller that we move naturally to an awareness of the larger. "To be attached to the subdivision," wrote Burke, "to love the little platoon we belong to in society, is the first principle (the germ as it were) of public affections. It is the first link in the series by which we proceed towards a love to our country, and to mankind." And indeed we do not have to be reminded that both the region and the nation have moved the poets, sensitive to the natural feeling of men, to some of their most memorable passages.

James Burnham has been particularly circumstantial in his consideration of this aspect of Liberalism. In a NATIONAL REVIEW article on the Americans for Democratic Action which appeared in 1963, he pointed to the "thoroughgoing internationalism" of that Liberal organization, and called in evidence both its charter and its platform. "The 1961-62 version of the platform," he observes, "declares that 'support of the principles of the United Nations'—not the national interest of the United States—'is the cornerstone of our policy.'" Concludes Burnham: "Granted the ADA's dedicated internationalism, it is not surprising that in its periodicals and other literature we never come across any words, articles or symbols that could be called 'patriotic.' No flag ever appears; no patriotic quotations or slogans; no reference to patriotic memories, holidays or observances. This is natural enough, for ADAers regard themselves as citizens of humanity and the world, bound to a higher loyalty than any mere patriotic ties."

In his book, *Suicide of the West,* Burnham notes a survey of history textbooks used in public schools, which found a marked change in content as compared with older textbooks. Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death," for example, was cited in twelve of fourteen older texts, but in only two of forty-five newer ones. Nathan Hale's alleged last words, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country," appeared in eleven of the older books, and in only one of the newer; John Paul Jones' "I have not yet begun to fight" in nine of the older, none of the newer.

Elsewhere in the same book, Burnham points out that the Liberal feels no sense of outrage when "bearded young men say they will not fight for their country," and is not offended when "a mob in an underdeveloped land smashes the consulate or embassy of his nation," and "quite probably finds pledges to the flag or oaths of allegiance actively distasteful." The Liberal is "likely to have an opinion more lenient than that of non-liberals concerning the deviation from earlier norms of patriotic citizenship by men like Robert Oppenheimer or Alger Hiss, particularly if their actions can appear to be motivated by humanitarian or universalistic goals."

Not infrequently, such Liberal attitudes reveal themselves with startling frankness, usually in passing—in an aside or a casual remark. As far as Justice William O. Douglas is concerned, it should be easy for men to shake off their national attachments. "Each of us is a citizen of the world," he writes, "and the nation-

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state is obsolete." Another example: Reviewing Douglas MacArthur's memoirs for *Commentary,* and indeed making a point of reviewing them on the whole *sympathetically,* Marcus Cunliffe, an English Liberal, remarked that MacArthur "lived in and for the Army: for the abstractions in the West Point motto—Duty, Honor, Country—*that make us wince* [italics added]." Those words do not really make most people wince. It is the Liberal attitude that seems odd and suspect; indeed, that makes us wince, because it is so remote from ordinary human feeling.

The abstraction of the Liberal from particular nations and cultures doubtless has its remote origin in the belief of the Enlightenment that men, regardless of origin, have in common a universal rationality. Assuming men to possess such a common reason—and it *was* a pure assumption: they did not bother to collect evidence for it—the philosophers of the Enlightenment could look forward to the not very distant time when mankind, "liberated" from the "accidental" effects attributable to race, religion and nation, would employ universal reason to create a harmonious world civilization. "Patriotism and nationalism," as James Burnham observes, "are non-rational and discriminatory. They invidiously divide, segregate one group of men ('my group') from humanity, and do so not in accord with objective merits determined by deliberate reason but as the result of habits, customs, traditions and feelings inherited from the past." These things, then, supported by no rational principle, and despite the "residual" attachment to them that the majority of men feel, must fade from the scene, inaugurating the reign of universal humanity. Interestingly enough, however, as the older belief in a universal reason has faded—sophisticated Liberals, indeed no longer really *believe* in human rationality: they have read their Freud—the Liberal symbolization of human brotherhood has been revised so to speak, downward.

The Liberal wishes to transcend cultural differences, and so powerful is his wish to do so that he ends up merely ignoring them. He neglects, as Frank Meyer points out in one of his NATIONAL REVIEW columns, "not only the chasm which separates Western civilization from Communist neo-barbarism, but also the profoundly different moral concepts that underlie Western, as distinguished from Indian or Chinese or Islamic, civilization, or from African pre-civilization — to say nothing of the lesser but still profound differences of *ethos* that separate one nation from another within the West." In Meyer's view, moreover, the Liberal's attachment to the large abstraction of a global "mankind" is really one mode of the recurrent desire to escape from history. A world state, the Liberal seems implicitly to believe, "will abolish all tension and remove all responsibility from our shoulders, while everyone lives happily ever after in peace and prosperity." It is "the myth that emerges as the final solution to all problems." Much as Marx dreamed of a classless society as constituting the end of history (all history, he said, is the history of class struggle), and other nineteenth-century figures sought an end of conflict through imaginative participation in the idea of childhood, or death (Spengler), and responding to the same impulse as Nietzsche, who said that history is a nightmare from which we must awaken, the Liberal

seeks in his abstract, transcendent dream of a universal humanity relief from the actual conflicts of historical experience.

Some of the conservative writers have not been slow in pointing to the practical consequences of the Liberal's universalism, especially when that is brought into conjunction with his egalitarianism. On what principle, for example, would the Liberal resist a world-wide progressive income tax? "From the theoretical point of view," as James Burnham writes, "there is no reason why democratic centralization should stop with the single nation. Modern liberal doctrine tends naturally toward internationalist conceptions and the ideal of a democratic order based through one mode or another on the majority will of all mankind."

One Liberal impulse that figures prominently as a target of conservative attack has become so familiar that it will be dealt with here only briefly. Indeed, it is deducible as a practical application of Liberal universalism. The Liberal tends, according to the conservatives, to refer all problems to the largest available political authority, and he deeply distrusts all smaller centers of power that in fact, or in potentiality, resist such authority. Just as the nation stands, irrationally, in the way of world government, so regional government stands, irrationally, in the way of national, and private authority in the way of public. For the Liberal, says Minogue, "all widespread problems turn into political problems, inviting a solution by state activity," and as other writers point out, the more comprehensive the public authority employed, and the more uniform its application, the more satisfactory it will be in Liberal eyes.

Privacy and Freedom

Now, this tendency in Liberalism is too manifest and consistent to be accidental, and in effect it favors some values over others, though the Liberal is not always explicit or frank about this. G. K. Chesterton, reminding us, as ever, of the obvious thing we very likely had forgotten, pointed to the connection between privacy and freedom. In a chapter of his *What's Wrong With the World* called "The Wildness of Domesticity," he observed that the home "is the only place of liberty. Nay, it is the only place of anarchy. It is the only spot on earth where a man can alter arrangements suddenly, make an experiment, or indulge in a whim . . . The home is the one place where he can put the carpet on the ceiling or the slates on the floor if he wants to." This smallest social unit Chesterton viewed as a "small human omnipotence, a definite cell or chamber of liberty." The more private a thing was, he thought, the *freer* it would be, and the more public, the more regulation it would need. Of course, he knew all the observations that customarily are made on this subject, and certainly could have distinguished, as we have been instructed to do, "between 'positive' and 'negative' freedom, between the 'old' and the 'new' freedom, between 'social,' 'political,' 'civil,' 'economic,' and 'personal' freedom," the freedom that

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involves "the recognition of necessity," and the "inner freedom" that some writers have identified with equality. And he knew that only public authority could keep certain forms of private power from becoming monopolistic. But the freedom he was most concerned to protect was the sort that entailed the actual privileges suggested in what I have quoted from him above, and modern conservative writers tend to agree with him that privacy and such freedom are intimately connected; not necessarily privacy and equality; not even privacy and a certain kind of justice: but privacy and freedom. In the private school, conservatives point out, prayers may still be said if those who support the school so desire. The private club is free to choose those members it wants. The private business is free to sell what the owner wishes to sell (if no longer to whom he wishes to sell). Preoccupied as they are with certain other values, Liberals, argue the conservatives, have been dangerously insensitive to the nexus between privacy and freedom.

British Labor Party Policy

The late F. A. Voigt, for example, noticed the singular absence from recent Liberal declarations concerning "rights" of the familiar rights of private property. "In two world wars," he wrote, "and in the period between the wars, two Presidents of the greatest property-owning nation that ever existed proclaimed certain rights which they regarded as fundamental to all mankind. But although the American Constitution says that 'no person shall . . . be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law,' neither President Wilson nor President Roosevelt found the respect shown for property in their country's Constitution worth recommending to mankind." Voigt went on to point out that in the public statements of these two Presidents, and indeed of the vast majority of Western statesmen, we find "that almost every conceivable right acclaimed by the modern world was raised to a principle of universal application—with one exception." In a contradiction of tragic significance, "liberty was never so much extolled, property never so little."

The British Labor Party, which most American Liberals much prefer to the somewhat more conservative Tory Party, has been unremitting in its attacks upon all subordinate and autonomous social entities. As far as private schools are concerned, Labor Party opinion is distinctly hostile, and the more leftward segments of the party have

made destruction of the private school one of their special concerns. If this view prevails, observes NATIONAL REVIEW, "any future war that England may win, will not have been won on the playing fields of Eton because Eton, like the other famous British 'public' schools, will have been swept away in an orgy of 'democratization.' The 'Victory for Socialism' group . . . has come out for the immediate abolition of all private and independent schools."

The Labor Party "policy document" of 1956, as F. A. Voigt pointed out, makes the goals of party policy unmistakably clear. Individual families are not to be permitted to perpetuate their power: "Death duties are to be raised to 100 per cent on all save the very smallest estates; no father should leave any wealth behind for his children," for that would constitute a violation of equality. The Labor Party, Voigt continued, pursuing equality at whatever cost to other values, holds that "education is a commodity," and advocates that "the schools of England . . . be 'democratized,' so that there may be no freedom of choice on the part of parents in selecting schools for their children."

The transfer of power from individuals and from independent groups to the state, argues Frank Meyer in his recent book, *In Defense of Freedom*, has as its goal a great social transformation. "Those . . . who conceive that the nature of men can be changed to meet the specifications of a design of earthly perfection, need perforce some mechanism through which to act. That mechanism must be one suited to the exercise of power by men who are certain that they, and they alone, understand what must be done, and who are fired by the mission to force their understanding upon the great mass of other men who do not understand. The mechanism stands ready to hand. The state, which is the sole universally accepted repository of force, need only be captured, and that force extended beyond its natural purposes."

Sensitive to the centripetal tendencies of Liberalism, Michael Oakeshott argues that Liberal politics is a uniformitarian politics. "There may not be one universal remedy for all political ills," concedes the Liberal, "but the remedy for any particular ill is as universal in its application as it is rational in its conception. If the rational solution for one of the problems of a society has been determined, to permit any relevant part of the society to escape from the solution is, *ex hypothesi*, to countenance irrationality. There can be no place for preference that is not rational preference, and all rational preferences necessarily coincide. Political activity is recognized as the imposition of a uniform condition of perfection upon human conduct."

If equality of condition is good, and if, furthermore, public education promotes equality and private education does not, then no private schools should exist. If forced racial segregation is wrong in New York or Alabama, it is wrong in South Africa. The dislike of so-called accidental difference, which results in this uniformitarianism, found its first practical expression, argues James Burnham, "in the political field, with the liberal program for universal and equal suffrage unrestricted by property, race, color, religion, and ancestry. It then spread to the economic and social fields, where the egalitarianism takes the practical form of steeply progressive income and inheritance taxes (or direct expropriation when impatience spurs a more rapid approach to the ideal)." Interestingly, Burnham points out that

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Liberals resent capital far more than income, for capital, "especially in the form of real property but in some degree all large accumulations of capital, usually is bound up with the past, with the family, even with local domicile and tradition. Thus capital, from the standpoint of liberal principles, seems more irrational and backward-looking than income, which may be thought to be the product of intellectual talents similar to those that enable a bright student to score well in examinations, therefore qualifying as rational—up to a point."

Dr. Howard's Plan

One effect of this Liberal attitude is a disinclination on the part of Liberals to look for other than federal solutions to the problems that arise. We may take higher education as a paradigm. If it seems to be in need of funds, the Liberal answer comes automatically: federal funds. Alternatives are available, however, and they occur to men who are not the prisoners of ideological preconceptions. Dr. John Howard, for example, the President of Rockford College, has suggested an eminently workable one: allow every individual taxpayer to subtract up to one hundred dollars from his tax payment provided he has during the year made a gift of up to one hundred dollars to any college or university. As William Buckley observed, "It is the special genius of Dr. Howard's plan that it would transfer from the public sector to the private sector the right to distinguish among the various appeals or the various colleges, and to design apposite educational programs. The plan would leave to the individual college the discretion to utilize the money acquired according to its own lights rather than in pursuance of whatever objective the government has in mind for the moment. It has the advantage, moreover, of avoiding the whole church-state issue. Since it is not the government that is giving out the money, it is entirely your business which college you want to give to, even as you now give money to a church college and take a tax deduction. So that if you want to write out a check for $100 to good old Notre Dame, Earl Warren won't be there to snatch the pen from your hand and tell you you are destroying the First Amendment."

As Buckley points out, the plan also has the virtue of flexibility. If one hundred dollars turns out to be too high a figure, because too many taxpayers take advantage of it, then a lesser figure can be fixed by a simple vote of Congress. The plan would obviously protect individual choice—the taxpayer could support the college and the kind of education he *wanted* to support; and it would protect the independence of the colleges and universities—they would avoid the intrusion of federal power. But these are not values dear to the Liberal: Dr. Howard has written no articles for the *Times* magazine section; he does not appear in TV symposia; and his plan has been discussed for the most part only in the conservative journals.

The Liberal Double Standard

One of the stranger effects of Liberal assumptions is a double standard of judgment which pervades Liberal statements on matters both domestic and foreign. Built into Liberalism there appears to be what R. H. S. Crossman, a British Laborite, calls a "moral asymmetry." "In the 1960s," writes Crossman in a recent *Partisan Review* article, "the area of moral asymmetry has changed; but its extent is just as great as ever . . . to the left of center it is no longer at the altar of Russian Communism that intellectual honesty is sacrificed. Yet I strongly suspect that in twenty years' time we shall look back with pained repugnance at the hypocrisy with which progressive-minded people in the sixties turned a blind eye to the racism prevalent in black Africa, while condemning South African *apartheid*. Nor will it be easy, when the sixties are seen in the perspective of history, to deny the existence on both sides of the Atlantic of a double standard in our attitude to racial minorities at home . . . which makes honorable newspaper men suppress irrefutable evidence that Negro rioters can commit crimes of violence, and tempts literary critics gravely to overpraise Negro writers for books which they would have treated very differently if composed by people of their own color." As this section will show, Crossman may be premature in saying that the double standard no longer functions in regard to Communism, yet he is quite correct about its existence, and, as himself a man of the Left, deserves great praise for his intellectual honesty in pointing it out.

Conservative writers, for their part, have seen that this built-in moral asymmetry generates ironies which may be exhibited simply by bringing separate Liberal statements together. "The ADA," notes NATIONAL REVIEW, for example, "has gone on record as supporting diplomatic recognition of the Communist Chinese government, and its admission to the UN, at the same time that it supports exclusion of Spain from the UN." Liberal commentators and Liberal groups like the Anti-Defamation League have been virtually unanimous in condemning boycotts of Communist-manufactured goods in American stores. Yet few weeks go by without Liberal appeals for boycotts directed against South Africa; Martin Luther King used the occasion of his Nobel Peace Prize to call for a boycott of Mississippi, and later demanded one against Alabama. In 1962, to give one more example, Chester Bowles, in a wild moment of ideological self-exposure, committed himself to the view that segregation in South Africa is "the worst situation in the world today." As NATIONAL REVIEW commented editorially: "Repeat: 'the worst situation in the world today.' End comment."

The disparities and contradictions exhibited by Liberal attitudes frequently are so drastic that they suggest, in James Burnham's words, that "behind the shiny values that are the nominal goals of Liberal conduct there may lie impulses, drives and interests that are not given open recognition in the official ideology." Yet despite the attention conservative writers have given the phenomenon (and a few more striking examples of this will be provided in a moment), it has remained for a sophisticated and critical Liberal philosopher, Kenneth Minogue, to give the most persuasive analysis so far of its causes.

At the center of the Liberal sensibility, Minogue argues in *The Liberal Mind*, is a special sensitivity to *suf-*

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fering. The Liberal is dissatisfied with the world, he says, not because it lacks variety, or because it is subject to mutability, or because it lacks aesthetic charm, or because it seems unheroic—but because it contains suffering. "The theme that progress in civilization is bound up with a growing distaste for suffering in all its forms," writes Minogue, "is a common one in liberal histories of modern Europe . . ." The Liberal, not unexpectedly, has developed a special acuteness in discerning what Minogue calls "suffering situations," such as the use of child labor in nineteenth-century Britain, or, more ambiguously, of slaves in nineteenth-century America. "The point of suffering situations," according to Minogue, "is that they convert politics into a crudely conceived moral battleground. On one side we find oppressors, and on the other, a class of victims." This approach, he says, may be carried a step further, and include the positing of what he calls "implied suffering" and "potential oppression." Thus the behavior of the juvenile delinquent is taken to *imply* a history of suffering and the parents appear as potential oppressors. The most important assumption operating here, as Minogue observes, is that human virtue is natural and spontaneous, while vice is the result of the environment. The "delinquency, or even downright nastiness of the victims is an index of their suffering."

Interestingly enough, this Liberal environmentalism does not include the oppressors, actual or potential. They are not, as Minogue says, "seen as the product of their environment, for that would incapacitate the indignation which partly fuels the impulse of reform." Even though Liberals tend to dislike violence, their disapproval of the violence of others varies according to the status of the victim of the person carrying it out. As Minogue observes, "All left-wing revolutions are carried out by groups who make out their own credentials as victims, and Liberals are likely to dismiss such violence with gentle regret. The violence of a Mao Tse-tung is more acceptable than that of a Chiang Kai-shek, that of a Castro more than that of a Batista. The violence of left-wing revolutionaries is excused partly by the past and partly by the future—the past because violence is taken as an inevitable response to past oppressions, the future because revolutionary violence is conducted under the banner of hope: hope for the end of suffering, and the initiation of a new order." Thus the Liberal approaches the Cold War with a kind of social worker mentality, imagining, as James Burnham says, "the entire globe . . . spread out like a gigantic slum eagerly awaiting the visit of an international legion of case workers." Meanwhile, those who have "made out their own credentials as victims" find their violence excused and explained away. "Liberals the world over," observes Burnham, "have lately been very impassioned indeed in defense of the freedom of Negroes to attend universities in the Southern states of the United States; but few liberals have expended much feeling over, have even bothered to note, the daily and gross violations of the freedom of Christians in most Communist countries—in several of which, as it happens, known members of Christian churches are not, generally speaking, permitted to enter universities. Liberals everywhere . . . bestirred themselves in support of the rights and freedoms of Algeria's Moslem revolutionaries . . . but the liberal dismay over the lost freedoms and rights of a million Christians of European origin, whose only home was and for generations had been Algeria, was too faint to be heard in the passing journalistic breeze."

Indifference to Suffering

A great deal of the most effective conservative writing during the past ten years, in NATIONAL REVIEW and elsewhere, has been devoted to the exposure of this Liberal double standard, and to the demonstration of how the Liberal concern with suffering can transform itself, in Hegelian fashion, into its opposite, a peculiarly calloused *indifference* to suffering.

Sir Arnold Lunn, in an article called "The Flight From Pity" which appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW in 1960, pointed out that this calloused attitude has developed, ironically enough, along with the growth of "professional humanitarianism." He examines a pamphlet published by a group of very notable Christian Socialists, including Tom Driberg and Canon John Collins of the Committee for Nuclear Disarmament fame. The pamphlet, while admitting that the Soviet Union has been guilty of cruelty, mitigates it with the observation that Russia "has sometimes behaved as ruthlessly and unscrupulous as any capitalist government."

"I wonder," remarks Lunn, whether the authors of the pamphlet have "ever read *The Dark Side of the Moon,* to which T. S. Eliot wrote an introduction. The book describes the obscene horrors of the trainloads which carried innocent Polish citizens to Siberia . . . and in which many adults died of thirst and exhaustion. Mr. Driberg might perhaps reply that these horrors are no worse than the lack of charity of Notting Hill landlords who discriminate against lodgers on the ground of color, a subject on which Mr. Driberg, writing as a Christian, has been eloquent in the columns of *The Tablet.*"

In a similar vein, Eugene Lyons reported on a pamphlet published by the American Friends Service Committee under the title "Meeting the Russians: American Quakers Visit the Soviet Union," a joint report of a visit to that country by Clarence Pickett, secretary emeritus of the committee, some staff members, and some academic people. "The pamphlet is," Lyons says, "as cold-blooded and cynical a document as has come to my attention in many a year. . . . I searched its 94 pages for one word of compassion for the victims of the brutal totalitarian state: a soupçon of sympathy for the millions steeped (as is evident even in this account of conditions) in wretchedness and subjected to routinized injustice; a syllable of sharp criticism of the Communist despots. In vain . . . To make it even more nauseous, the report is utterly self-

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righteous, invoking religion, peace and other noble values on every page."

As NATIONAL REVIEW commented on the massacre of 303 inhabitants of the Algerian village of Melouza by the FLN, "There were 303 victims. Before the eyes of the assembled mothers, wives and infants, the husbands, fathers and sons were tortured and sliced to death according to the unspeakable and unprintable practices in use by the North African terrorists." The magazine pointed out that "Not one prominent voice in the United States, official or unofficial, has been raised in protest at this deed . . . No editorial that we have seen, appeared in any great paper or journal; no indignation was sounded from radio or TV not even a passing comment came from the White House, from the Vice President [Nixon] so lately returned from that region, or from the leaders of Congress . . . Have we then at last reached a point where material complacency, 'reasons of state,' and a bloodless ideology of 'anti-imperialist' progressivism have quite dried up our consciences and our hearts?"

Supreme Court Justice William O Douglas exhibits the Liberal double standard in peculiarly pure form. Lecturing on the Bill of Rights at NYU in 1963, he deplored "precautionary arrests," "ex-post-facto law making," "suppression and persecution" of the press. "He deplored them," notes a *NR* editorial, "in respectively, Pakistan, South Korea (Menderes) Turkey — all authoritarian right-wing regimes. He did *not* deplore them in Albania, Algeria Bulgaria, Red China, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Ghana, Guinea, Hungary Indonesia, Mali, Outer Mongolia Poland, Rumania, Ukraine, United Arab Republic, USSR, Yugoslavia— all authoritarian (or worse) left-wing regimes."

Foresight on Cuba

Projected into attitudes on foreign policy, this Liberal double standard often plays a weird role, as conservative writers have been quick to point out. Right-wing coups by army elements are greeted by universal Liberal head-shaking. Left-wing coups, on the other hand, evoke a capacity for infinite hope. With regard to Castro and Cuba, for example, the role of the *New York Times* has been peculiarly ambiguous. As early as June 1957, a NATIONAL REVIEW editorial observed that "The *New York Times* seems to be taking over sponsorship of the revolt against President Batista of Cuba that is being led by the ex-law student, Fidel Castro, and his miscellaneous dissidents, locally and internationally backed by the Communists." The editorial went on to comment on the role played by Herbert Matthews, the *Times*' Latin American "expert":

> Two months ago *Times* correspondent Herbert L. Matthews, after spending a couple of days with Fidel in his Sierra Maestra camp, wrote an account that sounds like a public relations handout. Matthews is now back in Santiago, not far from the Sierra Maestra, wiring dispatches that would qualify him as a member of Fidel's psychological warfare section. Already, in a quote attributed to "a graduate student," Matthews is displaying the Larger Vision: "Fidel has lifted Cuba out of the inertia that was engulfing us as it has the people of the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua and Venezuela."

Perceptively, the editorial makes the connection between Matthews' role in Cuba and his position on the Spanish Civil War, with regard to which he called the largely Communist International Brigade "the finest group of men I ever knew or ever hoped to know." One senses, indeed, that the Left found in Cuba a way of refighting the lost Spanish war;

and, surely, a large part of the passion Castro was able to enlist in support of his cause was derived from the cultural and religious analogies that could be found between Spain and Cuba. In his book *The Yoke and the Arrows* (1957), indeed, this same Herbert Matthews returns to the Spanish Civil War and does what he can to destroy the famous Nationalist legend of the defense of the Alcazar—only to be devastatingly refuted by a Spanish historian. Two years after the editorial on Matthews' Cuban opinions just cited, NATIONAL REVIEW took notice of another Matthews pronouncement on Cuba:

> The Castro revolution in Cuba is not Communist in "any sense of the word" because 1) there are no Communists in positions of control, and 2) most Cubans don't regard it as Communist, and 3) Major Diaz, who says it *is* Communist, was sacked from his job for incompetence, and 4) Castro himself is "decidedly anti-Communist," and 5) what Communists there are in the regime are in "secondary positions" in the "motion pictures, and culture" (which, by implication, don't matter much), and 6) Communists have aims and loyalties different from those of Castro, and 7) Castro isn't the man to share power with anyone, and 8) Castro's land reform isn't the kind of reform the Communists had demanded—so says *Timesman* Herbert Matthews after his first visit to the regime he helped to start in Cuba; proving once again that there is no offense against either reportorial accuracy or logic that Matthews is not willing to commit, in full public view, in behalf of any Leftist regime anywhere. He is, clearly, without shame.

When, in 1962, Castro made his famous speech admitting that he was a "Marxist-Leninist" the *Times* could muster only "surprise" that he could dare to make such an announcement on the eve of a meeting of the Organization of American States: there was no comment on the mistaken evaluations of its Latin American "expert." As late as 1962, NATIONAL REVIEW observed that "The *New York Times* published maps in both its October 28 and November 18 issues that divided the world into Western, Communist, and 'Unaligned' countries. In both, Cuba, if you please, was shaded 'Unaligned.' A phone call to the maps section of the *Times*: Was this a misprint? The reply: 'No—We do not consider Cuba a part of the Communist bloc.' "

Such reluctance to say that something or someone *is* in fact Communist has not, of course, been confined to the *Times*. In October 1961, Eleanor Roosevelt answered a question this way: Q: "Khrushchev said recently that Castro was not a Communist. Do you agree?" A: "I have never heard Mr. Khrushchev define what a Communist really is. I do not know Dr. Castro. If Khrushchev meant Castro is not well versed in Marxism, he might be right; but I

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cannot assess a man to whom I have have never spoken."

In reading the Liberal writers and their conservative critics, one finds that, perhaps not unexpectedly, some of the most intelligent and sophisticated of the Liberals have criticized, and criticized severely, one or another of the aspects of Liberalism which we have been examining. In *The Liberal Imagination,* Lionel Trilling confronts the fact that Liberalism has generated no great literature in our time. Not one of the classic twentieth-century writers — Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Frost, Tate, Ransom, Proust, Joyce, Mann, Rilke, Gide, Lawrence, Faulkner, Hemingway—has produced work informed by Liberal ideas. But though Trilling has a great many things to say about the deficiencies of Liberal ideas, he treats those deficiencies as accidental, rather than intrinsic; he does not draw what would seem to be the obvious conclusion, that Liberal ideas have been unable to inform a great literature because of their essential abstractness, because they are so far removed from concrete circumstance and from the emotions that men actually do feel. It is part of the very nature of Liberal ideas that they are critical of most of the emotions that do conduce to great literature. In reading through his essays, one sees that Trilling indeed is capable of putting very sharply a good many of the criticisms of Liberalism that we have found in Oakeshott, Burnham, Buckley, Meyer, Kendall and the other conservative writers. In "Kipling" he criticizes Liberal contempt for the idea of the nation, as well as for physical courage. In "The Kinsey Report" he annihilates Kinsey's mindless scientism. Nevertheless, he seems inhibited by some sentimental attachment to the Liberal milieu, and politically speaking, never strays very far off the reservation.

Liberals on Liberalism

Similarly, W. W. Rostow has discerned the imaginative void at the center of Liberalism, has seen that it promises only a "secular spiritual stagnation." Nathan Glazer, a fine sociologist, recognizes in a recent article called "The Asphalt Bungle" the validity of the criticisms conservatives have been making of federally planned "urban renewal": very expensively and inefficiently, it mainly succeeds in effecting a sterile evisceration of our cities. The states, he says, find it hard to turn down that federal money, even when the project it pays for has been disastrously misconceived. In another important article, "The Negroes and the Jews," Glazer points out that the

aggressive egalitarianism of the "Negro revolution," carrying to an extreme one of the main tendencies of Liberalism, threatens to destroy many of the things Americans have always valued highly, including the independence of private institutions and the identity of separate groups within the society. Again, Minogue ridicules the sentimentality of Liberal assumptions about supposed victims, and further demonstrates that Liberalism provides no plausible sanctions for ethical imperatives. R. H. S. Crossman is pained by the intellectual dishonesty of the Liberal double standard.

If most Liberals are inclined to dissolve the idea of nationality in the emotion of Human Brotherhood, Irving Kristol has his doubts. Observing that twenty years ago the idea of a distinctive "national character" was in scholarly disrepute, and was even thought to have a good deal in common with a mischievous racism, he goes on to point out that observable national differences do seem to persist: "We are keenly aware that two decades of 'Americanization' have made the Japanese different from what they were, but have not made them significantly less different from what we are. And whereas it used to be thought that the 'underdeveloped' countries needed nothing but money to catapult them into modernity, it is now clear that what goes on in the conscious and subconscious minds of the peoples of these countries is far more important than what goes into their pockets in the form of foreign aid. How else explain the fact that, in Latin America, the immigrant — whether German, Italian, Japanese or Jew—usually manages to achieve a varying degree of affluence, while the indigenous population seems incapable of doing so?"

The pure Liberalism of the ADA sometimes proves too much for some, as it did for Richard Neustadt: "Neustadt's first brush with liberal intellectuals," writes Arnold Beichman, "came shortly after he had joined Americans for Democratic Action. A few months later, he read how ADA leaders had denounced President Truman for his announced determination in 1947 to prevent Stalin from seizing Greece and Turkey by guerrilla activity and military intervention. Neustadt resigned."

The list of Liberals who have been skeptical about one or another aspect of Liberalism could be lengthened. Nevertheless such critics habitually surround their skeptical observations with elaborate rituals of purification, protesting that on all other issues except the one under discussion they are in fact orthodox Liberals. Nathan Glazer, estimable though he is, has been particularly conscientious in this respect. Nor, at least in public, do these skeptical Liberals bring the various criticisms of Liberalism together. To do so would be to risk demonstrating the inevitability of William Buckley's conclusion: "Liberalism cannot sustain our civilization on the little it has to offer. It is sustaining the majority of our intellectuals, but that proves to be easier than holding together the world." Nevertheless, under the pressure of the world revolution, as its contradictions and evasions are exposed to an ever greater extent, Liberalism most certainly will undergo fragmentation. Many Liberals will move to the left, jettisoning their remaining Western cultural attachments. Others, just as inevitably, will move to the right, becoming more conservative.

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III. The Negro Problem

To so various a phenomenon as the Negro civil rights movement no simple response would seem possible. Its goals range from the limited ones of the Montgomery, Alabama, bus boycott of 1955 to the unlimited ones projected by James Baldwin and some of the younger and more radical Negro leaders, who talk in terms of a total restructuring of American society. Its tactics include the demonstrations organized by leaders like Martin Luther King, the legal and political strategies of Roy Wilkins' NAACP, as well as economic pressure, school boycotts, and, in the case of fringe groups, premeditated violence.

As we shall see in the next chapter, various civil rights groups and leaders have become involved with revolutionary movements abroad. Negro demands, furthermore, have raised all kinds of legal and moral problems which might have been expected to provoke careful, not to say philosophical, reflection. Just where, for example, should the line be drawn beyond which public authority ought not to coerce individual choice? What, that is to say, are the *political* implications of our high valuation of privacy? Or again, when a conflict occurs between school integration and quality of instruction, which ought to take precedence? Should children be bussed to other neighborhoods, or does the neighborhood school embody competing values that should be taken into consideration? Some spokesmen have demanded that Negroes, in compensation for past wrongs, receive *preferential* treatment in, say, hiring practices or civil service advancement; but does this take sufficient account of the white employee's right to fair treatment? Again, though some states have in fact abused their responsibilities, is the federal system, with its history of state jurisdiction in well-defined areas, of so negligible a value as not to enter into our calculations when Negro "rights" are in question?

By and large, moreover, discussion of the Negro problem has been carried on in terms which neglect some of the realities of the Negro's predicament, which is by no means entirely due to discrimination or segregation. As a number of social scientists have shown, certain distinctive features of Negro life itself have played an important part in keeping the Negroes at the bottom of the social ladder. In New York, for example, the Puerto Ricans, later arrivals than the Negroes, and also subject to discrimination, have moved up much more quickly. For one thing, the Negroes—unlike the other ethnic minorities, who owned candy stores, small restaurants, grocery stores, and the like—have not gone into shopkeeping and small business in any appreciable numbers, even though such ventures, providing experience with credit and saving, and with local politics, as well as affording opportunities to employ members of one's own family or community, have traditionally been one road to advancement. How "different matters would be," remarks Nathan Glazer, "if Negroes owned the grocery stores they patronized. . . . as most groups in the past have, and as Puerto Ricans today do" (*Beyond the Melting Pot*, 1963, co-author Daniel Patrick Moynihan).

Unstable Family Life

Another factor contributing to the predicament of the Negro has been the instability of his family pattern. In contrast to other ethnic minorities, which have created extended family groups, useful in the accumulation of savings, and able to help advance gifted members, the Negro family has been chronically unstable. In a disproportionate number of cases, no father lives at home, and the rate of illegitimacy is high. Thus, prejudice and deficient education can explain much, but not all, about the plight of the Negro. Discrimination, often of a brutal kind, does indeed exist, yet other groups have been discriminated against and have responded differently. Before World War II, both the Japanese in California and the Jews in New York found the most desirable jobs closed to them, and of course met social discrimination of all kinds, and yet an astonishingly high proportion of them attended college. "Graduate Jewish chemists," writes Glazer, "peddled cosmetics that they had concocted and bottled, graduate Japanese technicians worked as busboys. But this overtraining also meant that when the barriers came down these groups were ready and waiting. The Negro today is not."

Both the moral and political problems raised by the pressure of the Negro movement, and the distinctive features of Negro life that have contributed to the Negro predicament, would seem to call for careful analysis, lest, as Garry Wills remarks in NATIONAL REVIEW, "while sympathizing with Negro urgency, and making every effort to understand even the wilder gestures arising out of this urgency, we . . . allow these immediate pressures to bend the permanent structure of our society permanently out of shape . . . [and] sacrifice the peace of us all to the demands (even legitimate demands) of some." Nevertheless, public discussion of the Negro problem has been of extremely low quality. Despite the complexity of the issues involved, and despite the fact that competing values are often at stake, the over-all response of our usual organs of opinion has been what can only be called tragically simple-minded. Though social scientists have indeed shed light on all sides of the questions, not much has yet penetrated to the level of public discussion. For the most part, whether out of bad conscience or habitual sentimentality, the molders of public opinion have viewed the Negro purely as a victim, all of whose demands are therefore valid. Among intellectuals, a peculiar variant of this approach has become prominent, and the Negro has been pressed into service as a kind of surrogate for the "worker" or "proletarian" of the 1930s. The idea then was that the ills of society derived from the existence of class barriers, which alienated man from man; and the political Left, with varying degrees of intensity, looked forward to the day when the victimized classes, rising to political power and economic security, would put an end to class barriers and consequently to alienation. As the prospective savior of society, the proletariat was sentimentalized into a kind of crusading brotherhood, and its members were imagined to possess all the wholesome virtues. Now that the

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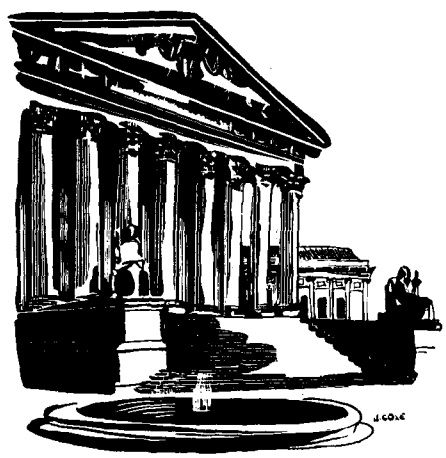
masses have actually risen to power, the old romantic vision has faded; it is no longer plausible even to the political Left to imagine that the teamsters or even the steel workers are going to save us all from bourgeois corruption. The Negroes have become the heirs of that old emotion. Like the old working class, they *have* been victimized; and therefore—"therefore" is the illogical step—they are the repositories of virtue and their claims are absolute. The Negro has even inherited some of the mythic-sentimental attributes of the proletariat: warmhearted spontaneity, solidarity outside the law, superior sexuality, natural generosity. We have been asked by Norman Mailer, for example, to become "white Negroes."

In Richard Avedon's collection of photographs, *Nothing Personal,* to which James Baldwin wrote the accompanying text, representative groups of Americans and well-known public figures are photographed in such a way as to make them look corrupt, diseased, effete or weary; only a single picture shows a healthy-looking, dignified group—a group of civil rights workers. This book is an extreme example; yet it remains true that, out of a sentimentality similar in kind, if different in degree, serious discussion of the issues raised by the pressure of the Negro revolution has been all but forgone by the usual organs of Liberal opinion, from the *New York Times* leftward to *New Republic,* the *New York Post,* the *Nation,* and beyond. Negro demands, sometimes legitimate but often questionable, are usually granted an absolute validity, and other claims are reduced to nullity. The Liberals, as James Burnham observes, are morally disarmed before those whom they regard as less well off than themselves.

Rights for All

One of the valuable services performed by conservative writers has been the introduction of mind, of the ability to make intellectual and political distinctions, into the discussion of this problem. They have not been the only ones to do so; but the conservatives have certainly been the principal ones to do so, and also the most public in their role. It should not be supposed that the conservative analysis is based on an insensitivity to the predicament in which the Negro finds himself, or a lack of awareness concerning the genuine wrongs he has suffered. Garry Wills, reflecting on American history, observes that "the wrong done to the Negro—or to the American Indian—is so unmanageably large a debt that even those with the best will in the world try to evade the logarithmic ordeal of itemizing these accounts." and John Chamberlain, writing on segregation, points out that it is



"totally at variance with the spirit of the Constitution to tax a Negro to pay for publicly owned property (such as schools) and then deny him the equal use of such property." Conservatives have differed from Liberals in their writings on the Negro problem not because they are insensitive, let alone anti-Negro, but because they have been able to achieve a certain perspective, a perspective that derives from their concern to prevent the drive for Negro equality from eclipsing those rights which are valuable to all Americans. As will be seen, it does not seem to me that they have as yet addressed themselves to all aspects of this difficult problem. Nevertheless, they have brought into the discussion of it vital considerations that have been almost universally neglected in other quarters.

In 1957, for example, Richard M. Weaver called attention to the number of previously customary "rights" that had been infringed by the pressure for racial equality. "There was a time," he noted, "when ownership of property gave the owner the right to say to whom he would and would not sell and rent. But now, with the outlawing of restrictive covenants by the Supreme Court (especially in *Shelley* v. *Kraemer*), this right has been invaded, if not effectually taken away. There was a time when owners had complete discretion as to whom they would or would not hire to work in their private businesses . . . There was a time when private educational institutions had the right to set up any standards they chose for the admission of students. Now at least one state has a law which forbids any institution even to accept applications with data relating to the race and religion of the student applying. Just recently there has come the decision of the Supreme Court in the Girard College case, in which the terms of a will which had stood for more than one hundred years were set aside because the charity it provided had been limited to white orphan boys."

Certainly it would be unjust to Weaver to suppose that his concern derives from insensitivity or even bigotry; rather, it proceeds from a perception of the nexus between private property and personal freedom which is thoroughly familiar in the political philosophy of the West. Locke associated ownership of property with individual freedom and personal dignity, and Burke agreed, as does Michael Oakeshott: "Of the many species of liberty which compose the freedom we enjoy, each amplifying and making more secure the whole, we have long recognized the importance of two: the freedom of association, and the freedom enjoyed in the right to own private property."

Private Property

In an effort to secure fair treatment of Negroes and other minorities seeking to buy or rent homes, Liberals have been anything but sensitive to the rights of ownership. Judge James W. Hodson, of the Washington (State) Superior Court, made the crucial distinction in declaring unconstitutional a state anti-discrimination law under which a homeowner had been ordered to sell his house to a Negro: the Fourteenth Amendment, he pointed out, secured for the individual equal treatment before the law; the *state,* that is, could not treat individuals unequally. He added: "This court concludes that it is palpable sophistry to argue that [the de-

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fendant], in endeavoring to sell his home, is acting by, for or as the State. A private individual acting in his private capacity is perfectly free to discriminate as he pleases." Of course the debate continues, as controversy over "fair housing laws" in various states indicates. "Before our generation," comments NATIONAL REVIEW editorially, "it never occurred to any court or magistrate that a man could not decline to sell or rent his property to anyone, for any or no reason; or that if he declined to sell to someone by reason of race, color or creed, it followed that he 'hated' that race, color or creed. It should not be surprising if it takes some citizens a few years to swallow the new set of rules."

Though most people would admit that the government—state or federal, as the case may be—has the duty to ensure that public housing is free from discriminatory renting practices, it gives many people pause to find that such control has been established over totally private housing. "New York's City Council," a 1957 NATIONAL REVIEW editorial pointed out, "has forbidden 'discrimination' in the sale or rental of a) apartments in buildings that house more than two families, and b) houses in developments consisting of eleven or more units. 'Historic'—the term certain councilmen have applied to the relevant ordinance—seems to us too mild a word by half. In the past such measures have applied to public buildings or buildings at least partially financed with public funds. This measure, by contrast, governs owners of private rental property, and deprives them of freedom of choice among prospective tenants. Measures that diminish individual freedom are, in America, the historic ones. We started in 1788 with just about every freedom in the world, and have been having a lot of history ever since." In contrast to Liberals, who structure the problem in terms of "human rights"—the outcome of the clash being implicit in the description of it: how can one give second place to a *human* right?—the conservatives regard the freedom connected with property to *be* a human right. It is not, after all, a vegetable or a mineral right. They feel that erosion of the privacy of private property will erode freedom generally. It is banal to object that some property owners use their freedom in ways one may disapprove of: for freedom, by definition, opens up precisely that possibility. Conservatives, in the main, agree that although such freedom may indeed be used at present to discriminate against the Negro, the society as a whole will nevertheless be better off if we maintain it; and indeed the Negro will, in the end, be better off, as a part of that still free society.

On School Integration

As far as segregationist laws are concerned, the position of NATIONAL REVIEW has been clear and consistent. It has held that the force of law should be employed neither to compel segregation nor to force integration. The law, that is, should treat people as individuals and not as members of ethnic groups—it should, in short, continue to act as it normally has in America. In *Brown* v. *Board of Education,* an editorial pointed out, the Supreme Court made only the "negative finding that laws enforcing the segregation of public schools are unconstitutional. The Supreme Court did *not* proclaim enforced integration the law of the land." Yet only two years later, the "difference between forbidding segregation and forcing desegregation had already been set aside." The New York Board of Education had adopted integration as its considered policy, and was using its legal power to compel it. "In New York, the issue is Johnny's *duty* to be integrated even if no children of another race live within miles of him, and he has to go halfway across the city to find a 'mixed' school to attend." Parents who have resisted the bussing of their children to distant and often hostile neighborhoods have found the force of law arrayed against them: that is, the law has begun to "discriminate" against white children.

Sometimes the concern over "racial balance" leads to situations as absurd as they are pathetic. "In the integrated Village Creek development [Norwalk, Conn.], a Negro electronics technician has been prevented from buying a home by his would-be *Negro* neighbors, with the tacit backing of the NAACP. The resident Negroes argued that for Charles Vaught to buy a home on Split Rock Road would be to undermine the racial balance of the neighborhood. (Nine Negro homeowners on Split Rock Road are all right; ten are too many.) And they kept Mr. Vaught out. They were forced, as the *Reporter* magazine so aptly summed it up, 'to discriminate in order to keep from segregating.'"

At the same time, NATIONAL REVIEW opposes racial injustice, and approved of the economic pressure the Negroes were able to bring to bear in Montgomery, Alabama, by means of a bus boycott. "There doesn't seem to be any doubt about the fact that the forty Negro leaders in Montgomery have conspired to boycott the bus company, and evidently there is a law against that kind of thing in Alabama. It is a bad law, in our opinion; it is difficult, in these days of centralized political power, to make effective protest. In free societies, change should be brought as a result of social, not legal pressure; and that is the kind of pressure the Negroes are in the process of exerting." The magazine pointed out editorially that in other regions of the South "the boycott the Negroes have instituted against business concerns which discriminate against Negroes in one quarter of their operations is a wholly defensible —we go so far as to say wholly commendable—form of protest; it is a form of social assertiveness which we must understand, and can sympathize with . . . We frown on any effort of the Negroes to attain social equality by bending the instrument of the state to their purposes. But we applaud the efforts to define their rights by the lawful and nonviolent use of social and economic sanctions . . . That way is legitimate, organic progress." Furthermore, the magazine sharply rebuked those Southerners who invoke the doctrine of states' rights in connection with the Negro problem, but forget about it when federal jurisdiction in other matters is in question—thus defining their states' rights position not as principled but as self-serving.

Treatment as Equals

Ironically enough, in view of the fact that the conservative position has sometimes been interpreted, incorrectly, as being anti-Negro, conservative writers have consistently treated the Negro as an equal, applying to such figures as James Baldwin, Adam Clayton Powell and Martin

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Luther King the same standards of probity, intellectual and moral consistency, and personal style that they customarily apply to white men. They make none of those subtle, and sometimes not so subtle, "allowances" that one may find in the Liberal journals, and which consist of embarrassed silence, condescending explanation, or excessive praise. As R. H. S. Crossman observed, in an article previously quoted, the Liberal "double standard," really a form of condescension, makes otherwise honest reporters suppress comment on Negro violence or malfeasance, and "tempts literary critics gravely to overpraise Negro writers for books which they would have treated very differently if composed by people of their own color." The conservatives, in contrast, have bestowed praise or blame regardless of color. Recently, for example, *NR* called attention to the fatuity of Martin Luther King's remarks on the murder of Malcolm X: " 'It revealed,' said King, 'that our society [note the guilty party: not the Black Muslims, but you and I, all of us; Dallas] is still sick enough [note again the cocktail-clinician diction] to express dissent through murder.' There's a fine formulation for you. The murder of Malcolm X, a gangland operation like that of Albert Anastasia, was an expression of dissent." Such moments constitute part of the liveliness of the magazine. Undeterred either by King's Nobel Peace Prize, or by his status as a victim, it exhibited him in all his intellectual glory.

'What Color is God?'

Or take the case of James Baldwin. Until very recently, Baldwin's extravagances have been virtually immune to criticism. When *The Fire Next Time* appeared, first in the *New Yorker,* scorning society among the Lanvin ads, then between hard covers, few reviewers called attention to its errors and contradictions. With the exception of F. M. Dupee in the *New York Review of Books,* who quietly, and in his own way, *placed* Baldwin as a "virtuoso of ethnic suffering," reviewers either praised his "style," or talked about the plight of Harlem Negroes, or about how bad the conditions in Mississippi are. They did so, as Garry Wills points out, ("What Color is God?" *NR,* Vol. XIV, p. 408), even though Baldwin made assertions—*deliberately* made them, in Wills' view—that are obviously preposterous.

In *The Fire Next Time,* says Wills, Baldwin asserts first that "it is too late for us to convince the Negro of our good faith, since the growth of black power in the world makes any gesture on our part look like an effort to buy off our future conquerors; then, with a change of mood, but no answer to the former argument, [asserts] that our nation is the one best equipped to lead the world into a new era of racial love. Earlier, we are told that it is impossible for the Negro not to hate his oppressor and respond to Muhammed's call; but in the rosier last pages, the Negro is extolled for having resisted the temptation to hate." Baldwin also argues that "the Third Reich" makes Christianity obsolete, that the "American dream" has been shattered by "our curious role in Spain," that "belief in Christ is based on an ignorance of 'several elementary historical details,' such as 'that the real architect of the Christian Church was not the disreputable, sun-baked Hebrew who gave it his name but the mercilessly fanatical and self-righteous St. Paul.' "

Asking whether anything a Negro writer says must be taken as "excusable," Wills wonders whether Baldwin did not in fact mean to issue just that challenge: "He says we do not *have* any ideals . . . And he proves this by attacking all our so-called beliefs, then standing back and observing that no one defends them. In fact, everyone rushes to defend him." Treating Baldwin as if he were any other writer, Wills argues that "somewhere along the line . . . somebody should take Baldwin's charges seriously enough to ask, not whether they are moving, or beautiful, or important, or sincerely meant —they are obviously all these, and there has been enough repetition of the obvious—but whether they are true." Is it really true, for example, that the Negro's sufferings, as Baldwin says, cannot be overstated? *Are* they incomparable? Again, is it actually true that Christianity, as he says, has done nothing for the Negro—had nothing to do, for instance, with the abolition of slavery? In *The Fire Next Time,* as Wills points out, the reasons Baldwin gives for rejecting the Christian West "would have served an early Christian as an excuse for dismissing the whole of 'natural' civilization so laboriously built up over the centuries"—after all, the Greeks and Romans had owned slaves. "When a Dachau happens, are we—as Baldwin suggests—to tear up all the Bibles, disband all the police forces, take crowbars to the court buildings and the libraries? . . . Does he think we will be any less liable to these dark exhalations of unreason if we have none of these institutions? Does he think we will recover from them more rapidly, or reduce their frequency, by treating Dachau as the product of the Decalogue?" Among all those who reflected in print upon *The Fire Next Time,* Wills was the only one really to treat Baldwin as a writer deserving of serious attention, and *therefore* of criticism and refutation. The book drew rave reviews from the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune,* the *New Republic* and the *Nation,* and even made the recommended reading list of *Commonweal,* a Liberal Catholic journal. Could Baldwin's frustration, Wills wondered, have been more complete?

Other Ethnic Groups

In effect, the conservatives seem to be asking that the Negroes achieve equality in the same fashion as the other ethnic groups in America. Just as the Irish and the Italians and the Jews, all latecomers, and many at first slum-dwellers, have had their small businesses—their candy stores, and fruit stands, and even pushcarts—but have then gone on to more substantial businesses, to higher education, to the professions, and to at least reasonable social equality, so the Negro could work, save, study and rise. The recommendation may slight some of the serious injustices the Negro has endured: the history of slavery, for example, is generally admitted to have played an important role in weakening the Negroes' family structure. Still, it is possible to achieve some perspective even on this. As Garry Wills points out, "The Western history of black slavery is an instant of time compared with the ages of white servitude we lived through and,

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finally, purged." The word "slav," as a matter of fact, derives from the word "slave."

It might be pointed out, however, that the conservatives have had nothing to say on the question of what will happen if, for whatever reason, the Negro *fails* to rise in the normal American way. Would they be prepared to put up with the Negro's descent into nihilism or radicalism? On the other hand, to assume that the Negro *would* in fact fail to rise in the normal way—the hidden implication of special legislation for his benefit—would suggest a considerable degree of condescension. The conservatives, in any case, have made us wonder about the implications of an alternative to the traditional American pattern.

Depending as they have on discussion of legal traditions, and of the freedoms associated with the rights of property, the conservative writers have tended to neglect careful analysis of the actual traditions that have obtained in American society, though, indeed, a recognition of those traditions is at least implicit in their overall position. A number of social scientists, however, have pointed out that the demand for the "integration" of distinctive groups is radically new in American life. The Irish never asked to be entirely merged with the older Protestants, but rather maintained their own resorts, as at Spring Lake, New Jersey; their schools, their neighborhoods, even their local bars. The Jews have not, on the whole, wished to fuse with the Irish or the Italians, and likewise have maintained their distinctive communal institutions. Despite the official egalitarian doctrine of American society, its history has actually been one of quasi-independent groups, with their characteristic customs and organizations, manners and morals—groups blending at the edges, indeed, but maintaining their identities. (Most large cities, indeed, have a section set aside for the mixing of groups—as New York does in Greenwich Village. It is called "bohemian," after a part of Central Europe, which, at least in the view of outsiders, *was* a melting pot. This has not, however, been the American pattern.) Most Americans, for example, would feel that it would certainly be unjust for the SCAD in New York to bring

charges against an Italian restaurant that hired only Italians: but if the restaurant has six or more employees, the SCAD can move into the case.

A Non-Existent World

Given their concern with the concreteness of history, the conservatives might have paid more attention to this; interestingly enough, it has been Jewish social scientists who have made the most concrete analysis of the Negroes' demand for integration, perhaps because the Jewish community has always been especially jealous, because proud, of its own identity. In an important article published in the Jewish magazine *Commentary,* Nathan Glazer points out that previous groups, such as the Irish, the Jews, and the Italians, did "not demand the complete abolition of lines between the communities because they too wanted to maintain communities of their own." Their demands for equality did not embrace dissolution of the group, and they set a good deal of store by "their power to control the character of the social setting in which they lived." The Jewish communities have their synagogues, their schools, and their clubs; Protestant and Catholic communities have their churches, schools and other characteristic institutions; and each of these communities has its distinctive tone. The various groups within American society have been able to maintain their distinctiveness within a structure of *legal* equality. The force of the Negro demand for integration, Glazer argues, is that "the sub-community, because it either protects privileges or created inequality, has no right to exist. . . The Negro now demands entry into a world, a society, that does not exist, except in ideology. In that world there is only one American community, and in that world heritage, ethnicity, religion and race are only incidental and accidental personal characteristics . . . [If] we do move in this direction, we will have to create communities very different from the kinds in which most of us who have already arrived—Protestants, Catholics, Jews—now live."

Similarly, Oscar Handlin has his doubts about the desirability of mixing "all men so as to minimize the effects of diverse antecedents." "From this point of view," he argues, "all ethnic institutions carry within them the source of discrimination and therefore must go." He points out that the hidden cost of the proposals of the "positive integrationists" is likely to be high: " 'Positive integration' or de facto desegregation sacrifices important values embedded in the neighborhood and in the ethnic institutions within which Americans have, in the past, organized their life. It threatens to reduce the individual to an integer to be shuffled about by authority without reference to his own preference or to the ties of family and other social groupings. There may be circumstances under which this course of action will be unavoidable; but those who advocate it show no awareness that hesitation to hasten the change may have other roots than prejudice." (*The Fire Bell in the Night.*)

It might be pointed out in this connection, however, that unlike the other groups in American society,

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the Negroes do not have any distinctive *cultural* values that seem to Negro activists worth preserving. This adds a special difficulty to the attempt to assimilate the Negro to the traditional pattern of American groups. Ironically enough, recent attempts by groups like the Muslims to fabricate a distinctive Negro culture, though weird, parodistic and doomed, actually have a traditional bearing, and aim at making the Negroes analogues to the other groups in the society.

'Racial Self-Consciousness'

Under these peculiarly painful circumstances, there exists a real possibility that Negroes will move beyond the attainable in their demands and expectations. Discussing Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time*, William Buckley cut through the rhetoric that customarily obfuscates discussion of the Negro problem, and tried to imagine just what it is that Baldwin wants. Concluded Buckley, "He wants the day to come—soon; certainly within his lifetime—when color-consciousness will disappear, when you and I, entering a room, will not have noticed even at the time we leave, who there, if anyone, was black, who was white. Moreover, in pursuing his goal of an end to racial self-consciousness, his instrument is, of all things, racial self-consciousness. He wants a mobilized Negro community which will view all life as Baldwin does, with direct relation to the goal of absolute integration." How, wonders Buckley, could this state of color-blindness and total integration be achieved, even if we were willing to devote to the project all of our legal, even all of our military resources? He points out that Baldwin "cites two typical humiliations: one from his early childhood, when an Irish policeman in downtown Manhattan yelled at

him to go back to Harlem 'where the Niggers belong,' another that happened to him only last year at age 38 when a bartender at the Chicago airport refused to serve him a drink, affecting not to be able to tell whether he was over eighteen." How can prejudice of this daily, concrete, personal sort be cured by legislation?, asks Buckley. "The Nazis in occupied France had all the laws on their side and all the machine guns on their side, and still they couldn't get the French to treat them like human beings. . . . What shall we do, in the new order, to that policeman and that bartender? Shoot them? It is more to the point to shoot human nature, whence the troubles really come, but there seems to be no practicable way to do that. Pass a law that forbids bartenders from being rude to Negroes, and you have passed a law forbidding human beings from being human beings—such laws are not likely to make for the kind of society which Negroes—or whites—would want to live in, or to have struggled to achieve." The difference, Buckley argues, is real, visible, and one of the "givens" of life: "If I am born different—whether a Negro like Baldwin, a hunchback like Quasimodo, a beauty like Elizabeth Taylor, or a conservative like myself—I shall be treated 'differently.' . . . So long as the eye remarks the differences between black and white, existential differences, of greater or lesser consequence, but of meaning just the same, will exist."

"Among intellectuals . . . the Negro has been pressed into service as a kind of surrogate for the 'worker' or 'proletarian' of the 1930s. . . . As the prospective savior of society, the proletariat was sentimentalized into a kind of crusading brotherhood, and its members were imagined to possess all the wholesome virtues. Now that the masses have actually risen to power, the old romantic vision has faded; it is no longer plausible even to the political Left to imagine that the teamsters or even the steelworkers are going to save us all from bourgeois corruption. The Negroes have become the heirs of the old emotion. Like the old working class, they *have* been victimized; and therefore—'therefore' is the illogical step—they are the repositories of virtue and their claims are absolute."

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IV. The Protracted Conflict

Beginnings of a Dialectical Conservatism

SURELY it is impossible to doubt that the fundamental political fact of our time is the existence of a deep moral division—a fissure—within the West. And because all of the ideas that have any significance at all in the world today are Western in origin, that fissure is revealed in the world at large. It has appeared in the various wars and revolutions earlier in our century; it appears, very graphically, in that characteristic phenomenon of our time—the nation divided into two parts, North and South, or East and West, by an armed boundary; it appears in the division of all Western nations into a Right and a Left, both positions proliferating not only political but also moral and even metaphysical positions—all the while glaring at each other, though firing, as yet, only paper bullets.

The Revolution, in the sense in which I use the term here, is a larger thing than Communism. It did not begin in 1917, and today it proliferates far beyond the boundaries of formal Communist affiliation. The Communist movement, indeed, is only its most current phase, its most acute manifestation. The Revolution, the fissure that has opened in the West, has the deepest historical and psychological roots. Perhaps the best way of understanding its nature would be to return to its beginnings, at the end of the eighteenth century, when Burke, confronting the doctrines of the French *philosophes*, found himself "alarmed into reflection" by what he saw to be a "revolution of doctrine and theoretic dogma"—a revolution whose doctrines and emotions, he thought, would render impossible any stable condition of society; would issue, indeed, in a *permanent* revolution. As Burke says near the beginning of the *Reflections*, in a sentence which reverberates in the mind like the opening bars of a great and dark symphony, the French Revolution was a "great crisis, not of the affairs of France alone, but of all Europe, perhaps of more than Europe."

I think the best way of stating Burke's fundamental objection to the Revolution would be to say that it turned on a definition of *freedom*—that for Burke, freedom was a concrete and historical thing, the actual "freedom" one enjoyed in an actual society: in his case, English freedoms. What revolutionary theory proposed, and revolutionary passions longed for, was something else entirely: a freedom that was abstract and unhistorical—not the rights of Englishmen; not rights under any actual law; but the Rights of Man. But for Burke there was no such thing as an abstract Man, and to posit one, as Rousseau had done in the famous first sentence of *The Social Contract,* was to construct a battering ram against all actual and normal social relationships: "Man is born free," said Rousseau, "but everywhere he is in chains." I am not saying, idiotically, that Rousseau caused the Revolution —that is not the role of ideas in relation to historical events—but rather, that in the rhetoric of this famous sentence we may find articulated the longings that were at the heart of the revolutionary ethos—and that continue, ever more powerfully, to inform its spirit.

Let us meditate upon Rousseau's sentence. In what sense, we might well ask with Burke, was man "born free"? The actual infant of our experience does not *look* free. He seems completely dependent. And the violence of Rousseau's statement is suspicious: everywhere—everywhere!—in chains? And it is suggestive that the chains in Rousseau's sentence are concretely imagined, but that the "freedom"—man is "born free"—remains hypothetical, abstract, a mere proposition. What *is* this freedom that Rousseau has in mind? It evidently is not the freedoms to be enjoyed in an actual society—the freedoms Burke has in mind. Rather, it is the hypothetical, indeed *mythical,* freedom of a presocial self. It is, finally, freedom from society—freedom, that is, from history. Traditional thought (and this is the real reason why religion is necessary to any viable conservative politics) envisioned man as achieving radical freedom of this kind only outside of time: in eternity. Obviously, the traditional position is logically consistent and intellectually respectable. But what revolutionary theory sought, and this is the deep source of its appeal, even as it allies itself, variously, with such forces as nationalism, racism, or "socialism," is the experience of radical freedom, the freedom from conflict, *from history*—but *in* history. And that is why revolutionary feeling has proved to be so powerful a weapon. Any concrete circumstance standing in the way of that dream of radical freedom—and any concrete circumstance would *have* to stand in the way of that dream of radical freedom—is at best to be regarded as a bothersome and interim thing, merely to be tolerated; and at worst, if it refuses to be interim, is necessarily regarded as detestable and intolerable—something to be smashed. The *particular* sort of society desired by the revolutionist is always difficult to describe: the principal emotion is destructive, of smashing the known—in the name of an indescribable freedom. To smash, actually, the West, in the interest of those on the other side of that armed frontier that divides the world.

Revolutionary Manners

The presence of this spirit we can detect instantly from revolutionary *manners,* the reflection of revolutionary anger. Beginning close to home, everyone must have noticed that recent protest movements, while differing in aims, resemble one another in appearance and behavior; and it is this resemblance, and its quality—not their specific aims—that is certainly the most important thing about them. Hatred for the ordinary modes of personal dignity is their most conspicuous characteristic; defiance of law is routine—perhaps their *actual* object, emotionally. Even dress has its symbolic quality. And this temper is common to nuclear protesters, student demonstrators at Berkeley and elsewhere, and, increasingly, to civil rights activitists. Their aims become secondary—it is the revolutionary manners of the protest that are important.

To an increasing degree, unfortunately, the American civil rights movement has worn a double aspect. In part, it has looked to the allevia-

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tion of particular grievances and the attainment of definite political aims, such as the right to vote. It has, that is, operated within the American political consensus. But its more activist elements, with increasing openness, have aligned themselves with the broad movement of world revolution. Outside the American conservative camp, *New York Herald Tribune* columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak have been the most candid in attracting attention to this dimension of the Negro movement. For their pains, of course, they have been vilified in the Liberal press. In a number of columns published in 1965, Evans and Novak drew attention to the non-civil-rights involvement of the activists. At Pennsylvania State University, for example, the local CORE chapter put on a "peace" rally featuring a film actually prepared by the Communist Vietcong. As Evans and Novak observed, "A CORE unit crusading against U.S. intervention in Vietnam might be surprising to conventional politicians who regard the Negro revolution and the Vietcong as wholly separate. But in recent months, peace and civil rights militants have approached an intersection. . ." Even the more moderate James Farmer, point out Evans and Novak, is "personally committed to a pull-out from Vietnam. So are most other civil rights militants." For these militants, the connection between the civil rights and the peace movements is "tied . . . to racist and revolutionary tendencies inside the civil rights movement. Swallowing Communist propaganda whole, many civil rights radicals regard Vietnam as a classical case of white imperialism against a colored people—identical with the situation in Mississippi and Alabama. Beyond this, the James Formans frankly view not only segregation as a rotten institution in American society but see American society itself as rotten."

In their actual political behavior, as Evans and Novak have shown, these civil rights figures confirm such an analysis. A member of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee attended the Moscow World Youth Festival in September 1964. Predictably, members of SNCC were bussed to Washington to join the 15,000 students who picketed the White House to denounce U.S. participation in the war in Vietnam. A significant number of civil rights leaders have involved themselves with the African phase of the world revolution. James Farmer, National Director of CORE—and, as we have observed, a moderate in comparison with Forman—took a five-week tour through nine African countries and at the end of it urged the United States to get Portugal to grant independence to Angola—*i.e.*, to turn it over to terrorist leaders Andrade and Roberto—and also to cut off all aid to Tshombe—*i.e.*, to turn the Congo over to the rebels, now supplied by the Soviet bloc via Cairo and Algiers. Earlier, other civil rights activists, such as James Forman and John Lewis of SNCC and Robert Parris (né Moses), familiar to newspaper readers through his role in Mississippi, paid a visit to Sékou Touré in Guinea and increasingly have identified themselves with the leadership of the "emerging new nations." To cap it all, Parris was a speaker in November 1964 at the annual dinner of the *National Guardian*, described by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as "a virtual official propaganda arm of Soviet Russia."

Activities of this sort do not, of course, suggest formal Communist involvement on the part of the individuals concerned; they do, however, suggest revolutionary involvement, and a recognition by all parties concerned that they have revolution as a common denominator. Thus do seemingly disparate political phenomena become interrelated: James Farmer uses his fame as a proponent of civil rights to promote the African revolution, and to undermine the Western presence in Angola, the Congo, and South Africa, while Forman, Parris and Lewis use the example of Africa to radicalize the civil rights movement, Parris going so far as to participate in a Communist function. Such activities, far more than the recondite explanations that have been offered, account for the increasing tension between the Negro activists and those whom they call "white liberals." Sentimentality cleared away, the "white liberals"—at least some of them—say with the conservatives, "Rights, *Sí!*—Revolution, *No!*"

Though some leftists may feel that they have interests in common with the Communists, a distinctive feature of the conservative position is the view that we are at war with Communism. Whatever their differences on matters of timing and strategy, conservative writers agree that the Communists are engaged in an all-out revolutionary campaign against the West, which, if successful, would mean the end of a recognizable Western culture. Although, as I have argued, the revolutionary emotion was generated by the West, its spirit—so the conservatives argue—is implacably hostile to the civilized values of the West. "On an April day in 1937," Sir Arnold Lunn wrote, "a British general and I, both on our way to the [Spanish front lines], entered the cemetery of Huesca shortly after it had been liberated by the Nationalists." This is what they found: "Coffins had been broken open—I photographed the corpse of a small child whose head had been torn off—and the walls of the cemetery were covered by obscene drawings. The chapel of Our Lady had been turned into a bar, and somebody had carefully removed with a diamond the actual face of Our Lady from a stained glass window. 'You can't call this kind of thing bestial,' said my companion. 'A beast could not sink so low. There is something in this cemetery which is not of this world.'"

A scholarly dispute goes on, of course, about whether the Communists really dominated the Spanish Republican cause—or, if they did, at what point they actually achieved such domination. But such a debate is irrelevant. The other elements in the Republican amalgam *behaved* like Communists—indeed, were frequently more violent and revolutionary. Recognizing the fundamental nature of issues that had been at stake in Spain, Antonio Salazar of Portugal said in 1956: "It was clear to us twenty years ago, when we were confronted with the Spanish civil war, that what was happening in the world was a conflict of *civilizations*. To be more precise, it was plain that Western principles and values were being attacked by alien

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philosophies . . ." Thus, "understanding Communism"—quite contrary to Liberal expectations in the matter—leads to greater hostility towards it.

Certainly it is possible, even without bearing arms at the front in one of the many battles in the long drawn-out struggle for the world, to realize that two very different views of human destiny are in contention. From the giganticism of the portraits carried in Communist parades, and the surrealistic rhetoric of Communist speeches, to the antinomian gestures of the revolutionary demonstrators here in the West—the lying-down-in-the-street, the Columbia University students spitting at Madame Nhu, the bombs planned for the Statue of Liberty: gestures from one point of view in the realm of the absurd but from another point of view in the realm of the totally rational—it is clear that the revolution in its various forms has at its heart a hatred of the manners and modes of the West, as well as of its central tenets.

Western Vulnerability

Conservative theoreticians have articulated some of the fundamental differences between the East and the West. Gerhart Niemeyer, Professor of Political Science at Notre Dame and author of *An Inquiry Into Soviet Mentality* (1956), points out that "From its very beginnings, Marxism-Leninism has conceived the relation between itself and the rest of the world as one of destruction. Communists assumed that the relationship must be so understood on both sides, that this must be the one premise shared between the Soviet system and the outside world. For the purpose of active and complete negation, the Communists recognize a universe of common rationality, a world of mutual 'understanding' and communication. In the subversive business of destroying social institutions, traditional loyalties, integrity of individuals, indigenous authority, etc., the Communists have shown a remarkable sense of tactics and timing. They perceive precisely where groups, individuals, institutions or leaders are vulnerable; how they can be deprived of their moral backbone; how any will to resist can be broken by sheer exhaustion."

Any Western institution has a point of vulnerability that can be exploited, as long as the exploiter really denies the value that he is using tactically to exploit it. The principle of "self-determination" can be used to paralyze Western action when what is taking place has nothing whatever to do with the independent choice of a people. The principle of "freedom of speech" can be used when those who invoke it have nothing of the sort in mind, and the principle can be used to bring a community or a university to heel. Things like "justice" or "nationalism" can be used to obliterate all competing values. The revolutionary strategy is always to use one value to destroy others. This strategy—this implacable hostility—is informed, Niemeyer argues, by a utopian vision of the future, a vision charged with emotions of religious intensity. "In all the gyrations of Communist theory, certain parts have remained untouched, an inviolate dogma. Significantly, this residue is precisely the irrational element, the 'intuition of the future.' This vision, temptingly dressed up as a foolproof 'scientific' theory, has taken a deep and almost subconscious hold on those who have embraced it in the way of a pseudo-religion. It supplies them with a hope, a task, a notion of life's meaning, a criterion of the elect."

Other conservative intellectuals agree with the essentials of Niemeyer's analysis, though not employing his terminology and differing in certain emphases. Like Niemeyer, they view Communism as another civilization, indeed as another religion. In his remarkable book *The Moulding of Communists* (1961), in which he draws on his experience as a member of the upper echelons of the Communist Party, Meyer explains in detail how the "Communist consciousness" is created by training in the Party schools, by "self-criticism," and by ruthless discipline. The Communist, he says, develops an intense sense of identification with "our heroic Chinese comrades," with "our glorious Soviet comrades, moving forward from the successful construction of socialism to the building of Communism." The "compelling power of this sense of grandeur is more than sufficient to make up for the personal difficulties and dangers in which the individual Communist may find himself. The cause is advancing, the chariot of History is rolling inexorably on, and the Communist is seated firmly on that chariot, no matter how uncomfortable his personal position. The leaders of the Soviet Union may control the Party, but the emotional focus towards which the devotion of the Communist personality directs itself remains not the Soviet Union and its leaders, but 'the Party.' Certainly, 'the first duty of Communists is the defense of the Soviet Union'; certainly, 'the Soviet Union is the touchstone of all political questions,' the 'socialist fatherland,' the 'stronghold of world Communism'; but the Soviet Union is subsumed, as it were, under the greater symbol of the Party. The faith triumphant, the Soviet Union, is still but an aspect of the faith. It is the faith, whole and entire, Communism, the Party, which inspires the Communist's universe and is the object of his devotion."

An emotionally compelling and internally consistent interpretation of man and history, Communism may appeal to the poverty-stricken, but such an appeal by no means constitutes its real power. "The Communists' program," as Buckley writes in *Up From Liberalism*, "is capable (at least for a period of time, until the illusion wears off) of being wholly satisfactory, emotionally and intellectually, to large numbers of people. The reason for this is that Communist dogma is eschatologically conceived. . . . Communism offers a view of human history, holds out a millennial vision, indicates the means (revolution) of effecting the millennium."

The failure of the Liberals to understand the profound appeal of Communism proceeds, say the conservatives, from the inherent shallowness of their *own* vision of life. The "pragmatic" political analyst or politician, the practitioners of a "politics of compromise"—these exist in a realm far removed from commitment and fanaticism, and from those sicknesses of the soul for which commitment is the only cure. As Thomas Molnar observes in discussing the work of George Kennan, even the most sophisticated Liberal scholars simply do not come to grips with the psychological and spiritual needs which actually do move men to faith and action. As a result, Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky and Nietzsche provide a surer guide to what can be expected

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in modern history than Kennan's blander analyses. "As a Western Liberal brought up in the humanistic tradition," Kennan seems "really *annoyed* that in his own lifetime such subterranean forces as quasi-religious convictions and destructive ideologies have reappeared when universal humanistic values ought to have extirpated them long ago." Thus Kennan and other such neorealists as Walter Lippmann remain baffled by the "ambiguity," as Kennan calls it, "of Soviet policy . . . the combination of the doctrine of coexistence . . . with the most determined effort behind the scenes to destroy the Western governments and the social and political systems supporting them." Kennan at his best, thinks Molnar, is a good exponent of the *Realpolitik* of the nineteenth century, but this, "while it is valid as far as it goes, does not go far enough. It understands that power is the decisive political reality, but not that power in this century has a strong ideological component." In the view of conservative intellectuals like Molnar, it is a fatal error to suppose, as Kennan, and indeed de Gaulle, seem to suppose, that we are facing a Russian or Chinese "regime" in something like the traditional sense, rather than an armed revolutionary doctrine of profound mass appeal.

The Cold War Analyzed

In a seminal study entitled *Protracted Conflict,* which appeared in 1959, Robert Strausz-Hupé, Director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute of the University of Pennsylvania, writing in collaboration with three other members of the Institute, sets forth a broad analysis of the Cold War upon which virtually all American conservative intellectuals seem to agree. Recognizing that we are in the midst of a world revolution which the Communists frequently are able to direct and exploit, Strausz-Hupé points out that Western strategy has been crippled by its tacit acceptance of *Communist* ground-rules. According to his study, Communist strategy, backed up by Communist propaganda and political maneuvering, envisions the world as divided into a "war zone" (the non-Communist nations) and a "peace zone" (the Communist bloc). As the Communists wish, the Cold War has been more or less confined to the "war zone," while the "peace zone" has been effectively closed to Western intervention. Operating on the basis of the "containment" policy, the West, as Strausz-Hupé writes, has been "willing to give a round and take a round. If the West won a round as, for example, in Korea and Jordan, it was in defense of the status quo. When the Communists won a round as, for example, in Czechoslovakia, China, Indochina and the Middle East [and, we might now add, Cuba], they gained access to ground previously closed to them. At best, the West stood its ground; but the Communists in winning their grounds made a net gain." As all conflict of significance in the Cold War takes place in the "war zone," when a country such as Czechoslovakia or Cuba passes into the "peace zone" it is permanently removed from the conflict. The Western "containment" strategy is at very best a defensive one, and even to maintain the status quo the West must win every round with the Communists.

Viewing the conflict in these terms, Strausz-Hupé is able to make illuminating comments on such things as the role of the UN. "Almost all the debates in the United Nations from 1948 until 1958 over 'threats to peace,' 'intervention,' 'imperialism,' and 'rights to self-determination' dealt with problems and tensions arising primarily within the non-Communist world and between the Western powers and the colonial areas. The question of Soviet imperialism or violation of the rights of self-determination of peoples has been raised much less frequently and with a noticeable lack of fervor by the majority of UN membership." Conservatives are likely to have a more jaundiced view of the UN's possibilities than the Liberals, to whose universalism it makes a strong appeal. Again, the Liberal is likely to take a strong stand against Spain or South Africa, and even to support revolutionary movements in those countries; but the conservative, giving high priority to the protracted conflict, views them as non-Communist strongholds.

Conservatives share Strausz-Hupé's view that we are at war with the Communists. Because they consider that the Communists are pressing forward in the protracted conflict whenever and wherever they can, conservatives tend to view even apparently conciliatory Communist gestures as mere tactics in the struggle. Most Liberals acclaim any step toward disarmament. In NATIONAL REVIEW, however, Strausz-Hupé points out that disarmament agreements thus far have been calculated to put restrictions on those weapons peculiarly important to the West:

> The arms race is fraught with terrible dangers; its cessation would be a boon to mankind. But it is difficult to see how partial disarmament—according to Premier Khrushchev, total disarmament will have to be preceded by gradual arms reduction—would diminish Soviet capabilities for fighting the kind of wars the Communists have actually been fighting since the termination of World War II. These wars were limited; they were fought with conventional weapons and, in some places, with the simplest of conventional weapons.

The large population advantage enjoyed by nations hostile to the West renders Western security dependent in the long run on technological advantages and perhaps on technological breakthroughs. The more rudimentary the weapons employed, the better for the Communists; the more sophisticated the weapons, the less sheer numbers will count. In the concrete terms of the world struggle, therefore, groups that agitate against the development of such sophisticated weapons are working against the interests of the West. Conservatives, in contrast, have consistently pressed for the development of advanced weapons—for nuclear versatility, for experiments directed toward the military use of space. As James Burnham points out, we have entered an *unpoliced* agreement with the Soviet Union not to put nuclear weapons in orbit, even though the most advanced strategical projections indicate that "orbital weapon systems will in all probability become strategically decisive in the 1970s. This means that in a certain sense they are already decisive: for the decisions on appropriations, research, development and experimentation that will determine the state of affairs in the 1970s are being made now."

In the opinion of Burnham and other conservatives, the West has

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slowed down in the search for a technological and military breakthrough —in aerospace, in the development of an anti-missile missile, and so forth —with no assurance that the Communists have done likewise. But they also point out that even advanced technology is not likely, in itself, to help the West unless its leaders realize that they are *at war,* and design a policy on that assumption. We must not forget, Burnham writes, "that from the end of the war until a couple of years ago we had overwhelming superiority in advanced

armament over the Soviet Union. This superiority did not prove to be an answer to the Soviet threat. Though lacking both nuclear weapons and strategic airpower, the Soviet Union marched briskly up the path of the world revolution. It was in just those years of our overwhelming arms predominance that Communism conquered China, Tibet, North Korea and North Vietnam, and consolidated control over the captured nations of East Europe." Clearly, weapons development can be only one half of the answer to the West's strategic problem; weapons are useless without a coherent over-all strategy that uses the weapons for *political* purposes.

As long as the protracted conflict lasts, conservatives argue, the West must wage unremitting political warfare against the Communists, and like the Communists should view even "negotiations" as a political weapon rather than as genuine mode of "settling differences." If the Communists press for the seating of East Germany or Red China at the conference table, why should the West not reply as did NATIONAL REVIEW in an editorial in 1959: "Yes, Mr. Gromyko, we agree: It has year after year been our proposal that these unhappy slaves of tyranny should be given a free voice to choose representatives, a government of their own. We urge that representatives of the Germans now captive beyond the Elbe should be seated at this table. If such representatives of the Germans of the East were here today, instead of those traitorous puppets you dance on your string . . . we might learn why three million Germans have fled to the West from the infamies of those agents of yours whom you now seek to foist on us as German spokesmen. . . . Czechoslovakia and Poland also? Of course: if there were a voice to speak legitimately for Poland and Czechoslovakia, to tell us at last the whole story of the death of Jan Masaryk, of those cattle-train journeys of four million Poles to Arctic slave camps, of the looting of Czech and Polish goods, of the studied Soviet exploitation of the Polish and Czech economies, of the saga of the secret police . . . The whole world would listen." Instead, the West goes to a conference as if it were going to an ordinary conference among nations, bringing with it a set of largely traditional objectives; while the Communists come, of course, with their revolutionary ones.

'De-Stalinization'

In contrast to Liberals, conservatives take a skeptical view of so-called changes in the Communist world. The famous "de-Stalinization" under Khrushchev was interpreted by Frank Meyer as actually a triumph of Stalinism. Noting three years after Stalin's death that "de-Stalinization" had actually entailed an *increase* of Communist pressure against the non-Communist world, Meyer pointed out that rather than indicating Communist strength, the brutal Stalinist policies were actually *defensive,* and a sign of postwar Communist weakness. Because of Communist vulnerability, Stalin took an intransigent position as regards the non-Communist world, and practiced savage repression at home, these courses calculated to consolidate Communist gains made during the war and at the conference table, and to carry out domestic progress necessary for reconstruction after the war. While Stalin's rhetoric and political tactics often were aggressive, his strategy was ultimately defensive. Conversely, post-Stalin Communist policy, operating in a world where the balance of power has shifted radically, employs a milder rhetoric and tactics that appear less aggressive—"primarily directed toward disarming the enemy"—but projects over-all aims that go far beyond Stalin's. The vilification of Stalin by Khrushchev, accordingly, is based upon the triumph of Stalin's policy, a triumph that permitted the revolution to enter a new phase. And the *method* of making the political transition to the new phase is Stalin's as well. Just as Stalin vilified the symbols of earlier policy, such as Trotsky, so he is vilified in turn. In Meyer's interpretation, Khrushchev's famous speech denouncing Stalin, was, in essence, Stalinist. It may be that the post-Stalinist situation is more complicated than Meyer's dialectical analysis takes account of; but his analysis would nevertheless seem to be truer to the facts of the matter than the usual optimism of the Liberals. Meyer wrote, after all, in 1956; and we might well remember that the "moderate" Khrushchev crushed Hungary, built the Berlin Wall, put missiles in Cuba, and tested multi-megaton bombs.

Liberal optimism about the significance of events inside the Communist bloc seems invulnerable to experience. The *New York Times,* for example, was completely taken in by Mao's "hundred flowers" speech, in which the Chinese ruler observed that the same measures should not be applied against "misguided elements" and against "the enemy," and stressed the "non-antagonistic resolution of contradictions among the people." This the *Times* hailed editorially as a new doctrine, a break with totalitarian conceptions, an endorsement of "democratic freedoms." As Meyer points out, those with a truly profound knowledge of Communist theory and tactics recognized Mao's speech as perfectly orthodox, and indeed a "striking analysis in the Marxist-Leninist tradition." The whole point involves the ambiguity of the term "people" as used in Communist rhetoric. Mao observed that the term "has different meanings . . . in different historical periods":

> During the war of liberation, the United States imperialists and their henchmen, the bureaucrat-capitalists and landlord class, and the Kuomintang reactionaries . . . were the enemies of the people, while all [who] opposed these enemies belonged to the category of the people.
>
> At this stage of building socialism, all [who] approve, support, and work for the cause of socialist construction, belong to the category of the people, while those social forces and groups that resist socialist revolution . . . are enemies of the people.

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In this view, obviously, "the people" are those who go along with the party line at any given moment, and "the enemy" those who resist it. When the situation changes, so does the definition, and some who were included among the people then find themselves "counterrevolutionaries" and the targets of "ruthless revolutionary action." As a matter of fact, Mao's speech, tactically interpreted, was calculated precisely to expose "contradictions" among "the people" before taking another leap forward —*i.e.*, into widespread collectivization. The party *wanted* "dissident" opinion expressed, so that potential resisters could be weeded out. Just as de-Stalinization heralded greatly intensified expansionist moves, so Mao's "liberalization" foreshadowed a domestic policy of unprecedented harshness.

Nevertheless, as Frank Meyer points out, hope springs eternal in the breast of the *New York Times* —"particularly hope that somewhere, sometime, it can find a Communist who really isn't a Communist. Years ago it was Mao Tse-tung and his agrarian reformers; during the war, Stalin almost qualified; then it was Tito, then Malenkov, then Gomulka." During the "hundred flowers" phase, Mao returned to favor again, shortly to give way to Castro. The *Times* can sometimes be counted on for the most rosy view of Communist intentions. A most recent example (February 1965) was Premier Kosygin's visit to Hanoi and Peking at the moment of a climactic Vietcong attack in the South, timed with raids on American installations. Kosygin's visit, thought the *Times*, had been calculated to wean the North Vietnamese away from the Chinese, and to persuade them to pursue a more moderate course. This was too much for Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski of Columbia University, an expert on Soviet affairs, who sent off a letter to the editor, pointing out that the alternative interpretation was at least as likely. Kosygin had decided that the Chinese policy of limited war and increased risk was paying off, and did not want to be left in the wake of the revolutionary wave.

Viewed against the developments of the last ten years, the over-all performance of the conservatives in foreign policy analysis has been impressive. They have made some mistakes. In 1960, for example, NATIONAL REVIEW sponsored and published as a separate supplement, a collection of essays called "Bear and Dragon." In it, eight experts on China and Russia, most of them academicians, analyzed Sino-Soviet relations, and concluded that serious disputes between the two countries could not arise. "Bear and Dragon" remains immensely informative about Chinese and Russian history and culture, and about ideological matters; yet what these experts said would not happen, did happen. There has been a division between the Russian and Chinese Communist parties that divides not only the two Communist countries but also their international parties, in country after country throughout the world. Still, one may wonder: how significant for the West is this dispute within the Communist camp? It certainly is not obvious that either Russian or Chinese Communism means to "coexist" with the West in the ordinary meaning of that term: at the very best, the debate would seem to be one over modes of extermination.

"We have been told ten thousand times," writes James Burnham, "that the issue is peaceful coexistence vs. revolutionary militancy, and there is no doubt that Russian vs. Chinese *rhetoric* bears this out. But the facts do not bear out the rhetoric. Chou En-lai, on African tour, has long and cozy visits with the most reactionary rulers, the King of Morocco and the Emperor of Ethiopia. Mao happily coexists with de Gaulle, and is ready for any amount of peaceful business with Japan. Moscow, from its corner, gives far more actual support than Peking to the 'wars of national liberation' in Cuba, Algeria, Venezuela, the Congo, Yemen, Angola and Cyprus. Both Peking and Moscow give full political and material support to the armed struggle in Vietnam, Malaysia, Zanzibar. Neither Moscow nor Peking shows any inclination for general war." In Burnham's view, our fascination with the "split" may serve to advance the revolution: the Russian advocacy of coexistence and the Chinese militancy both work to advance the revolutionary strategy. The militant wing "smites the enemy of the revolution with riots, arson, terror, bombs and bullets," while the peaceful wing lulls him with negotiations, conferences, cultural exchanges—the rhetoric of "coexistence" —while in fact providing the material support for revolution from Cuba to Algeria and the Congo.

The United Nations

For a great many people, the United Nations Organization is above criticism, is, indeed—in the familiar phrase—"our last best hope for peace." To them, conservative criticism of the UN is prima facie evidence of political depravity. The fact that the nations constituting the UN are far from united, and that a great many of them are not even nations has made little difference to the relative immunity of the organization from Liberal attack, for, at least in aspiration, it appeals to the central Liberal beliefs—in "human brotherhood," in the obsolescence of cultural differences, in the rational transcendence of value conflicts. Nevertheless, dissent has been heard, and not only from committed conservatives.

In a book entitled *The United Nations Reconsidered* (1963), Raymond A. Moore Jr. gathered together a collection of essays and speeches, mainly from Establishment Liberals, pointing to the severe limitations of the UN, and including contributions by Senators Fulbright, Mansfield, Aiken and Jackson, as well as Max Ascoli, the then Earl of Home, James Byrnes, and Harold Macmillan. Such attacks as these upon the UN adumbrate much that the conservatives have had to say on the subject, but the conservative critique has been more consistently sustained and more comprehensive in its analysis.

James Burnham analyzes in more detail than do most of its critics the farcical composition of the General Assembly, and provides vivid confirmation of Fulbright's point that the Assembly "bears no relationship to the realities of world power." First, but perhaps least important, is the fact that votes in the Assembly bear no relationship to population. Africa, with a population of 227 million, has 33 votes. North America, with a population of 205 million, has two votes. More than half of the member nations actually have smaller populations than the state of Maryland. But

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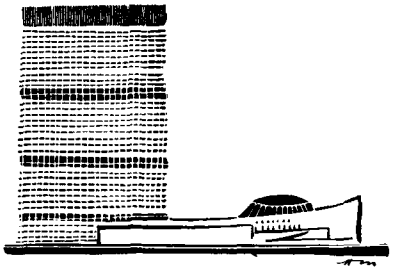
more significant for the political behavior of the body are the disparities in political, economic, educational and moral development. "The *total* wealth of sixty of the member nations," Burnham points out, "is less than that of the single state of Ohio. Many of these members can be called 'nations' only as a courtesy title, since they possess none of the historical, geographical, ethnic, economic or political conditions that give reality to national existence. In many of them fractions of the population up to 99 per cent are illiterate." More than half of them lack the trained administrator class necessary for responsible government; in many of them ritual murder, cannibalism, and savagery persist as organic parts of the local culture. Yet, "there come before this Assembly issues of the utmost moment for human civilization. It is absurd, it is literally insane, to submit such issues to the will of a collectivity so constituted."

This Assembly, conservative writers point out, has exhibited an increasingly anti-Western bias, though to be sure, it has remained surprisingly immune to criticism in the ordinary Western press. Western colonialism in Angola, and, by a stretch of the definition, in South Africa, is the subject of endless vituperation, but the Assembly is silent on the subject of Soviet and Chinese colonialism, and even closes



its eyes to colonialism when practiced by Indonesia. "The UN," NATIONAL REVIEW points out, "gets into a terrific sweat about wars in the Gaza strip, Katanga, Angola and outer space. But darned if any UNer can notice those 28,000 Egyptian troops with plenty of tanks and planes, fighting month after month to shore up a leftist revolution in Yemen that couldn't have stood two weeks on its own feet; or the Soviet military technicians now building themselves a full-length jet runway on Yemen territory to give Soviet planes a staging point on the way to Africa and Cuba." Similarly, the UN was silent on the Chinese takeover in Tibet. Yet if the UN remains silent on matters of this kind, or even, as in the case of Sukarno's grab in New Guinea, actively supports colonialism, it takes an entirely different line with regard to Portugal, Southern Rhodesia and South Africa, and actively supports "infant pseudo-nations" which, as Burnham writes, though "illiterate, half-savage, unable to manage their own disintegrating affairs, kept from bankruptcy only by the subsidies of the Western powers, set out to destroy the orderly regimes of the southern sector of the continent, to massacre hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants, and, after wrecking law, order, and economic life, to establish black racist rule over a permanent shambles."

A Conservative Proposal

Because the conservatives regard the UN General Assembly as irresponsible, and see its activities as on the whole anti-Western, or, at very best, as generally inflammatory, they have proposed that the UN be "depoliticalized." While continuing to perform many valuable non-political services, such as handling technical problems of air and sea transport, disease control, radio channel allocation, measurement standards and the like, the UN would cease to vote on matters of political substance. This change could be accomplished, in James Burnham's opinion, without Charter revision: if the United States simply announced that *it* would no longer vote on matters of substance, such votes would become meaningless. "Though they would dislike having their UN-swollen self-importance scaled down, the new nations would have no choice but to accept the new rule, and most of our Western allies would welcome it."

American subservience to the policies and rhetoric of the Afro-Asian bloc has been in considerable degree a result of Liberal doctrine. James Burnham says that Liberal opinion "has demanded and demands that the advanced Western nations—Britain, France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Portugal—liquidate forthwith all forms of direct and indirect colonial rule, without reference to economic or strategic interests or the readiness of peoples for independence or the question whether independence will in truth benefit or harm them, or to any other factor than the abstract badness of colonialism." Furthermore, "the group, nation or civilization infected by Liberal doctrine and values, is morally disarmed before those whom the Liberal regards as less well off than himself."

Yet United States policy is also based on an over-all *strategy* the conservative writers consider erroneous. The United States, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn points out, "clearly is out to win the favor of new nations no matter what the cost. Surely the United States is friendlier toward India, which [invaded Goa], than toward tiny Portugal, her victim." As a result of this effort to win the favor of the so-called "third world," a policy in any case unlikely to be crowned with success, the United States has at one time or another violated the national interest of her natural allies: Holland (in New Guinea), Belgium (in Katanga), France (in Algeria), Portugal (in Angola, Mozambique and Goa), and Britain (at Suez, in Cyprus, and in our neutrality with respect to the Malaysia-Indonesia confrontation). James Burnham, indeed, sees disregard of *Western* interests as one aspect of what he calls the "Yalta strategy," and which he contrasts with the "NATO" or "Western" strategy. Yalta strategy envisions "a Soviet-American deal (with Britain tagging along)." It looks towards a "détente and an enlarging agreement with Russia, with the implicit goal of a Russo-American condominium." In Burnham's view, the downgrading of Western European interests in the American policy amalgam is responsible for the splintering of NATO, which in reality is the "structural foundation of Western power and will." For example, Washington "backs revolutionaries against the NATO member, Portugal, while asking Portugal to renew essential accords on strategic bases." Thus, the Yalta strategy is incompatible with the Western strategy, which is expressed in NATO and "implies the defense of the West as a whole *against* the threat of the Soviet Union and the Communist enterprise."

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V. The Academy

THE LITERARY CRITIC Hugh Kenner, Professor of English at the University of California at Santa Barbara, recently set forth a theory concerning the role played by colleges and universities in American life. "The United States," he said, "is unique among history's great nations in attempting, with considerable success, to operate a civilization without a capital. (Washington isn't a capital like Paris or London; it's where we keep the government.) In place of a capital, from which lines of force radiate like roads, we have a communications network, continent-wide, along which energies pass to and from. Washington is a plexus on this network. capable of imparting a certain prestigious torque to selected impulses. New York is another. For the rest, it passes mostly through the universities."

Our colleges and universities thus, in Kenner's view, function as a kind of "dispersed capital." Like the capital cities of western Europe, they generate the influential ideas and help to circulate them. "It is through the network of professors and alumni—people whose lives have been touched for four years or more by a university—that the shaping ideas travel in America, precisely as they once traveled about Paris: not always definable ideas: a mélange of gossip, colorations, judgments, policies, presuppositions, lists of In and Out . . . the academic network is the country's nervous system." The analogy between the academic network and the traditional capital city can be pressed even further. Just as the Parisian or Londoner or Viennese possesses a sharp sense of his difference from the inhabitant of the provinces, so, says Kenner, an "Alabaman and a Montanan who have both been to college (any college) have more in common than a Nebraskan who has and a Nebraskan who hasn't. Precisely so, in eighteenth-century England, did the distinction fall between Londoners and the rest. Samuel Johnson went up from Litchfield to London, having done time at Oxford. His present-day American counterpart would go to some university and stay there."

To this academic "dispersed capital," NATIONAL REVIEW stands in a peculiar, indeed a unique, relationship. Like other political and literary magazines, it draws upon the academy for its contributors; perhaps draws upon it to an even greater degree than, say, the *Nation* or *New Republic*. Russell Kirk, Hugh Kenner, James Burnham, Garry Wills, Thomas Molnar, Will Herberg, Gerhart Niemeyer, F. D. Wilhelmsen and Guy Davenport, all of whom are or have been professors, appear on the masthead; and among the regular contributors of articles and reviews, a high proportion are academic figures. Even Buckley, though not a professor, has always been associated in one way or another with the academy. He emerged as a public figure while editing the student newspaper at Yale; his first book was an examination of the Yale curriculum; for a long time he wrote a regular column in NATIONAL REVIEW called "The Ivory Tower," in which he discussed academic matters; and for a decade or more he has toured the nation's campuses, making speeches and debating. Yet the attitude of NATIONAL REVIEW towards the academy and the climate of opinion it understands to prevail there has been highly critical; in fact, so prominent has this concern been in its pages that NATIONAL REVIEW might validly be thought of as having arisen as a critical voice within the walls of the academy, and as endeavoring to have its principal effect within that "dispersed capital."

The climate of opinion at the best American colleges and universities, Buckley has repeatedly argued, is overwhelmingly Liberal, even to the point of excluding competing views. Such exclusion need not, he observes, reflect conscious effort: "Though Liberals do a great deal of talking about hearing other points of view, it sometimes shocks them to learn that there *are* other points of view."

The charge, of course, is not a new one, and had been made brilliantly in Mary McCarthy's *The Groves of Academe* and Randall Jarrell's *Pictures From an Institution*. Nevertheless, Buckley has supported his contention with some fascinating statistics. In the fall of 1952, for example, the Harvard *Crimson* conducted a poll among its readers, asking them merely which candidate, Stevenson or Eisenhower, they favored. "The Freshman class (which at the time had spent only about five weeks at Harvard) voted Republican 3-2. Upperclassmen, by contrast, voted Democratic 5-4. Graduate students voted Democratic 2-1. The graduate faculty of Harvard voted Democratic 4-1." At about the same time, he observes ironically, polls taken at Yale asking the same question "revealed a bitter political division among the faculty of the Law School, where the vote was Democratic by 14-1. At the Divinity School (another civil war), it was Democratic by 13-2."

This sort of thing evidently has nothing whatever to do with intelligence or level of education. Professional groups such as lawyers, doctors and engineers tended to vote Republican; the country as a whole elected Eisenhower, by a large majority. Reflecting upon the Harvard poll, and upon the student drift to the Left as they go on in college, Buckley observed: "Let the person who wants to wrestle with these statistics blurt forth his secret belief that there is a correlation between 'level of education' and 'political liberalism.' But if I may, I shall put it in my own way: there is a correlation between the length of time one spends studying at the feet of Liberals and the extent to which one comes to share their views."

Poll of Colleges

A professional survey sponsored by NATIONAL REVIEW in 1963 tended to bear out such impressionistic observations. The poll was a complicated one. Originally used by the Harvard *Crimson* in 1959, it had been prepared in consultation with David Riesman, a Harvard sociologist, and consisted of 82 detailed inquiries designed to elicit not only the students' current political and religious opinions, but also the directions in which *changes* in their opinions, if any, had occurred. In 1959, the *Crimson* had polled Harvard and Radcliffe. Under the supervision of Professor Ernest van den Haag, of New York University and the New School, NATIONAL REVIEW expanded the sample to include twelve other

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liberal arts colleges. These had been selected in such a way as to provide maximum social and academic variety: a small-town college, an Ivy League university, a Catholic university, a state-supported university, a fashionable girls' college, a Jewish university, etc.* In its October 8, 1963 issue, NATIONAL REVIEW published the entire questionnaire, and tabulated student answers to it. Analysis of the results showed that, of the students polled, "nearly 70 per cent report that significant change has taken place in their political beliefs since entering college. In all but two of the colleges tested, that change has been in a Liberal direction. The exceptions are state-supported Indiana University and predominantly Catholic Marquette." Among students who had changed their political views, the poll showed, the college program had been the decisive influence. Some of the figures were striking. The typical Williams parent, for example, is richer than the Yale man's, and the Williams parent appears to be even more conservative than the Yale counterpart (Williams parents are about 75 per cent Republican, the heaviest Republican figure for any of the colleges in the poll). Yet nearly a third of the students at Williams apparently are socialists, defined for the purposes of the poll as someone who favors government ownership of the major industries. The Williams students were also heavily in favor of unilateral suspension of atomic tests and admission of Red China to the UN, approximating the percentages of Reed, Brandeis and Sarah Lawrence on these questions.

Where religious opinions were concerned, the results were much less clear, but some surprising things appeared nevertheless. A "significant minority (more than 40 per cent over-all) has experienced an anti-religious rebellion while at college and of these campus rebellions, majorities at every college except Williams, Brandeis, and Sarah Lawrence rebelled in their freshman year." Presumably, these had rebelled before, or had nothing to rebel against. But, in contrast to their influence on student political views, college courses evidently play a minor role in connection with religious belief. More important solvents, the students said, are the "influence of friends" and "independence from parental ideas." The answers to the religious questions were rendered especially confused by the fact that, except at Marquette, students professing "belief in some form of Christianity," rejected such central Christian beliefs as the Incarnation, the Resurrection, and the immortality of the soul. Oddly enough, a solid majority (excluding Reed, totally agnostic or atheistic, according to the poll) expressed belief in a vague "Divine Presence."

No one, to be sure, would argue that it is the task of a secular college to inculcate religious faith, yet these colleges would seem to be involved in an intellectual failure if their students remain ignorant of essential religious distinctions which are part of our intellectual tradition, quite apart from questions of belief.

Why Liberal Professors?

It seems unlikely that anyone would seriously dispute the conservatives' main contention: that college faculties are politically Liberal, much more Liberal than either the population at large or other professional groups of comparable education, such as doctors, lawyers, or engineers. Indeed, this phenomenon probably falls into the category of things "everybody knows." And for the prevailing Liberalism of the academy there are several explanations.

For one thing, the dominant intellectual tradition of the nineteenth century was critical and innovating. Its representative figures were men like Mill. Comte, Darwin and Marx, or, closer to home, William James and John Dewey. Though Liberalism has an ancient pedigree, it began to be a powerful historical force only towards the end of the eighteenth century, when its central doctrines and attitudes—skepticism, a critical spirit, hedonism in ethics—proved relevant to the main task of the time. By engaging in a critique of traditional society and its philosophic underpinning, Liberalism was able to help clear the way so that newer social and economic energies could come into play. The Liberal tradition is not our only one, however; from the perspective of the Western tradition as a whole, it even appears parochial, confined in its predominance to a single century; to some intellectuals, indeed to an increasing number, the Liberal tradition seems to be at an impasse, and diminishing in relevance. Newman, for example, resisted the principal Liberal impulses of the nineteenth century, and today he seems to many a more compelling thinker than either Mill or Dewey, far more central indeed to the Western tradition as a whole.

Yet for all this, we live in the shadow of the nineteenth century; even if its hopes and doctrines seem irrelevant to the actualities of our time, they lead a kind of ghostly life in books and lectures. The degree to which such Liberal attitudes do prevail, moreover, may also be due to more transitory conditions—to the fact, for example, that the men who now are the senior professors—the scholars, critics, social scientists, historians and so forth—came of age intellectually in the 1930s and 1940s, when the New Deal and the struggle against fascism endowed Liberal ideas with particularly high prestige. Such people feel as a matter of instinct that their enemies are on the Right.

In addition, the academic profession has some built-in moral hazards. The man who spends his life with books and ideas can easily develop a peculiar kind of innocence. It may very well not come to his attention that he is entertaining a false notion of human nature, that the world is less easily ordered than his classroom. He is likely to live in a homogeneous community and associate mainly with other professors, for the most part polite and reasonable men. Even though he may be an expert on Machiavelli or have written a book on Cromwell, he would instinctively despise Mao's maxim that political power grows out of the barrel of a gun. Perhaps too, the academician's idealism, his desire to be a virtuous man—a very powerful desire in the

*The twelve schools selected were: Sarah Lawrence College, Williams College, Yale University, Marquette University, Boston University, Indiana University, University of South Carolina, Howard University, Reed College, Davidson College, Brandeis University, Stanford University.

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profession, I think; almost as powerful as among the clergy—can be a kind of snare, the desire sliding over into the delusion that virtuous solutions are easily come by: that we should "disarm," or "get out of Vietnam," or that South Africa should "end apartheid," or that Spain should have a "democratic government like ours." Ironically enough, though such views, if acted upon, would issue either in chaos or a victory for radicalism, the academic people who hold them are themselves almost universally conservative *socially,* in manners and morals. To them the sight of Mario Savio or LeRoi Jones or a Spanish anarchist approaching would be cause for confusion and silent alarm.

Symbols and Methods

Nevertheless, even if the conservatives' main point about the climate of opinion in the academy be granted, the actual situation is more complicated than their rhetoric seems to imply. Buckley, for example, argues that "the great Liberal vulnerability rests in the conflict between the symbols under which they operate, all of which abjure indoctrination and welcome dissent, and their method of operation, which all too often is that of unabashed indoctrination and ruthless persecution of conservative dissent." To be sure, outrages do occur, and the conservatives are able to point to their share of horror stories: to the dean at a Midwestern university who thought Sidney Hook a "fascist" and kept him from speaking at the campus, to abuses of the power to promote or deny promotion, and so forth.

Sidney Hook himself reports in his book *Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No* that there is actually a professor somewhere in the land who presents Edmund Burke to his students as a fascist reactionary. Yet these are surely the pathological cases. What "indoctrination" does occur is more likely to be for the most part unintentional and to flow from the fact that the professor does, after all, have opinions. Nor is it to be supposed that academic abuses are limited to the *political* arena. Cases are well known in which literary scholars have blocked the advancement of literary critics, or the other way around. The proponents of different doctrines in philosophy appear to regard one another as charlatans and rogues, and there is little possibility of peace between rival schools of psychoanalytical theory. It is true, of course, that conservatives have been penalized for their views, and one would not wish to understate the case Buckley and the other conservatives have made on this matter; nor to ignore the noisomeness of those professorial protests that sprout overnight like toadstools in the *New York Times* every time we resist the Communists somewhere in the world. Academic Liberalism can be a mindless bore. Yet I also know of situations in which Liberal departments and administrators have looked around for an able conservative teacher in order to provide a little variety, only to find that none was available. Until recently, indeed, conservative academicians have been in very short supply, for conservatives have tended to let the academic situation go by default, becoming—perhaps because of conservative cultural *normality*—lawyers, businessmen, doctors, and politicians, rather than scholars and intellectuals.

Kirk on Academic Freedom

Conservative writing on the subject of the academy has not confined itself to political criticism. Russell Kirk, who possesses a remarkable sense of the romance of learning and of the academic traditions of the West, has written an excellent book on the community of higher learning called *Academic Freedom,* which appeared in 1955. The role of the academy in Kirk's view is a lofty one, and he defends academic freedom on the ground that it protects the opportunity for contemplation and reflection, "for the highest development of private reason and imagination, the improvement of mind and heart by the apprehension of Truth." Society at large, by its very nature, can bring sanctions to bear against the free expression of one's views, and so it seems vital to Kirk that certain communities be set apart from ordinary society and protected from its sanctions, thus providing the opportunity for free reflection and the cultivation of mind and heart.

Kirk's position on academic freedom has yielded some cogent criticism of American academic practice. He has evoked the atmosphere of St. Andrews, Scotland's oldest university (from which he holds an advanced degree) in contrast to the atmosphere all too common in America. At St. Andrews, he says, the students have the opportunity for reflection and contemplation, and for the cultivation of truth, to a far greater degree than has "any student in one of the gigantic air-conditioned-nightmare dormitories at certain state universities of ours." The "corruption of many American institutions of higher learning into training-institutes for material success has severed hundreds of thousands of the better minds among our rising generation from even the awareness that a university education is supposed to be a leisurely and contemplative process, not a mere hurried business of bluffing and cheating one's way through innumerable courses, crowned by a sham degree. . . Little St. Andrews University still turns out graduates of some intellectual power; while Behemoth State University, on the average, turns out the adolescent with the sheepskin, filled only with that smattering of learning which is perilous to himself and society."

Kirk's archetypal Behemoth University is his alma mater, Michigan State, which has undergone fantastic expansion, and actually, he writes, offers courses for credit in flycasting and a four-year program in packaging. "The distinguished scholars on the faculty, however," Kirk writes, "may be numbered on the fingers of one hand." At Michigan State, he reports, "one dormitory complex will lodge four thousand students, when completed. . . . Business-machine methods of registration, testing, and grading have vitiated the old professor-student relationship. Students' numbered identity-cards are replacing even proper names. . . . The aggrandizement of MSU has been paralleled by protests and resignations among the faculty. When a lowering of degree-requirements was pushed through the graduate school last year, Dean Erickson of the College of Education found it necessary to reply to charges of debasement of standards: 'Don't use that phrase!' he entreated. 'Say rather that we are extending the opportunity.'"

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VI. The Varieties of Conservative Thought

Writing in the Spring 1964 issue of *Modern Age,* the Philosopher Eliseo Vivas warned his fellow conservatives that Liberalism, as a comprehensive attitude toward the world, had established itself through the efforts "of some of the best minds of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries," and that its architects included "not only philosophers and political thinkers of the first order, but social scientists, biologists and students of jurisprudence," as well as "a number of first-rate theologians."

Vivas' point was that if conservatism "aspires to be for the future what liberalism is and has been for the last few decades, we shall have to go at the job in the way in which the liberals went at it. They put into it not a few years, but decades, of quiet, unsparing, theoretical work, that was hard, honest, and scholarly . . . It was only when the foundational work was done that it began to pay off in political, in social, and in legislative terms." Conservatism, he said, "will not prosper and become a strong force in the nation" until its proponents make "contributions as thinkers and scholars" to the foundations of their position.

Vivas is quite right in his description of the immense intellectual effort that has gone into the development of Liberalism, and also right in his demand that conservatives make the same kind of effort. On the other hand, his stress on Liberal honesty and effort could be misleading. Most scholars and intellectuals are honest and willing to work, but they differ in their assumptions. There is also something else in his tone that is not appropriate, for first-rate scholars, philosophers and historians *have* made genuine beginnings in the effort to raise to awareness the intellectual substance of conservative beliefs, intuitions, and habits of behavior. The task that faces them is a complex one, for conservative impulse, perhaps because of its intimacy with the contradictory actuality of experience, has taken a variety of forms—some of them seemingly incompatible. Philosophical consideration of the conservative position has had to face this fact from the start. Raymond English, Chairman of the Department of Political Science at Kenyon College, has provided a good guide to the various Western conservative positions, and all of them, in varying degrees of prominence, may be found in contemporary American conservatism.

First, according to English, there is *unreflective,* or habitual conservatism, the resistance of human nature to change in accustomed things. No doubt this emotion is common to all men, but its principal historical exemplars are the peasant, the soldier and the aristocrat, attached to their habits and codes and not accustomed to submit them to analysis. In an old Anglican phrase, each believes in "my station and its duties," and takes criticism of either station or duties as a personal insult.

Reflective Conservatism

Professor English then distinguishes among five kinds of *reflective* conservatism — conservative positions consciously held and supported by principle of one kind of another. No doubt these may shade into one another, but his classification is none the less useful for analytical purposes: 1) Economic conservatism, of the sort associated with Senator Taft, Prof. Milton Friedman and Wilhelm Roepke; 2) Romantic conservatism, meaning love for the past partly because of its *pastness,* and partly because of such non-Liberal values as heroism, variety, and communal loyalty as may be found in it. Burke, Coleridge and Walter Scott exemplify this mode in various ways, as does Russell Kirk today; 3) Skeptical or empirical conservatism, embodying a deep distrust of large "solutions" and attachment to a *modus vivendi.* Skeptical conservatives are likely to argue that the "solution" will cause as many difficulties as the "problem" does. This variety is found in Montaigne, Dryden, Hume, Oakeshott, and perhaps in Santayana; 4) Natural-law conservatism, which deduces principles of behavior from the fact of "human" nature as distinct from natures of other kinds. Conservatism of this kind is found in Aristotle, Aquinas, Burke, and, today, in Leo Strauss; 5) Neo-idealist, historicist conservatism as found in Hegel and codified by conservative neo-Hegelians, and perhaps found today in Eric Voegelin's conception of a "history" of order.

To Professor English's classification we might add still another and less definite category, which may be called "anthropological" conservatism, meaning the attachment—quite "reflective"—to a *particular* culture, and also the desire, both aesthetic and moral, to perpetuate it. This form pervades most of the others, and is found, for example, in Willmoore Kendall's defense of a social consensus against the idea of an "open" society.

Obviously, no one can fail to see the difficulty involved in calling all these things "conservative." Historically, the first "reflective" form, as listed above, economic conservatism, was the enemy of romantic and natural-law conservatism, and skeptical conservatism could, at any time, pour its dissolving acids on several of the others. Yet there is another historical fact that cannot be ignored. All of these different positions are to be found on the "conservative" side of the "battle line" dividing contemporary Liberals from their conservative opponents. On the actual issues that are now before us, the romantic conservative, the natural-law conservative, the economic conservative, and even the skeptical conservative, find themselves on the same side, though their reasons for being there are different. Skeptical conservatives like Burnham and van den Haag would oppose the Supreme Court prayer decision, as would natural-law conservatives like Bozell, Stanlis and Bredvold, or, for that matter, economic conservatives like John Chamberlain, and aristocratic individualists like Frank Meyer. On foreign policy, most of them would agree as against the Liberals. Such actual agreement among seemingly contradictory positions suggests that

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they have affinities too, or at least interests in common. As a consequence, conservatives of every variety have been endeavoring to analyze these positions, demonstrate their relationship to one another, and show their relevance to American life.

Burke, the Founder

"Conscious conservatism, in the modern sense," wrote Russell Kirk in *The Conservative Mind,* "did not manifest itself until 1790, with the publication of *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*" Until then, the "modern issues, though earlier taking substance, were not yet distinct. . . . In any practical sense, Burke is the founder of our conservatism." And Burke, in considerable part through Kirk's advocacy, has played an important role in contemporary American conservative thought. Kirk and such scholars as Peter Stanlis, C. P. Ives, Louis I. Bredvold, and Ross J. S. Hoffman, have devoted themselves to editing Burke's work, studying his career, and expounding his ideas. Indeed, the scholarly revival of Burke studies has been one of the important intellectual events of our time.

Burke's views, expressed with an eloquence that moved even his opponents, no doubt played an important part in preventing the spread of revolutionary doctrine in England. At the present time, the West, and the United States in particular, is a kind of *ancien régime* buffeted by a world both revolutionary and increasingly totalitarian. It is an *ancien régime,* moreover, whose official doctrines—egalitarian, optimistic, universalistic—offer but little resistance to the currents of revolutionary change. "We are living," Frank Meyer has pointed out, "in the midst of a revolution which is directed towards the destruction of Western civilization. Conservatives are by definition defenders of that civilization; and in a revolutionary age this means that they are, and must be, counterrevolutionaries. In many ways, our situation thus is analogous to Burke's, and the uses of his thought are obvious." "Burke was largely neglected up to 1914," as Peter Stanlis says, "because the great social issues which he and his contemporaries had debated were obsolete. . . . The modern world has witnessed the rise of new forms of military despotism and political totalitarianism, even more brutal than those of Napoleon and the French Jacobins, because reinforced by racial, nationalist, and economic ideologies, and by the power of science and industry."

Willmoore Kendall, now Chairman of the Department of Political Science at the University of Dallas, does not belong to the Burkean school of modern conservatism, and he has had, as we shall see, some sharply critical things to say about it, but he concedes that Burke did discern the issues that divide one side from the other in the world revolution—the issues, that is, that divide conservatives on the one hand from Liberals and radicals on the other. In a seminal article, written in collaboration with Professor George W. Carey of Georgetown University, he argues that "not merely in England and France but all over Europe and the United States as well [Burke's principles] seem to remain the great divide between conservatives and progressives." Drawing upon Burke, the authors characterize the issues in this way: 1) relativism versus principled morality; 2) equality versus hierarchy; 3) rights of man versus historic rights; 4) will of the present generation versus entailed inheritance; 5) redistribution of income versus retention and inheritance; and 6) atheism versus religion. Using these oppositions as tools of analysis, Kendall and Carey turn to the issues of recent decades (division of powers vs. plebiscitary democracy, minimum wage laws, expanded social security, property rights, the status of religion) and show that the six Burkean criteria still serve to distinguish conservatives from progressives in the United States.

In Russell Kirk's writings, as in Burke's, the idea of tradition has occupied a central position, and this has given rise to sharp controversy within conservative ranks. As against Liberals like Louis Hartz, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and Morton Auerbach, who proclaim the genial paradox that the American tradition is antitraditional, Kirk has tried to show that it is not. The American political tradition, he writes in a NATIONAL REVIEW essay, "is rooted in two bodies of opinion and custom: first, the Christian religion; second, the English and colonial historical experience in politics, with its fruits of representative institutions, local government, private rights, and the supremacy of law. We have been governed by a genuine tradition—that is, a body of beliefs passed on from generation to generation, as prescriptions, customs —and not by ideology, or rigid, abstract dogma." In Kirk's view, "Richard Hooker, directly or indirectly, had far more to do with the fundamental opinion of the Founding Fathers than did Locke. Americans have had no difficulty in agreeing with Edmund Burke for the reason that they, like Burke, have formed their opinions of human nature and society on the authority of Christian tradition." If the American moral tradition is Christian, its political wisdom has affirmed the desirability of "filtering democracy through a *variety* [italics added] of representative bodies" and in a "jealous regard for private and local rights." If we abandon this tradition, "replacing our territorial democracy for some neat scheme of central administration, then we may not succeed at all in meeting the problem of modern society. We may succeed only in breaking that continuity of custom and institution upon which rests any decent social order."

'The Public Justice'

Other scholars have been able to bring Burkean principles to bear in a valuable way when discussing current political issues. In a very important essay included in *The Relevance of Edmund Burke* (1964), a collection of essays by authorities on Burke's work, C. P. Ives of the *Baltimore Sun,* and a sometime contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW, addresses himself to the widespread awareness that "the United States Supreme Court and the rule of law which in theory it exemplifies are going through one of their historic crises." Reflecting upon the composition of the current Court, and the controversy that has surrounded so many of its decisions, Ives sardonically cites Burke: " 'It is the public justice that holds the community together.' And not in derogation of that statement, but, precisely,

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to fortify it, he added that 'the judges are, or ought to be, of a *reserved* and retired character, and wholly unconnected with the political world.' What Burke would have thought when justices of the highest court feel compelled to campaign, at least quasi-politically, in defense of their own prior decisions as judges, it is not hard to infer." After discussing a number of recent decisions whose ideological and untraditional character was at variance with everything Burke stood for, Ives goes on

Edmund Burke

very damagingly, to cite the criticisms that even Liberal legal scholars have felt impelled to make of the Court's procedure. By 1949, says Ives, "Thomas Reed Powell was reporting that one who read the then current justices . . . gets the impression of a company of independent essay writers rather than of members of an official body. In 1957 Alexander M. Bickel and Harry H. Wellington find that 'the Court's product has shown an increasing incidence of the sweeping dogmatic statement, of the formulation of results accompanied by little or no effort to support them in reason, in sum, of opinions that do not opine and of *per curiam* orders that quite frankly fail to build the bridge between the authorities they cite and the results they decree.'" In 1959 Professor Henry M. Hart wrote that the votes of the Court "are influenced more strongly by general predilections in the area of the law involved than they are by lawyer-like examination of the precise issues presented for decision," and concluded that "the 'failures' he and his colleagues detect 'are threatening to undermine the professional respect of first rate lawyers for the incumbent justices of the Court, and this at the very time when the Court as an institution and the justices who sit on it are especially in need of the bar's confidence and respect."

Demonstrating as it does the prevalence of the view that important decisions of the Court have proceeded from judicial will more than from judicial reason, and that, indeed, the Court has constituted itself a kind of standing Constitutional Convention, Ives' article doubtless will have, as it deserves to have, considerable influence. Only recently, indeed, conservative criticism of the Court has begun to find an echo in the more independent Liberal journals.

Russell Kirk's Burkean position is an important one in modern American conservatism, but it is by no means the only prominent one, and it has come under sharp attack from other conservative intellectuals such as John Chamberlain, Frank S. Meyer and the Reverend Stanley Parry, Chairman of the Department of Political Science at Notre Dame. How is it possible, Father Parry asked, to espouse a "Burkean defense of existing social institutions as the embodiment of the wisdom of the group," and at the same time write eloquently, as Kirk does, of the marked *deterioration* of those institutions? Since history, argues Parry, "seems to be moving in the direction the progressives prefer, it follows that we must keep a critical eye on history. We must, that is, attempt to change its direction. If, however, we are to evaluate and criticize history, we can hardly appeal to *its* prescriptions."

Burke on the Moral Law

A number of things can be said in behalf of Kirk's position. First of all, the conception of Burke as a thoroughgoing historicist who ratified as right whatever issued from the historical process—a conception upon which Kirk's critics seem to depend —has been rendered obsolete by modern scholarship. According to Peter Stanlis, author of *Edmund Burke and the Natural Law* (1958), the historicist view of Burke has been completely reversed since 1949: "the revelations of Christianity and the ethical norms of the Natural Law jointly form the foundations of his conservative, Christian-humanist philosophy. This is what Burke meant when he said that 'the principles of true politics are those of morality enlarged.'" Thus, Burke did indeed think that the moral law could be discovered in history; as he said, men "attain to the moral reason in their collective experience, they realize and embody it in their stable social relations and organizations." Yet the word "stable" in his sentence is crucial: when the moral law, the law that is in accordance with man's nature, has been embodied in social institutions, those institutions will be "stable," because natural. When they violate that law, they will have to be maintained by coercion. The law thus transcends history, but can be discovered *in* history.

Furthermore, though Burke could appeal more surely to the English *modus vivendi* than Kirk can to the habits and institutions of American society today, Kirk could nevertheless argue that in a real sense America today is "two nations." The regnant ideology, Liberalism, is antitraditional, as are its spokesmen, and those spokesmen are highly visible and wield much power. But the American tradition, and the majority of the American people, are conservative. What percentage of them agrees with the Liberal position on school prayers, divorce, abortion, secularization, admission of Communist China to the UN, oaths of allegiance, the rights of property? This distinction might indeed have been made more explicit in Kirk's work. Still, it is *there*, though partly obscured by his love for the past and his tendency to employ an elegiac tone in evoking it. Kirk doubtless would say that it is the task of conservative intellectuals today, as it was of Burke, to give articulation to the deep conservative feelings of the majority.

Finally, Kirk's appeal to tradition, properly understood, would seem to include a built-in opposition to totalitarianism. The tradition to which he appeals not only honors a source of authority that transcends the state, but also places a high valuation on freedom. Burke himself stresses the importance of the *small* social unit, and

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of private property, and Kirk identifies that "variety of representative institutions" and "territorial democracy" as central to the American tradition. No doubt we may understand his stress on "order" and "authority" as directed polemically at a Liberal rhetoric unconcerned for these things. It may well be true, though, that a good deal of the criticism of Kirk by conservative intellectuals would have been forestalled had he been more explicit, while expounding Burke's views in different historical circumstances, about the relevant distinctions.

Prof. Kendall's Views

Willmoore Kendall's essays possess as much stylistic as intellectual interest—for "it is one of the best kept secrets of our age," as Garry Wills has pointed out, "that one of [our] best prose stylists is Willmoore Kendall." Kendall is as much an artist as a political philosopher. One of the original editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, Kendall nevertheless differs in important ways from other well-known conservatives. His own conservatism, he says, "has no axe to grind for 'aristocracy,'" and, unlike Kirk's, "shies off the vast reaches of argument of Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*." He will "do no business with Calhoun. Or Babbitt. Or More." Having a good deal of stylistic fun, he distinguishes himself from some of the other conservatives: one must not expect too much, he says, from a "historian doubling in brass (like Russell Kirk); or from a young man, even a very brilliant young man, having his first go at these matters (like Stanton Evans)." Kendall "has sworn no vow of absolute fidelity either to free enterprise *à la* Mises, or to a certain list of rights *à la* John Chamberlain, or to a certain holy trinity of government functions *à la* Frank Meyer, or to revolving door mistrust of political authority *à la* Frank Chodorov." Kendall's conservatism, he says, is loyal to "the institutions and way of life bequeathed to us by the Philadelphia Convention," and, far from opposing "change," he would welcome it, provided it is in the right direction. Thus, he distinguishes between "'change' directed at the *development and perfection* of our heritage as *that which it is*, and 'change' calculated to transform that heritage into that which it is not." He opposes "not 'change' but change in certain directions" which he condemns "on grounds of inherited principle—inherited principle, however, which [he] values not merely or even primarily because it is inherited, but because it is the product of rational deliberation moving from sound political and moral premises."

Using the Federalist Papers and the Constitution as the source of principle, much as Kirk uses Burke, Kendall characteristically faces in a more detailed way than Kirk does those issues that are in fact and at the moment the subject of active dispute between conservatives and Liberals. The "issues that are important for conservatives," he writes, "are those that have been forced upon them by Liberals demanding certain 'changes' that would involve the substitution of novel principles for inherited principles." In an important sentence, Kendall argues that a "battle line" divides conservatives from Liberals, and that it "stretches from the bottom of the chart of American politics all the way to the top, passing through pretty much every issue that enters into our politics." And he thinks that what is at stake in the over-all war is whether the "Liberal revolution" will succeed in radically altering the nature of American politics. Nor is his use of the word "revolution" hyperbolic. He considers that if the Liberals win on all the issues that are in dispute "the American social order will not bear even a cousinly resemblance to that which is traditional among us." Issues which, as Kendall puts it, are now "up" include immigration policy (should our policy prevent further inroads upon our cultural homogeneity?); the status of our ethical consensus (are all ethical positions "equal" as far as our public life is concerned, or do we prefer some to others; and if so, are we prepared to make that preference felt?); equality before the law as contrasted to egalitarianism; and the balance of power between the executive and legislative branches of the federal government. In books and essays he has written on all these matters, but perhaps his most original contribution has been made in his analysis of the so-called "open society" and in his description of what he calls the "two majorities" of American politics.

According to Kendall, the "Great Tradition in political philosophy . . . assumes, with Plato and Aristotle and Hobbes and Rousseau, that any viable society has an orthodoxy—a set of fundamental beliefs, implicit in its way of life, that it cannot and should not, and, in any case, will not submit to the vicissitudes of the market place." Accordingly, the conservative, aware of the "orthodoxy" of America, its moral and political consensus, "views with horror the thesis of Mill's 'Essay on Liberty,' according to which a man can hold and publicly defend any opinion, however repugnant to morality, and still be regarded as a good—or even acceptable—citizen. And—to come to the main point—he regards the present clear determination of the American people not to permit the emergence of a Communist minority in their midst—their determination, as I like to put it, to place the price of being a Communist so high that no American is likely to pay it—as a manifestation of good sense that he can only applaud." If by an "open society" Liberals mean one that permits, as a matter of principle, the unlimited right to say what you please, "with impunity and without let or hindrance," then Kendall's conservative holds "that American society is *not* such a society, and must not become such a society."

A 'Regime'

Other conservatives, such as F. D. Wilhelmsen and Richard Weaver, agree with Kendall. Weaver observes that every viable society has a "regime"—his word for what Kendall calls an orthodoxy. As Weaver describes it, a regime is "much more than the sum of the government and the laws." It is these plus beliefs, traditions, customs, habits, and observances, many of which affect the minutiae of daily living. A regime "tells the individual from his early days, through his nurture and education, what is expected of him, how he stands with regard to this person and that, and what kind of social response he can expect from the choices that are open to him." But a regime as a way of life is also

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a "principle of exclusion. It is a way of rejecting what is inimical or foreign to the group's nature and of retaining what can be assimilated. . . The difficulty of most people who have been conditioned by 'modern thinking' is to interpret all exclusiveness as having its roots in injustices. But this is so far from being true that one can affirm that some degree of exclusiveness is essential to self-identity and self-preservation."

In examining this aspect of the conservative position, we must be careful about what is being said and what is not. Conservatives such as Kendall and Weaver appear to agree that because an "orthodoxy" or "regime" represents an accumulation of human experience, is a *modus vivendi*, and confers many benefits it is proper for those who participate in it to protect it in a variety of ways —they agree that sanctions against heretics are *not* a violation of true principles even if the position of the heresy eventually becomes incorporated into the orthodoxy. By definition, Kendall argues, there cannot be an orthodoxy without "barriers" and barriers will be felt by anyone who challenges them; and it is bad theory to deplore this. On the other hand, we should be very careful not to imagine that such conservatives as Kendall and Weaver are in favor of the suppression of all dissent. The argument really focuses on the Liberal *principle* of the "open society" as found in the work, say, of Karl Popper: the alternatives are not Kendall reminds us, the open society and the closed society, but the quite fictitious open society of Liberal fancy and the actual consensus society we inherit, operating on what the framers called "the deliberate sense of the community."

Kendall's famous essay in *The Conservative Affirmation* on "The Two Majorities in American Politics" is mainly descriptive and analytical but its motive is clearly to elucidate and so protect, the conditions which permit the "deliberate sense" of the community to emerge. He begins by noting that the same voters maintain "in Washington, year after year, a President devoted to high principle and enlightenment, and a Congress that gives short shrift to both; that even at one and the same election they elect to the White House a man devoted to the application of high principle to most important problems of national policy, and to the Hill men who consistently frustrate him," Kendall points out that an ideological distinction exists between the President and Congress, and argues that it proceeds from the different structure of their "constituencies." The Congress, he says, unlike the executive branch: 1) shows greater sensitivity to internal security; 2) is more alert to "self-interest," that is, "at least where domestic policies are concerned," and tends to equate the national interest "with the totality of the interests of our four-hundred-odd congressional districts"; 3) wants to perpetuate a "discriminatory" immigration policy; 4) is more concerned about the level of the national debt (and *therefore* about the amount of money the federal government spends, and *therefore* about the power it uses); 5) tends to be more willing to spend for "defense" than for "welfare"; and 6) has less animus against right-wing dictatorships, and tends to

act towards them on the basis of expediency rather than ideological commitment to democratic forms of government. The executive branch, for its part, "tends to favor each and every component of the current program (the product of what is generally regarded as enlightened opinion among political scientists at our universities) for transforming the American political system into a plebiscitary political system, capable of producing and carrying through *popular mandates*. As supporting this last "change," Kendall cites the fashionable proposals put forward by people like James MacGregor Burns: eliminate the filibuster, iron out inequalities of representation in Congress, eliminate the seniority principle in congressional committees, synchronize congressional elections with Presidential elections in order to reduce ideological discrepancy in the vote, glorify "Presidential power" and make the election of the President the central ritual of American politics. At stake in this tension between champions of the executive and defenders of Congress, Kendall argues, is the large issue of plebiscitary as opposed to representative democracy.

Conservatives like Kendall think that moves toward the "plebiscitary" democracy of the Presidential mandate would ultimately afford little protection for minority rights, which is precisely why the framers of the Constitution put so many obstacles in its way.

Mr. Meyer's Position

Still another position in the spectrum of conservative opinion is occupied by Frank Meyer, who has been associated with NATIONAL REVIEW from the beginning and is currently in charge of the book review section of the magazine. He wrote *The Moulding of Communists* in 1960, a volume in the series of studies on Communism in American Life sponsored by the Fund for the Republic; and, most recently, *In Defense of Freedom* (1962). In the former book, he draws upon his experiences as a Communist Party member to produce a penetrating study of the Communist mentality. *In Defense of Freedom* undertakes to set forth a conservative position both profound enough to resist the ultimate, and, indeed, religious challenge of Communism, and on the other hand resilient enough to preserve the freedom of the individual in a mass society.

According to Meyer, both modern Liberals and such traditionalists as Russell Kirk are victims of a peculiar nineteenth-century intellectual bifurcation. They inherited a fatally divided culture. Such nineteenth-century liberals as Mill, and such nineteenth-century conservatives as de Maistre, tried to defend indispensable truths, but in defending them forgot other important truths. In

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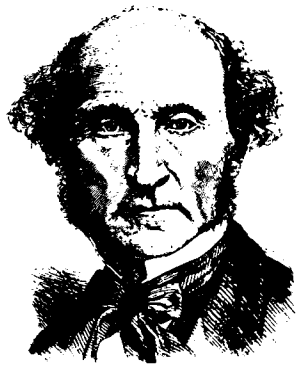
Meyer's view, nineteenth-century liberalism deserves our gratitude for its defense of individual freedom, but its utilitarian philosophy finally proved unable to sustain the freedom men like Mill valued, because the utilitarian position denied the validity of moral ends firmly based on "the constitution of being." In contrast to conservatives like Kirk and Kendall, Meyer thus admires much of John Stuart Mill, and is sensitive to Mill's own awareness of the dilemmas the utilitarian position faced. For modern Mill scholars, the drama of Mill's thought proceeds from his own awareness of the limitation of his position, in combination with his awareness of the value of his position. Meyer is in harmony with the best current interpretation of Mill in finding that his philosophy, though defending individual freedom, finally could not sustain the defense, because it was not grounded in ontology, in "the constitution of being." To say that Meyer considers Mill "admirable" would not do justice to the position he holds in Meyer's thought, which is a central one; yet admirable though such liberals as Mill were, Meyer thinks, they nevertheless (to use a phrase, and a very important one, that occurs in various forms in Meyer's writing) were living on the "moral capital" accumulated by beliefs they had rejected. There was nothing in their philosophy to validate the freedom they valued so much.

The nineteenth-century conservatives, in contrast, were sound in their fundamental philosophical position. They recognized, Meyer argues, "the objective existence of values based upon the unchanging constitution of being as the criterion for moral thought and action." Yet, though these nineteenth-century conservatives were right in their ontological derivation of values, they "all too frequently forgot about personal freedom. If only right standards were upheld, they were willing to accept an authoritarian structure of state and society. At the very best, they were indifferent to freedom in the body politic; at the worst, its enemies."

Both conservatives and liberals in the nineteenth century stood for valuable ideas. The liberals defended personal freedom, the conservatives moral authority. But the philosophical blindness of the liberals was fatal to



John Stuart Mill

freedom, while the political folly of the conservatives made their philosophical truths practically irrelevant Students of the nineteenth century will recognize that Meyer's description is true. He does not, because he is defining main currents, deal in any detail with the thought of such men as Newman, Lord Acton and, later, Chesterton, who also faced the freedom-authority dilemma. Yet it is plain that as far as the direction of nineteenth-century thought is concerned these men were outside the main stream. The nineteenth century, as Mill himself recognized, was "Bentham" and "Coleridge," reason and authority, skepticism and faith, philosophy and imagination, statistics and morals, self-interest and love. Modern interpreters of the nineteenth century have had to deal with the dichotomy. F. R. Leavis edited Mill's essays on Bentham and Coleridge, and he himself attempted to affirm the centrality of imagination, *i.e.*, literature: he calls it "the common pursuit." Lionel Trilling, whose thought has its roots in the nineteenth century, rests comfortably in an oxymoron: "the liberal imagination." Facing this same dichotomy, Frank Meyer has tried to bring into some sort of relationship the truths of both positions. It has been his undertaking to show that freedom *and* moral authority are "fundamentally in accord, that they are grounded both in the nature of man and in the very constitution of being."

Intramural Debate

Meyer's attempt to resolve the paradox of freedom and authority is an impressive one, and a number of conservative intellectuals, such as M. Stanton Evans and William F. Rickenbacker, agree, in the main, with his position. Perhaps not surprisingly, however, Meyer's position has also come under heavy attack within the conservative camp, and has precipitated an intramural "great debate" in which a number of important issues have emerged.

Brent Bozell's essay "Freedom or Virtue," for example, attacked Meyer's thesis that the "freedom of the individual person" is the "'first principle' in political affairs." If "freedom is the first principle in political affairs," Bozell argues, "virtue is, at best, the second one," whatever one affirms in the moral and spiritual realms. The final meaning of Meyer's position, Bozell believes, is that "virtue must be made as difficult as possible" by maximizing freedom, and that this condition should be brought about in society even while recognizing that "only a few men, if any, can be expected to meet the challenge successfully," and that "the proliferation of unvirtuous acts in the objective order is one of the prices that must be paid for the fulfillment of heroic man."

A number of things can be said about this debate and the positions that have emerged in it. For one thing, it is part of the attraction and interest of contemporary conservative intellectuals that they are willing to debate first principles. (When was the last time first principles were debated in the pages of the *New Republic* or the *Nation*?) The Liberals would seem to have agreed for so long on their assumptions that they have forgotten what they are.

As far as the rival conservative positions are concerned, we may see that the stress in Bozell's writing is religious, whereas his opponents seem more concerned with politics. Thus Bozell, and along with him Weaver, and perhaps Kirk, see the problem faced by the West as primarily religious in nature, and they ascribe the ills of the West to a crisis in faith. Meyer, Evans and Rickenbacker certainly would agree that the religious aspect is important, but they tend to focus first on the political crisis: the growth of state power and its indifference to individual freedom. The differences in their positions reflect differing diagnoses of our ills.

Yet it is also true that the two positions reflect differing strands of the

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Western tradition itself, and may even be correlated religiously with Catholicism and Protestantism. The great medieval poem "The Pearl," for example, tells about a child who died before the age of two, but who, because innocent of sin, immediately became a Queen of Heaven. In the poem the child appears in a vision "arrayed in garments white," "he beauty . . . shining clear," and explains that the innocent, though never tempted—*i.e.*, never having *chosen* virtue—gain salvation *by right*:

To Grace, if Mercy's aid be lent,
The guilty may be brought,
contrite:
But one to evil never bent,
The innocent, is saved by right.

For the author of "The Pearl," freedom thus is *not* necessary to virtue it is the state of being that matters The Protestant Milton, in contrast scorned "a fugitive and cloistered virtue." As he wrote in *Areopagitica*: "He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for . . . That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure." This difference, at root a religious difference, is bound to have as it appears in American conservatism, an effect upon actual political attitudes. Bozell, one assumes, would differ from Meyer on such matters as censorship and laws against vice of various kinds: as far as Spain is concerned, Meyer would certainly be well disposed to it on grounds of *Realpolitik* as a Cold War ally, but Bozell would find much to admire in such features of Spanish life as laws that foster Christian behavior.

Conservatives and Economics

At first glance it seems paradoxical that conservatives have failed, on the whole, to endow with imaginative force what, on intellectual grounds, must be counted one of the strongest—most completely and systematically developed, most demonstrably valid—aspects of their position. I mean the economic argument. Some immediate features of the conservative economic position do, perhaps, sometimes become vivid for the general public. There is a widespread, though amorphous, feeling about the virtues of private property that can be mobilized intermittently. Similarly, most people do understand that government regulation follows government money. But the more general conservative economic argument—that economic freedom and freedom of other kinds are inextricably connected—has not become vivid, does not to most people seem relevant to issues of immediate moment.

In part this is because economics is felt to be abstruse and esoteric, the province of specialists. In part, too, it is due to the fact that the modifications and corruptions of the free market frequently do not in fact have

immediate and visible effects. The country, after all, is prosperous; and though policy on taxes, interest rates, balance of payments figures, investment rates and the like are admitted to have profound long-term meanings, these meanings tend to be psychologically invisible. And beyond this, intellectuals and opinion makers, as well as the "general public," tend to be bored by economics: it is the "dismal science." The intricacies of philosophy or of psychoanalytic theory they will master; but they think of themselves as involved with higher things than money—with the imagination, with style and pleasure, with morality, with the life of the spirit. And in this feeling, ironically enough, they are thoroughly Western, and even chivalrous.

In medieval Spain, to choose only one extreme example, the ruling grandees consigned the care of money to non-Western enclaves, to Mohammedans and Jews, and regarded the details of finance as beneath their notice. Indeed, we can find some traces of this attitude in our modern social feelings. The "professional" man does not, we notice, actually handle money; he sends a bill, and he is higher socially than the man who does handle it and count it. The "higher" the professional man is, in fact, the less fussy he is about money. Surely it is no accident that the great *imaginative* modern economic thinkers have been rebels against traditional values—Marx pre-eminently, but also, and more mildly, Keynes. It is they who have brought the moral imagination to bear on economics; who have, in effect, been the great poets of economic theory, linking money and life, money and moral values. With fatal irony, on the other hand, conservative economists have been made to seem crassly materialistic, concerned with nothing but getting and spending.

This situation is preposterous, for the conservative economic position has deep moral consequences. It may be described, most succinctly, as a *presumption* in favor of the free market. The word *presumption* is important here: their position is not absolute and schematic—they recognize that exceptional circumstances may demand special measures. But the presumption, in their view, is in favor of the free market. In this the conservatives differ sharply from the Left, whose presumptions run all the other way—toward central control and planning from "above."

Wilhelm Roepke's Works

It seems to me that no one has defined the economic alternatives and demonstrated the basis of the conservative presumption more lucidly than Wilhelm Roepke, a European economist whose prose is as urbane and readable as Galbraith's. To the extent that an economy is free, he points out in *Economics of the Free Society*, production goes forward at the *command* of the consumers, whose desires, reflected in the market, are then reflected in the decisions of the producers. In the collectivist economy, on the other hand, production goes forward—in varying degrees, depending upon the extent of collectivization—at the command of the politicians in power: "The decisions as to what will or will not be produced [are] made on the basis of the thoroughly subjective notions of the leaders of the collectivist state;

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consumer freedom is at an end, and the population must agree to that use of the productive forces of the country which the dominant group in the government of the moment has decided is good. . . . What results is a thoroughgoing economic dictatorship which is inconceivable without a simultaneous political dictatorship possessed of the necessary means of coercion. . . . *Hence, to fight simultaneously for freedom and for planned economy would be to give evidence of a serious degree of mental confusion*" (italics added).

Part of the excitement in reading Roepke's works proceeds from the recognition that while he is as much aware of the discontents that arise from modern civilization as any thinker on the Left, he seems more able to make the necessary intellectual distinctions. Because of the extreme differentiation and division of labor, for example, we experience our economy as "artificial," "impenetrable," its decisions coming from remote sources. And so, since collectivism appears to many to be "the opposite of this economic system, they regard it as a foregone conclusion that it will deliver us from these evils. They fail to realize that a collectivist economic system can no more avoid the evils flowing from exaggerated differentiation than our own." Indeed, as Roepke shows, the collectivist system seems to exacerbate the very problems which its supporters look to it to solve. And he concludes: "Phenomena such as costs, prices, profitability, interest, and rent can in no way be construed as devilish inventions of 'capitalism.' On the contrary, they constitute an ingenious and thoroughly intelligible mechanism and serve for the fulfillment of tasks with which any economic system whatever is faced. Together they comprise that apparatus needed to achieve general economic equilibrium for which the collectivist state must find an equivalent though . . . the probability of its being able to do so is remote."

Roepke is far from supposing that the free market is immune to corruptions, and, unlike some advocates of free enterprise, he insists that government must be strong; but the function he assigns it is not, as in the collectivist system, the regulation of production but rather the repression of monopoly. "The state can effectively fight monopoly by energetically opposing restrictions of competition and by carefully avoiding economic policies which favor the formation of monopolies. For this, however, it is necessary to have a strong state—impartial and powerful — standing above the mélée of economic interests. . . The state must not only be strong; unmoved by ideologies of

whatever brand, it must clearly recognize its task: to defend 'capitalism' against the 'capitalists'" when they are tempted to take comfortable short cuts to profits.

Yet, the conviction remains firmly entrenched in the intellectual community that the world, including the West, is moving toward "socialism" —and, worse, that this, in a vague way, is a good thing. How odd it is, indeed, to meet intellectuals who espouse the most advanced literary, philosophical, or psychoanalytic doctrines and who at the same time complacently accept the demonstrably obsolete collectivist economic assumptions of thirty years ago. To change this climate of feeling will be difficult, yet to do so is surely one of the principal tasks confronting conservative intellectuals at the present time.

Christianity and the Free Market

Weirdly enough, some critics have argued that the conservatives' "presumption in favor of the free market" is at odds with Christian and especially with Roman Catholic doctrine. Irving Kristol has written in the *Reporter* of "Mr. Buckley's loyalty to two incompatible ideals"—Catholicism and the free market. "The two," asserts Kristol, "simply do not mix: one cannot believe that it is a duty of society to assist in the salvation of souls, while simultaneously asserting that the individual should have the immitigable right to order his life and his property as he sees fit." But this argument is hopelessly confused, and can be sustained neither logically nor historically. Since when, first of all, has a presumption in favor of the free market implied for the individual "the *immitigable* right to order his life and property as he sees fit"? Surely individual freedom is to exist *under law*, and entails conformity with the standards of civilized behavior. Just because one *owns* the dynamite one is scarcely free to blow up the police station with it. Furthermore, though it is certainly the duty of society, on a Christian view, to assist in the saving of souls, it is quite clear that that is not the only thing society is set up to do: the sense in which the man who fixes my flat tire is helping to save my soul must be very remote indeed. And if it is the duty of society to help save souls, why in the world should we assume that production at the command of a bureaucrat saves souls more effectively than production at the command of the free market?

Kristol goes on to speak of "Catholic social theory": but when has such theory deliberately chosen a system productive of *less* well-being on the grounds that it is better at saving souls? Feudal economics did not prevail with the support of the Church because it saved souls, but rather because it was the economic arrangement appropriate to its era. It is quite possible to argue, as some have done, that the ideal Christian life can be lived only in a monastery—or even on a pillar in the desert: but this is hardly *social* theory. Once we admit that one can be a Christian and also live in society, then the question arises of how we can best organize life in society. Thus the argument, obviously, is not between Christianity and the free market, but between two economic doctrines; and it turns on the question of which produces the greater well-being and which is most equitable.

If the political thought of leading conservatives raises metaphysical questions, the work of Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, a frequent contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW, concerns itself directly with them. In his early forties, Wilhelmsen has been a professor of

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philosophy in this country as well as in Spain, and may be described as a Catholic existentialist. Like other existentialists, he grounds his thought in actual human experience with all its vicissitudes and paradoxes. He believes that the "philosopher who would probe the being of the human person must never forget his history," and he would agree with Eric Voegelin that any valid account of the human condition, indeed any valid political science, must take into account the fact of man's experience of transcendence. If Voegelin's great work, *Order and History*, investigates the various symbolizations of transcendence which have been perfected by successive civilizations—and thus by taking account of all categories of fact, makes the study of politics scientific—Wilhelmsen, in his meditations on being, likewise refuses to ignore the facts of man's actual existence, to which, he finds, no purely naturalistic description is adequate.

"Any attempt to escape [man's] history," writes Wilhelmsen in *The Metaphysics of Love* (1962), "is bound to issue in a philosophy which will be irrelevant . . . because it will fail to illuminate the being of man as we find him in existence. . . It is *this* human person, the only one who exists, that I am interested in probing in the pages that follow." What follows is an analysis of man's being which draws upon Tillich, Heidegger, Ortega and other familiar figures, as well as upon some Spanish philosophers less familiar to us, such as Xavier Zubiri. Indeed, it is not the least of the book's merits that it makes us aware of Zubiri, who is considered the finest metaphysician in Spain, but who, though well-known in France, has been unaccountably neglected in England and America.

The Metaphysics of Love bristles with ideas, and ranges from an existential analysis of the *Iliad* to some fascinating speculation on the philosophical implications of Spanish syntax, but at its center is an ontological argument with Paul Tillich, who, in Wilhelmsen's view, "sees being principally as a tragedy conquered by self-affirmation, by what he eloquently calls 'the power to be.'" Wilhelmsen argues that "the ontology of Tillich . . . illustrates the division between the Protestant world which has emphasized the tragic sense of life, and the Catholic world which has given the primacy to *agape*." Wilhelmsen provides a brilliant and sympathetic exposition of Tillich's ontology, and though—finally—he rejects Tillich for the Catholic tradition, he does so with an intellectual grace exceptional among differing philosophers: "If I turn to an analysis of the thought of the Protestant theologian, I do so not principally to take objection to what he holds, but to learn from him. By a singular paradox, those insights of mine which have led me to differ from Tillich would never have been possible had I not gone to school through the reading of his own system."

Well, in the considered opinion of our most celebrated Liberal political journalists, views of the kind we have been examining in this chapter represent merely "the voice of the lumpen-bourgeoisie" (Dwight Macdonald) and "a forced and bogus petulance . . . insults to the intelligence" (Richard Rovere). The Great Dissenter, Irving Howe—not isolating himself once again (no *New Yorker* writer he)—finds James Burnham's writing on foreign affairs "as puerile as a Birchite pamphlet." But why crush such butterflies upon a wheel? The foregoing pages, whether or not they elicit agreement, surely have shown how fanciful such descriptions of American conservatism have been. On this point there is nothing more to be said. And so I would like to turn to the developing political and cultural situation in which we find ourselves, and make a few concluding observations about the future role of the conservative movement.

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VII. The Prospects Before Us

SERIOUS LEFTISM, complained Michael Harrington recently in *Partisan Review*, "is not as apocalyptic as one would like." With fair assurance, one can counsel him: wait.

In an earlier chapter, it was observed that a deep moral division exists within the West, and is reflected in the world at large, as in the nation actually divided by an armed frontier. But even nations not physically divided are divided within themselves. In Italy and France the division has become institutionalized, and large revolutionary parties constitute states within states, their posture that of permanent conflict. Elsewhere the division between Left and Right is less formal, but still very much present—and each successive crisis forced upon us by the world revolutionary movement renders the depth of the division more visible, for the choices presented to us usually seem to be of an either-or character. Under the pressure of choice, Liberal opinion itself tends to divide into a Left (surrender) and a Right (resist).

In 1965, for example, the debate within the West over Vietnam showed how deep the division actually is. Jean-Paul Sartre, probably the most forthright as well as the most intelligent leftist in the West, flamboyantly canceled some scheduled talks at Cornell as a gesture of protest against our Vietnam policy. Explaining his position in the leftist *Nation*, Sartre made it clear that only the *rate* of anti-Communist surrender in Vietnam was discussable, not whether the Communists would be permitted to triumph. In a similar vein, Simone de Beauvoir records how she *rejoiced* over the defeat of the French at Dienbienphu by the Communists under General Giap, and provides a vivid example of the moral civil-war in the West: "The people I passed in the street [in Paris] imagined that a great misfortune had just befallen their country and mine. If they had had any inkling of how pleased I was, they would have thought I deserved to be stood up against a wall and shot." As Sartre himself put it in his famous "Reply to Albert Camus," "it will be incumbent upon whoever pursues the concrete ends of men to choose his friends, since, in a society torn by civil war, it is not possible to assume the ends of all."

Within the United States itself, a great many people (especially the intellectual community) made Sartre's choice on the Vietnam issue. In pointing this out, I do not wish to be misunderstood: I do not refer to those who questioned American intervention on tactical grounds, or felt that we were overextending our commitments—admissible, though it seems to me dubious, positions—but to those who presented their position in "moral" terms: who claimed that our resistance to the Communist takeover was in some way "immoral," and who condemned the use of force by the West while remaining silent on its use by the Communists. These people—professors, clergymen, writers and artists—in effect made Sartre's choice; though *he* at least was forthright, and refused to use that peculiarly hollow rhetoric which is the trademark of the American intellectual Left. The most unpleasant thing about these American leftists, indeed, was the fact that while willing to hand over fifteen million people—several million of them Christians—to Communist rule, they assumed attitudes of moral superiority. But then Christians, as everyone knows, constitute the one minority in whose persecution—in East Europe, in Asia, in Africa—neither the press nor the political Left is very much interested.

New Revolutionary Tensions

Until the 1930s the United States was largely free from a hard revolutionary Left on the European model. Our later and milder industrial revolution, our broad cultural agreement, our muted class conflicts, relative affluence, and freedom from invasion, our religious tradition and distrust of the great secular ideologies—all of these historical factors helped to insulate America from the forces of revolution. In this respect America, even more than England, has been special—or, from the point of view of the world situation today, retrograde. Yet no modern nation can hope to remain permanently insulated against the passion generated by an intense phase of the world revolution, and revolutionary tensions are now appearing within the United States. Significantly enough, in explaining his Vietnam stand in the *Nation* article, Sartre observed that he was refusing to visit this country even though he "had noted the development in the United States of an active minority, whose views I sympathized with, which has been participating side by side with Negroes in the struggle against racial discrimination." For surely the most portentous American political development of the past year has been the merging of civil rights and "peace" groups. This is a delicate matter to discuss, and most comment has steered clear of it. It has been dealt with at some length, however, in a previous chapter, and virtually every day's paper presents new evidence of it. And even Martin Luther King has come out against our intervention in Vietnam.

In March 1965, under the complacent headline "The Student Left: Spurring Reform," the *New York Times* took account of another important political development—the proliferation of Left revolutionary groups on the American campus. The major ones, said the *Times*, are "Students for a Democratic Society, the W.E.B. DuBois Clubs of America, the Northern Student Movement, and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee." The political climate in these groups is openly revolutionary, and their aims, the *Times* makes clear, "go far beyond such prosaic [goals] as voting rights and job opportunities." "The whole society," said a representative spokesman, "is run and compounded on lies." Though most spokesmen for this "new Left" appeared to be motivated chiefly by resentment against their own society, and to have only the vaguest notion of the sort of society they would like, some were more specific. In the opinion of Bettina Aptheker, DuBois Club leader in California, and daughter of the well-known Marxist theoretician, "at present, the Socialist world, even with all its problems, is moving closer than any other countries toward the sort of society I think should exist. In the Soviet Union, it has almost been achieved."

I think it is safe to say that we

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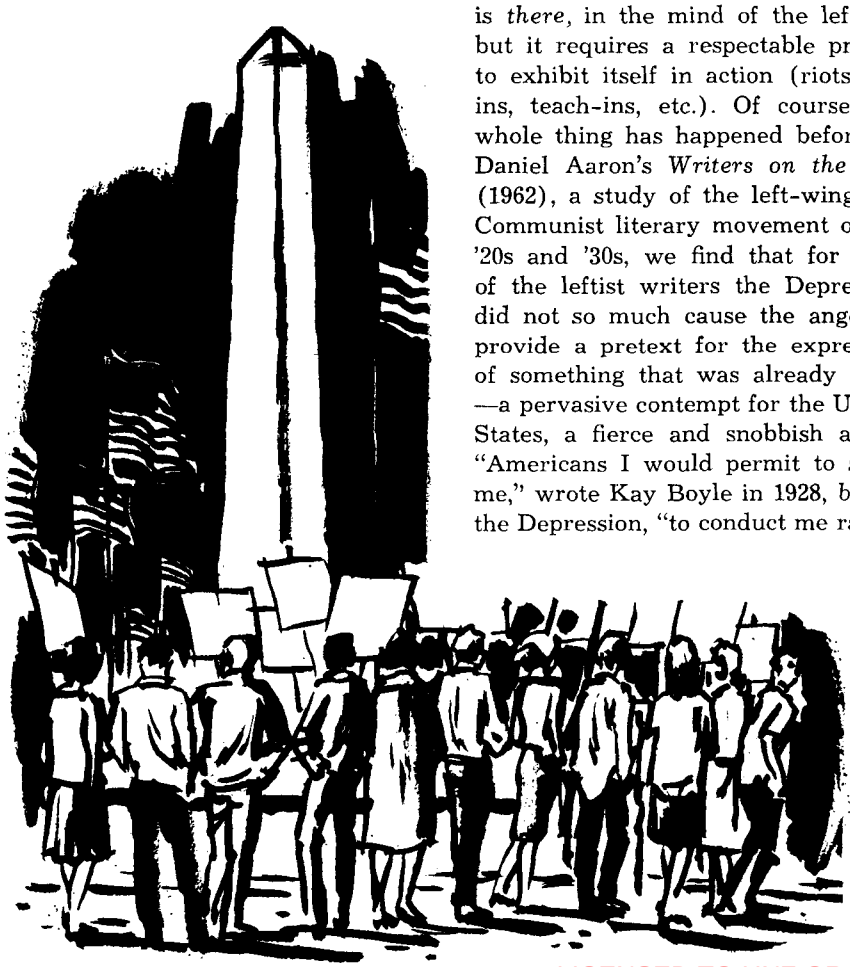
are in for trouble. Within the United States, radical resentment of this character will be energized by the prestige of revolutionary movements abroad, and it seems likely that American politics during the next decade, under pressure from the Left, will depart from its usual "consensual" character. What the radical Left has in mind, obviously, is the proliferation of those social infrastructures (student groups, intellectuals' committees, university organizations, women's groups, labor agitational groups, Negro activist organizations) without which effective revolutionary action would be impossible. Outside the United States the process has gone very much further, though in doing so it has also generated a more knowing and determined resistance. We may recall the anti-NATO demonstrations against General Ridgway in Paris in 1951, the rioting in Latin America against Nixon in 1959, the anti-Eisenhower riots in Tokyo in 1960, the violent and slanderous protests against the visit of the Greek Queen to London in 1963. The student picketing of the White House over Vietnam—15,000 very professionally organized and bussed to the capital—may be regarded as only a kind of dress rehearsal for the real thing.



A New Proletariat

I do not think it has been pointed out that this resurgence of revolutionary anger in America was foreshadowed by a shift that occurred in the mood of the literary and intellectual world during the late 1950s, and that thrust to the center of the stage the literary flacks and intellectual voyeurs of revolution. I do not mean to suggest anything so foolish as that this shift in mood *caused* the resurgence of racial anger, but rather that literary intellectuals, for a variety of reasons, were attracted to revolutionary feeling—and were eager to intensify it and render it more glamorous, and anxious to find a social basis for it. As Michael Harrington says, ingenuously enough, "a good deal of the recent activity on the Left has centered on the search for a new proletariat." Translated, this means: the revolutionary anger is *there*, in the mind of the leftist—but it requires a respectable pretext to exhibit itself in action (riots, sit-ins, teach-ins, etc.). Of course, the whole thing has happened before. In Daniel Aaron's *Writers on the Left* (1962), a study of the left-wing and Communist literary movement of the '20s and '30s, we find that for most of the leftist writers the Depression did not so much cause the anger as provide a pretext for the expression of something that was already there—a pervasive contempt for the United States, a fierce and snobbish anger. "Americans I would permit to serve me," wrote Kay Boyle in 1928, *before* the Depression, "to conduct me rapidly and competently wherever I was going, but not for one moment to impose their achievements on what was going on in my mind and soul." This year, thirty-seven years later, she is signing petitions against the Administration's policy in Vietnam. What has changed? The hatred is the reality; the political fact is the pretext.

Naturally, the following remarks are only a footnote to politics, but still it ought to be recorded that, beginning in the late 1950s, a number of writers of a very particular character were thrust forward, "puffed," one after another—in New York. Installed in that great coiled horn (to use a figure of Hugh Kenner's), unremarkable cicadas, once they had found the right wave-length, they began booming like bullfrogs. They were not potent as writers, but they provided clues to the mood of culturally powerful circles. Thus, we had the beat season, the Norman O. Brown season, the Norman Mailer season, the Paul Goodman, Leslie Fiedler, C. P. Snow and the James Baldwin seasons. None of these writers was especially significant in a literary way: Mailer, Snow and Baldwin, for example, remained of interest primarily as novelists. Their vogue was political, and was understood to be so.

Our Anti-American Writers

What these suddenly fashionable writers had in common, of course, was an irritable rejection of America and of the West; 1) America is a nightmare—secede from it (the beats); 2) America is a vast fraud, and none of its jobs is worth having; Jack Kennedy looks like a Catholic who's afraid of masturbating (Paul Goodman); 3) America ruins your sex-life and its culture is literally carcinogenic (Norman Mailer); 4) America, as its literature shows, is incapable of mature sexuality and drives one toward a homosexual death-wish (Leslie Fiedler); 5) America is guilty of psychological mass-murder (a new political category), and is (you guessed it!) sexually deficient, *and* all of its values have to be changed—*only it's too late!* (James Baldwin); 6) unless either America or Russia gives up the atom bomb the world is doomed—and, after all, the Russians can't be expected

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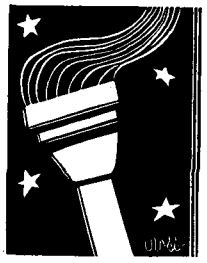
to give theirs up; and besides, you can live as comfortably in Russia as anywhere else (C. P. Snow); 7) life in society, any society, is impossibly painful—so we should toss it off and return to the polymorphous sexuality of infants; back then we were happy and not aggressive—*i.e.*, man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains (Norman O. Brown).

This sort of thing has been highly fashionable in literary-intellectual circles during the past decade. To this has the Revolution come. Alas, Bakunin! Alas, Marx! But then this was its intellectual destiny. Its political destiny is another matter, and what presents itself as a farce may end as a tragedy.

Fragmentation of Liberalism

I wrote of the tendency of Liberal opinion to fragment into a Left and a Right under the pressure of actual choices. Because the choices pressed upon us are frequently of an either-or character, a "third" position becomes, increasingly, illusory. Should the Communists be resisted in Greece, or should they not be? Should they be allowed to take over in Cuba or not? In Venezuela? In Vietnam? Only when this question is answered in the negative does discussion become relevant on the anti-Communist side about possible courses of action. But there is no "third" answer to the question. Once again the example of Sartre is useful, this time in his symbolic break with Camus. "While Sartre believed in the truth of socialism," writes Simone de Beauvoir, "Camus became a more and more resolute champion of bourgeois values; *The Rebel* was his statement of solidarity with them. A neutralist position between the two blocs had become impossible; Sartre therefore drew nearer to the USSR; Camus hated the Russians, *and although he did not like the United States, he went over, practically speaking, to the American side.*" (Italics added.) As both Sartre and Camus understood—and Camus, of course, was very far to the Left—the aggressive nature of the revolutionary enterprise ruled out any "third" position. Turning from this symbolic dispute among intellectuals to the choices that actually present themselves to policy-makers, we see the same dichotomy emerge. Thus, in both the Dominican Republic and Vietnam, a liberal Democratic Administration—faced with a choice between Communist takeover and resistance—adopted in its entirety the "extremist" foreign policy it had denounced during the 1964 Presidential election campaign. It adopted this policy with broad popular support, and



with the support of conservative congressmen—but it came under violent attack from its own Liberal intellectual supporters. This situation may be taken as paradigmatic: there *is* no distinctively Liberal mode of resistance, and when a Liberal policymaker does choose to resist he merely adopts the policies of his conservative opponents.

Odd as the notion may seem at first, the political circumstance in which Liberalism finds itself may be illuminated by comparing it in key respects with the religious dilemma faced by John Henry Newman in the middle of the nineteenth century. We might even view it as the *secularization* of that religious dilemma. Newman, attempting to pursue a "middle way" between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, came to understand that the Anglican "middle way" in actuality contained no principle upon which, as he said, churchmen could take their stand. The supposed "middle way" was simply the uneasy meeting-place of contradictory tendencies, and in practice more hospitable to "liberalization"—even to skepticism and rationalism—than to doctrinal strictness. In the famous controversy over the Jerusalem bishopric, Newman saw the Anglican Church willing to overlook its own fundamental doctrines: it "actually was courting an intercommunion with Protestant Prussia and the heresy of the Orientals. The Anglican Church might have the apostolical succession, as had the monophysites: but such acts as were in progress led me to the gravest suspicion, not that it would soon cease to be a church, but that it had never been a church at all." In Newman's view, the "middle way" was hospitable to positions quite contradictory to its own supposed nature.

Moving into the political arena, we may see that Liberalism also presents itself as a "middle way," but that under pressure from the hard Left it tends to fragment—part moving in the direction of Sartre, another part moving toward the Right. The suspicion that arises about Liberalism therefore is a deep one, and goes beyond the question of whether its characteristic attitudes—its universalism, its minimizing of privacy, its faith in progress, its secularism—are *relevant* to our real problems, to widespread anomie and alienation, to the breakdown of community, to the attenuation of moral sanction. Clearly, Liberalism is not relevant.

The deeper question, suggested by the evocation of Newman's dilemma, is whether Liberalism, despite its all too familiar attitudes and the iron predictability of its spokesmen, has ever existed as a position, except in a derivative way—as a criticism of one thing, and as a tendency toward another—but, in itself, nothing. Upon examination, even such classic and valuable Liberal positions as Mill's on the virtues of "discussion" would appear to assume a prior agreement on fundamentals among those participating in the discussion. What is there really to discuss with a man whose assumptions and goals are totally different from one's own—who denies, to choose the extreme case, one's right to exist? Or what would be the value of a political discussion with Sartre, who has already made a considered choice that is thoroughly consistent with his assumptions? No "information" would change his position. He was perfectly right, and quite unsentimental, in refusing to come to the United States. Among those who enjoy a broad agreement on their interests and goals, the sort of discussion Mill had in mind is useful indeed, and certainly can be a mode of illumination. But because Mill's position in this matter seems to depend upon broad prior agreement—in point of fact, on the existence of a common civilization—and because there is nothing in his position capable of generating or sustaining such a civilization, his position comes to seem merely an attractive, indeed a desirable, derivative.

To point to the derivative nature of Liberalism and its tendency to fragment under the pressure of actual

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choices is to suggest, as well, the proper role of conservatism as an intellectual movement in the decades ahead. As Liberalism disintegrates part will become, as K. R. Minogue puts it, increasingly "visionary"—will move toward the far Left. But another part will move to the Right. We have seen the division open over foreign policy. It is certain to do so over domestic policy, and it is part of the logic of the situation that the hard Left will strike first not at Republicans and conservatives but at that complacent agency of our uneasy consensus, the Democratic Party—perhaps through some divisive dispute over the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. Because, under a variety of revolutionary pressures, Liberalism will fragment, it is extremely important that a coherent and articulate conservative position be available in America. For reasons set forth in the opening chapter, the conservative position, latent though it is in our civilization, has only recently begun to receive significant articulation. The tone of the literary world continues to be set by *soi-disant* Marxists and intellectual revolutionaries; the communications media and the academy continue to be far more open to the Left than to the Right. As a result, it is, as Whittaker Chambers once wrote, "almost impossible to communicate anything outside the stimulus and tone range of the bonging [Liberal] bell." Nevertheless, the effort is being made. And surely, the cause is not hopeless. England stood out against the revolutionary frenzy in 1789—and in so doing performed a great service for civilization. With sufficient determination and intelligence, we can do the same thing today.

An Alternative

To this conservative effort, NATIONAL REVIEW has made a most important contribution. Not only has it provided a demonstration for the community at large that a coherent conservative case can be put forward with wit, style, and intellectual force—and even discovered a satirist of original genius in Kreuttner—but it has, within the conservative movement itself, acted as an agent of education and intellectual refinement. By bringing together the different conservative spokesmen, it has forced them to take serious account of one another, and, in consequence, to refine and deepen their own positions. Russell Kirk's writing, for example, has shown an increasing appreciation of the role of economics, and he has thus added to and complicated his traditional position. Frank Meyer, on the other hand, has modified some of his earlier positions to take account of the claims of continuity and community. Furthermore, as the only conservative journal with a substantial circulation, it has been able to perform intellectual services which, policies aside, are good in themselves. The book section, for example, has maintained a consistently high quality and discovered some striking new reviewers—such as Wills, Davenport and Didion; but its particular strength lies in the fact that it calls attention to its authors who are usually greeted with silence or perfunctory dismissal in even the abler Liberal journals. It is in NATIONAL REVIEW that one can find an intelligent account of new books by, say, Eric Voegelin, Christopher Dawson, Charles Williams or Frederick D. Wilhelmsen. An entire area of intellectual concern is thus rescued from an entirely intentional neglect.

To be sure, NATIONAL REVIEW has made some omissions. One would like to see in a conservative magazine, surely, a continuous concern for the conservation of the American countryside; all this should not have been left to Rachel Carson and Stewart Udall. Conservatives will also have to devote more thought to such things as city planning and the problems implicit in automation. Frank Meyer, speaking at the first national meeting of the Philadelphia Society—an organization of conservative intellectuals—pointed out how far conservative thought has come during the last few years, but also how much remains to be done—in historical scholarship, in ethical thought, in metaphysics, in political theory.

Everything cannot be done at once, and though a great deal does remain to be done, the conservatives have succeeded in bringing a sense of alternative possibility into our political and cultural life. There is indeed an alternative to the revolutionary Left and to a dissolving Liberalism—an alternative that is in harmony with our traditions and with the best that is in our actual civilization.

"As Liberalism disintegrates, part . . . will move toward the far Left. But another part will move to the Right. We have seen the division open over foreign policy. It is certain to do so over domestic policy, and it is part of the logic of the situation that the hard Left will strike first not at Republicans and conservatives but at that complacent agency of our uneasy consensus the Democratic Party . . . Because, under a variety of revolutionary pressures, Liberalism will fragment, it is extremely important that a coherent and articulate conservative position be available in America. . . .

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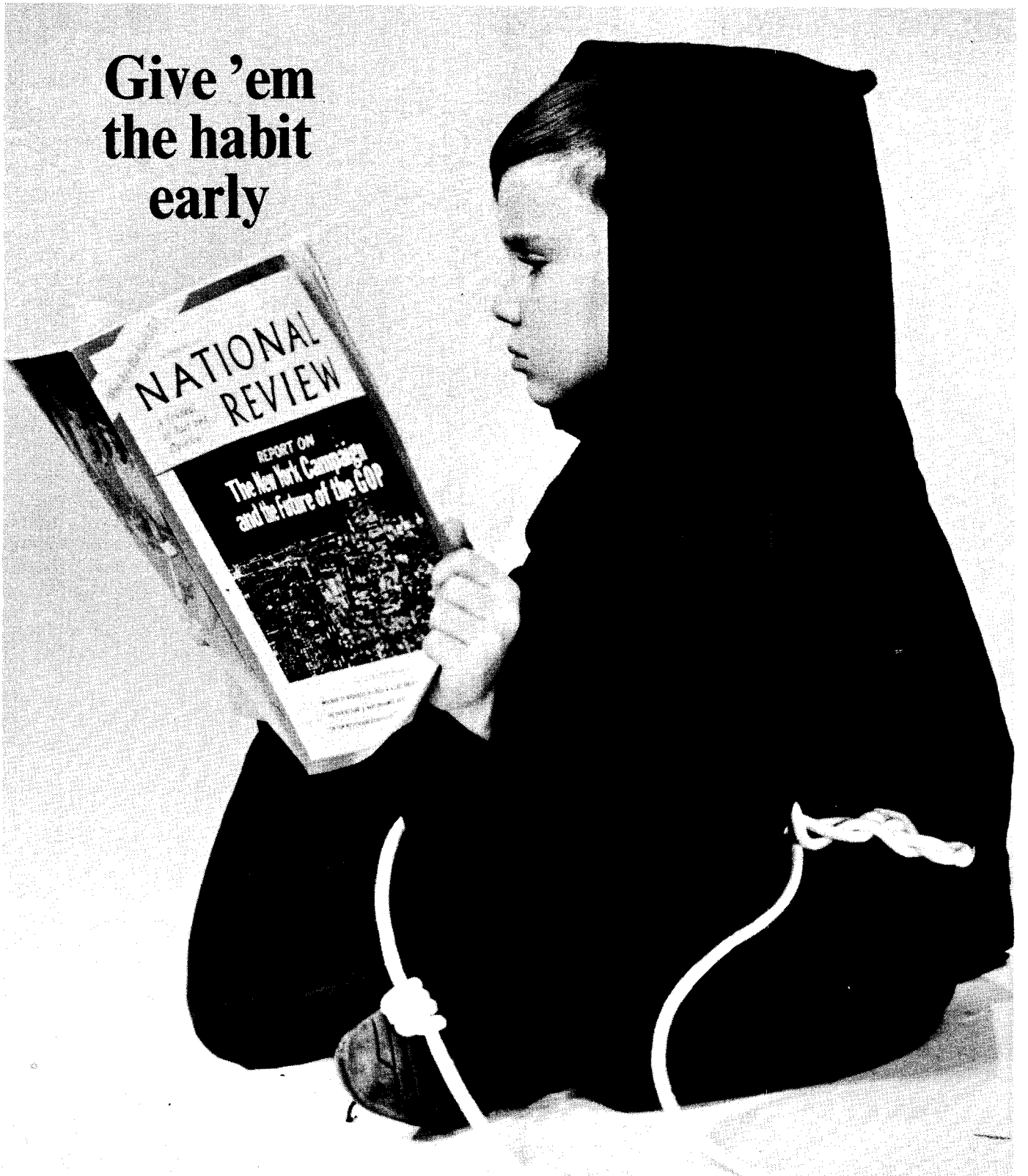

The best time to start reading *National Review* is *as soon as possible.* If *you* know bright young people—in high school, college, or whatever—who are *not yet* reading *National Review,* do them the kind of favor they may remember you for the rest of their lives: send them a subscription to *National Review.* You will be investing a mere $9.00 in silverless currency. The probable return: a golden opportunity for a lifelong interest. Introduce some young person you know to *National Review* now! Write today to

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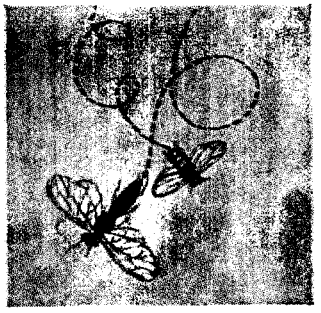
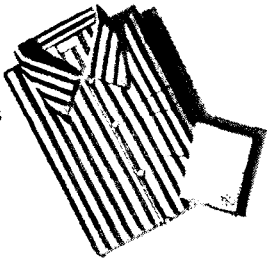
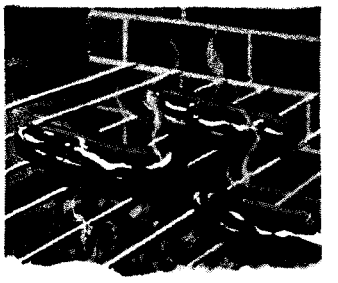


AEROSOLS KILL BUGS

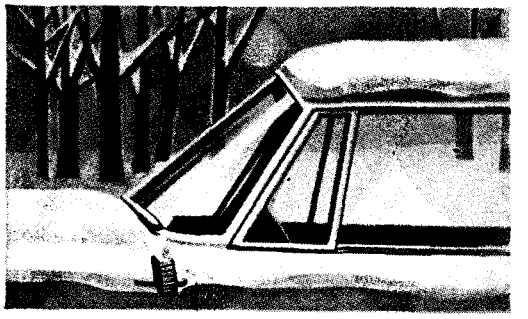


...STARCH CLOTHES

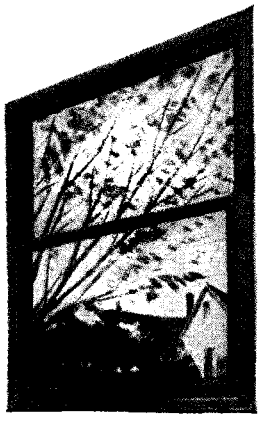


...APPLY BARBECUE SAUCE

...DESTROY FLEAS



...DE-ICE WINDSHIELDS



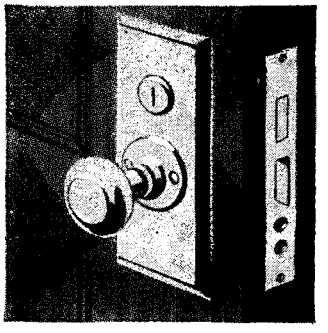
...SHINE GLASS

...CLEAN TEETH

...OIL GUNS

...TOP DESSERTS

...CONTROL WEEDS



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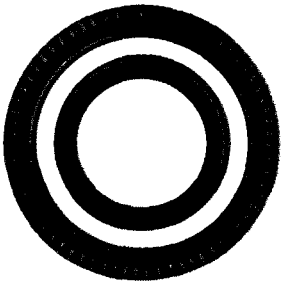

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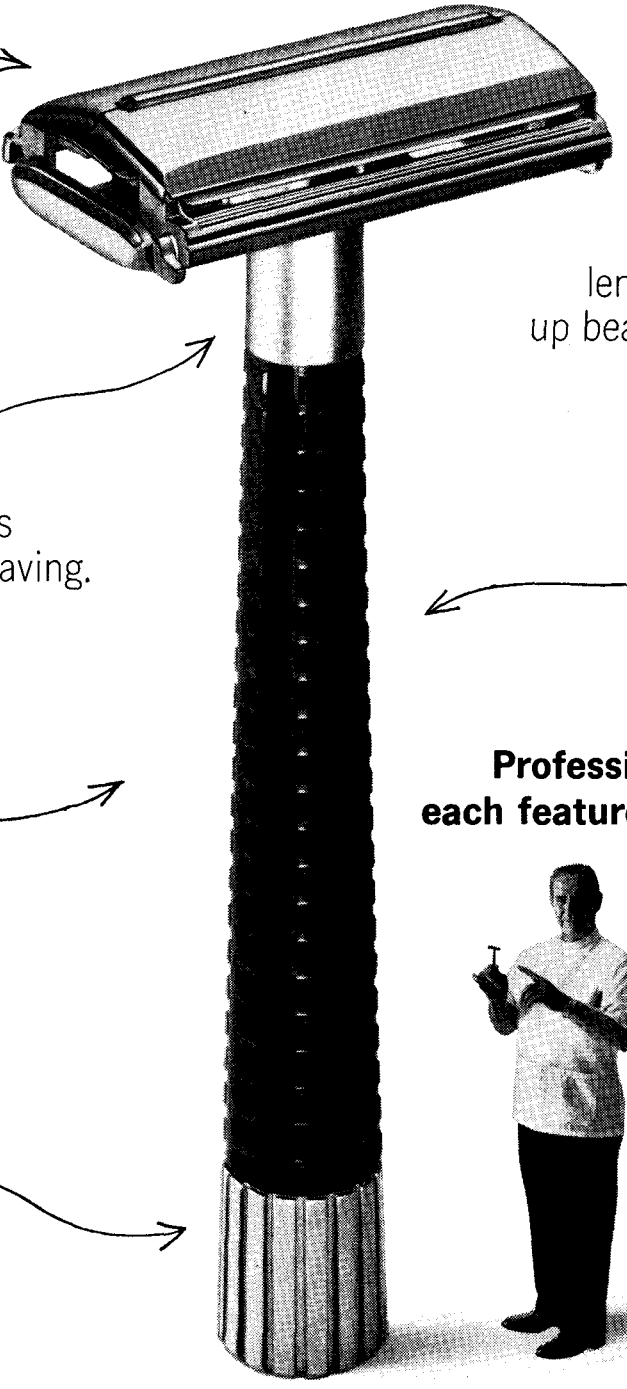

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PROMOTIONAL PULCHRITUDE: Among the attractive young ladies who volunteered to advertise National Review during the New York newspaper strike were (l. to r.) Miss Jane Metze, Miss Maria McFadden, and Miss Veronica Carroll. The girls got wide TV coverage.

Newspaper Strike Gives Magazine Chance To Use Eye-Catching Promotion Advertising

By ROBERT M. PATRICK
(Our Special Correspondent)

NEW YORK CITY, Monday — Magazines and out-of-town newspapers battled to supply news-hungry New Yorkers with something to read during the weeks-long newspaper strike — the city's second major blackout in two years.

Hastily-printed "strike sheets" and little-known tabloids also vied to fill the spaces usually occupied by huge stacks of New York's six dailies.

Some enterprising magazines, such as *National Review*, even put out special New York City editions. *National Review* sold out one issue with a novel — and eye-catching — promotion stunt: pretty girls carrying old-fashioned sandwich boards near high-traffic newsstands.

Spot checks revealed that many pedestrians, including an unusually high percentage of men, looked at the girls, then sought out *National Review* on nearby newsstands.

TV Gives Coverage

Mr. Richmond Davis, promotion assistant in charge of "Operation Doubledecker," was reluctant to give full details.

"It's not so unusual for *National Review*," he insisted.

When reminded that the attractive young ladies who carried his boards for him had made news themselves (at least three TV stations carried photo-stories on the off-beat gimmick), Davis relented somewhat.

"Well, you see, *National Review* is not an ordinary magazine," he expounded. "We just try to make our promotion fit our product: new, different, chock-full of appeal. That sort of thing."

His interrogator pressed Davis for other examples.

"Take the ad you're reading right now," Davis countered quickly. "Most magazines would just run some old ordinary ad, and end up asking you to use the card facing the page. You know the kind of thing I mean.

"Now *we* want you to use the card facing this page too! It will bring you quite a bargain, after all — you get a full six months of *National Review plus* an extra copy absolutely free — how can you beat that? You can't."

Entertainment Value Stressed

Warming up to his subject, Davis continued. "Of course most people today who are really 'with it' know that NR is a real good entertainment buy. So we try to be entertaining even when we are reminding them to do things like fill-out-and-mail-the-card-facing-this-page-today-because-you'll-never-have-a-better-opportunity."

When questioned about the small girl in the photo, Davis clammed up again. "I'd rather not talk about that part," he opined.

Why not? "Aaah, it was a cute idea, but it didn't work out. We made a special little board in her size — Toddler-4, I think it was — and set her loose on Fifth Avenue during the rush hour."

No Failure Involved

Was she a failure? "No, no, not that," Davis objected. "In fact, she stopped quite a bit of traffic, vehicular and otherwise. But she tired easily, and she couldn't carry enough of the promotional leaflets we were using. She also grinned too much.

"We had a top-level conference about it, and voted 7-5 to save her for our 20th Anniversary issue."

When asked if he would do it all again, Davis darkened visibly. "That depends," he snapped, "on how many readers use the card facing this page!"

Miss McFadden before her retirement.

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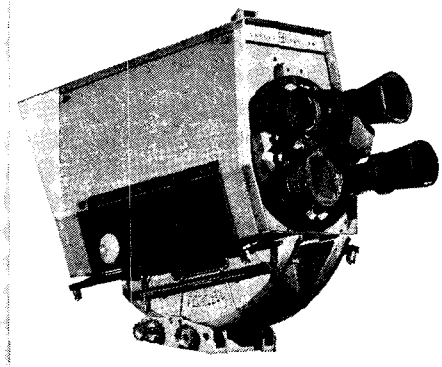
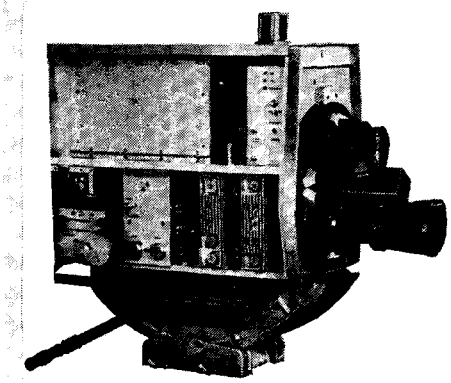


Impressive, designer-styled exterior. Clean lines, ultra-compact package houses field-proven Tarzian 3" Image Orthicon camera system. Highly portable. Easy to handle. Uses conventional camera cable.



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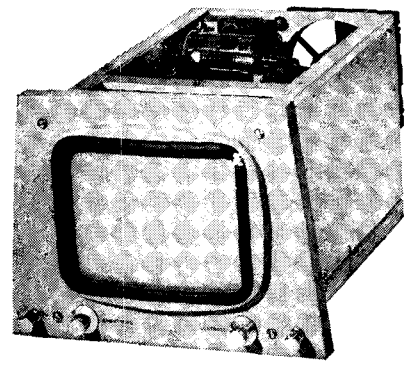
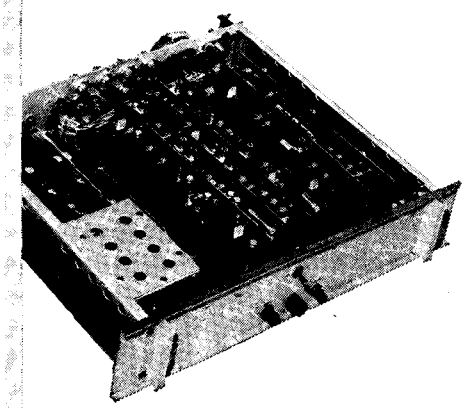


Plug-in, self-contained 8-inch viewfinder assembly, interchangeable with other Tarzian live cameras. All circuits accessible without removing viewfinder.



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Line repetition rate . . .	15,750 cycles per second
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Signal-noise ratio . . .	Limited only by image orthicon
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Output signals	Horizontal drive, 4 volts ± 0.5 volts; Vertical drive, 4 volts ± 0.5 volts; Sync, 4 volts ± 0.5 volts; Blanking, 4 volts ± 0.5 volts. Viewfinder video (external) 0.7 volts intercom audio.
Viewfinder size	8" tube
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The Growth of Conservative Thought

FRANK S. MEYER

No social and intellectual movement comes into being suddenly; there is always a slow preparatory period, culminating in premonitory rumblings, before the full release of creative activity signalizes the birth of a new outlook. The contemporary American conservative movement has been no exception to this historical law. It has been in being as a full-fledged movement in its present form for only ten or a dozen years. Its emergence coincides with the founding of NATIONAL REVIEW ten years ago this month—a coincidence which is not accidental, for such a journal could not have been successfully launched, it would have found neither the readers nor the writers, were it not that the conservative movement was ready to burgeon.

The intellectual preparation went on through decades of near-monopoly of the intellectual scene by Liberal ideology. It was the work of scattered and largely isolated writers with only this in common—that each was in his own way ranged in opposition to that ideology. These men and women represented, some the traditionalist, some the libertarian outlook, a circumstance fitting and proper since the contemporary movement of which they were the precursors is a fusion of these two streams of thought. Names throng to the mind, and it is possible here to mention only a few of them: critics of society and the arts, such as Irving Babbitt, T. S. Eliot, Bernard Iddings Bell, Albert J. Nock, the Southern Agrarians; analysts of political development, such as Rose Wilder Lane, Garet Garrett, Frank Chodorov; "premature anti-Communists," such as Eugene Lyons, Max Eastman, George Sokolsky, James Burnham; and a distinguished company of economists—but economists, Henry Hazlitt discusses in another article.

THESE WERE the precursors. They set the stage. Between the end of the war and the early fifties, three books (or so it seems to me in retrospect, looking back over those years) announced the rising of the curtain. The first was F. A. Hayek's critique of the moral underpinnings of what we have come to know as the welfare state. *The Road to Serfdom,* cast though it was primarily as a criticism of conscious socialism, penetrated and destroyed the economic and political presumptions of Liberalism. The second was Richard Weaver's *Ideas Have Consequences,* which brought to bear the whole power of a half century of intellectual criticism of twentieth-century culture upon postwar American society. The third was a strong, raw, young book, written by a Yale graduate just out of college, William F. Buckley Jr. *God and Man at Yale* brought together for the first time, so far as I know, the two motifs which, in their combination, were to be characteristic of the coming American conservatism: an individualist and libertarian critique of collectivist statism and a traditionalist critique of the spiritual depravity of Liberalism.

These were the beginnings of an intellectual development which in the past ten years or so has broken the stranglehold of Liberal ideology and served to form and guide the growth of American conservatism. Limitations of space make it impossible to do more here than give a bird's-eye view and to point to a few writers and a few books which impress me as having been the most influential in the hammering out of contemporary conservative thought. Such selection is perforce personal. There are many to choose from, and another might choose differently than I do. At any rate, let me plunge in.

First, it should be said that underlying the conservative renovation has been a reorientation in political philosophy and the philosophy of history. Here the outstanding names are those of Eric Voegelin and Leo Strauss. Voegelin in his still unfinished *Order and History* has given us a firm conspectus, free both of relativism and ideology, from which to view man in society. Strauss and his pupils have undertaken the colossal task of criticizing the entire development of political philosophy from Machiavelli and Hobbes to the present day, in order to re-establish in modern circumstances the authority of morally based political theory. His work began earlier but it has flowered in this period, with such books as *Natural Right and History* and *Thoughts on Machiavelli;* and the work of his pupils—among them Harry Jaffa, Walter Berns, Martin Diamond—applies his teaching on a wide front. A good deal of additional work has been done in these fields, notably by Karl Wittfogel in his *Oriental Despotism,* a masterly analysis of the sources of tyranny in society, and by Willmoore Kendall in a series of articles on political philosophy appearing in various reviews and journals.

THIS SCHOLARLY work has been the underpinning, as the actual day-to-day development of the conservative movement has provided the atmosphere, for the development, in controversy as well as in agreement, of a contemporary conservative position. That position has not achieved, and by the nature of conservatism never will achieve, a monolithic smoothness. It is, however, held together in tension by an essential consensus.

Both the tension and the consensus

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are readily apparent when one surveys what has been written. Between Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind,* with its powerful interpretation of the traditionalist approach to conservatism, and my own *In Defense of Freedom,* with its libertarian approach to conservatism, there is, despite sharp differences, an essential agreement on the major points at which conservatism challenges Liberalism. So Willmoore Kendall's *The Conservative Affirmation,* which breathes his own specific and unique approach, and James Burnham's *Suicide of the West* share the common consensus, however different their emphases. So also does the continuing discussion which has appeared in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW and *Modern Age,* as well as in the *New Individualist Review,* the *Intercollegiate Review,* and elsewhere, by such men as William F. Buckley Jr., Eliseo Vivas, John Chamberlain, Brent Bozell, Garry Wills, M. Stanton Evans, Thomas Molnar, Milton Friedman, Richard Weaver, Frederick Wilhelmsen, George Stigler, Stanley Parry, Vincent Miller, Will Herberg, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Ernest van den Haag, Stephen Tonsor, Gerhart Niemeyer. Specifically, that consensus in tension is demonstrated by the contributions of many of the above to the symposium *What Is Conservatism?.*

IF ONE TURNS from these contributions, directed explicitly toward developing the conservative position, to the general literature of conservatism over these years, the product is so rich and varied that only the barest mention can be made. Deepening and extending the conservative critique of contemporary society are such books, typical of many more, as Richard Weaver's posthumous *Visions of Order,* F. A. Hayek's *The Constitution of Liberty,* William F. Buckley Jr.'s *Up from Liberalism,* Russell Kirk's *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice,* Milton Friedman's *Capitalism and Freedom,* Gordon Tullock's *The Politics of Bureaucracy,* Arnold Green's *Politics, Recreation and Leisure,* Ralph de Toledano's *Lament for a Generation*—and carrying these ideas to the millions, Barry Goldwater's *The Conscience of a Conservative.*

In reassessment and revitalization of the American political tradition and its history, notable are James Jackson Kilpatrick's *The Sovereign States,* James Burnham's *Congress and the American Tradition,* Harry Jaffa's *Crisis of the House Divided,* and *Studies in Federalism* edited by George C. S. Benson. Nor can I conclude this short list without mentioning a superb manuscript I have recently had the pleasure of reading, that of L. Brent Bozell's forthcoming book on the Supreme Court.

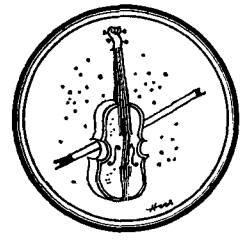
To these must be added as an integral and important part of the development of conservative thought a wide variety of books on culture, philosophy, religion, literature; among them are Eliseo Vivas's *The Moral Life and the Ethical Life* and *Creation and Discovery,* Hugh Kenner's *Gnomon,* Francis Russell's *Three Studies in 20th Century Obscurity,* Garry Wills's *Politics and Catholic Freedom,* Richard Weaver's *The Ethics of Rhetoric,* Thomas Szasz's *Psychiatric Justice,* Thomas Molnar's *The Decline of the Intellectual.*

I have not mentioned scores of books on concrete aspects of foreign and domestic policy; or on specific areas, problems, events; or numerous biographies and memoirs. I have, I am afraid, even in my discussion of the broad trends fallen short of conveying the strength and vigor and variety of these years of conservative growth. But that I can blame with pleasure on the richness of contemporary conservative thought, which defies summary that is more than indicative.

Lingering Tastemasters

HUGH KENNER

A PEOPLE'S culture comprises what they do, including what they do with their minds. T. S. Eliot noted that British culture included not only attention to the plays of Shakespeare, but also the preparation of boiled cabbage cut into sections. Tom Wolfe has lately numbered among American rituals the Destruction Derby, and among Southern California folk-artifacts the Kandy-Kolored Tangerine Flake Streamline Baby. Meanwhile *The Cantos of Ezra Pound* (to take a random example) has gone into its sixth hardcover printing, a most difficult book, steadily bought; and a corrected text of *Finnegans Wake* had a large first printing in paperback.



In Gary, steelworkers experiment with Hawaiian cooking. In Charlottesville, the place to run across a professor of Russian is the town's liveliest cultural node, a camera shop. In Santa Barbara, as the season turns, the classified ad page offers Scuba equipment in exchange for a hunting rifle.

Meanwhile our folk recreation remains connoisseurship of the antics of athletes and politicians. Comparison and analysis, guided by Imagination's achievements, instruct connoisseurship: we move toward a plenum where Johnson, L. B.—in Mr. Kilpatrick's phrase, the Pedernales Pericles—will gratify tastes shaped in universities and at bookracks by Jonson, Ben, master of the apodictic grotesque, and Johnson, Sam, articulator of Vanity. The real—dense and reverberant—exacts our attention, the sculptured fender, the tinhorn phrase, 400 horsepower, 2,000 ballpoint pens. It is idle to suppose, embedded in fecund realities, that we owe allegiance to a Culture having its eyrie at that producers' Aeolia, the Lincoln Center for Performing Arts, or that Medusa's nest, the *New York Review of Books.*

YET AN official account would number the emergence of these two among the cultural Events of the decade. We mount a perilous cliff, the account runs, while thunders grumble and rock crumbles; thousands at each halt relax their numb fingers and drop back into Mass-Kulch. Let us not, however, despair; two caves have at last been hollowed out of the cliff's face, into which thousands may crowd (not on the upper plateau indeed, if plateau there be, but in tolerable simulacra), there to contemplate Behrman, Miller

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(Arthur), O'Neill; there to masticate O'Brien (C. C.), Miller (Jonathan), Sontag: the best that is enacted, thought, and said.

And yet the *New York Review* displays the world's most foul-tempered correspondence page. What makes everyone who comes near it so cross? Precisely, a nagging conviction that its pronouncements are irrelevant to anything that is really happening. Archaic as a moustache-cup, it is already—was, from the day of its founding—a synthetic ruin, the terminal moraine of a movement that commenced to pass across the world in the eighteenth century, when for the only time in human history an entire civilization was being based on naked Taste, supervised by quarrelsome experts.

Those were the years of the futile Academies, and of vast efforts at centralization, as monarchy faded but left the tradition of the Center behind it. In those years anxiety pressed Taste into guises thin, shrill, legislative, petulant. Anxiety still does; thin, shrill, legislative, petulant, these are still four good adjectives for the Snow-Leavis quarrel of 1962, a raging as it were between two extinct beasts, each affirming the other's unfitness to be Czar of the Swamp.

FOR WHAT grows increasingly irrelevant is the concept of an informed Center: a Capital, an Academy, a focus of taste and perception. It is doubtful if there will ever be such a thing again in the world. The world is too intricate; too many activities have grown too interdependent. Part of the meaning of American history is America's early intuition that a capital city is essential for mere government, but should be looked to for nothing else. America for decades, bypassing the very conception of a Center, has been constructing instead a Network, along whose strands, which unite dozens of points, hundreds of discreet perceptions pass apparently at random, so that one can no longer hope to identify a group of Tastemasters whose monitoring devices catch (as Pope's did) every tremor, and whose judgment imposes (as Johnson's* did) authorized perspectives.

It grows meaningless to speak, then, of a decade's cultural events. The events we remember being promoted as cultural increments were nothing of the kind. They were rearguard gestures, rallies of thwarted Tastemasters, opening a playhouse or launching a magazine: merely doing such things, good things to do, but supposing that *this* playhouse, *this* magazine had at last some chance of being decisive. But nothing on the scale of the single event can hope to be decisive any more. Taste thrives on the particular; particular people cultivate it in themselves, people to whom, increasingly, wherever they live, everything that may interest them is accessible.

There will continue, of course, to be an official story of the Cultural Climb, with its pseudo-events: its new caves opened on the cliffside, at desperate expense, in the face of massive apathy. Other caves may be expected to be abandoned, and we will be told that some hope for Culture has died. We will be told such things so long as the ambition to be a Tastemaster can feed on memories of eighteenth-century dreams: the great reviews, the courts from which civility radiated. And governments will persist in their longing to be courts, so long as Tastemasters can whisper in the ears of bureaucrats. And government activity can be expected to prolong the nuisance of a dream's long dying. There is nothing like injections of fresh green currency for keeping illusions panting past their time. (Had there been federal grants for its advocates in 1800, phrenology would still be flourishing today.) All this will continue, and will matter less and less.

Meanwhile, culture will continue to be what people are doing, such as going to plays, even at the Lincoln Center.

*Sam: 1709-1784

Questions About the New Fiction

JOAN DIDION

NOT so many years ago, what someone thought about one novel or another seemed not only a matter of intense concern but a character index; strangers at parties determined whether or not they wanted to have dinner with each other by talking about *The Invisible Man* or *Lie Down in Darkness*. Now they talk about movies. They not only talk about them but write about them, read about them, analyze them to the point of absurdity; magazines like *Cinema* carry articles titled "Theme vs. Character in Vincente Minelli's *The Sandpiper*." To talk about fiction is in fact to feel a little démodé, as if one had been revealed declaiming Amy Lowell's "Patterns" with gestures.

Clearly some of this is only a manifestation of the same force that moves the art market and the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture; movies are not only more accessible than novels but somehow give the impression that they are the work of people infinitely more attractive and *au fait* than novelists tend to be. ("Writers are very boring company," a New York hostess quite accurately reported not long ago in Eugenia Sheppard's column.) But chic is only part of the answer, and perhaps it is not the answer at all among the very young, among those who once wrote "experimental" short stories and now make "experimental" eight-minute films instead.

I wonder if their fascination with film is not symptomatic of a certain failure in fiction during the past several years, a failure to maintain the excitements of technical discipline, not only so apparent on, but so inflexibly imposed by film. It would be difficult in the extreme to "improvise" a film successfully; the mechanics preclude it. Every setup makes a statement. When someone does achieve an apparently random or improvised effect, as Jean-Luc Godard or Richard Lester or Alain Resnais sometimes does, the effect has actually been contrived with great care, and no film-maker (with the possible exception of Shirley Clarke) has yet suggested that contrivance is by definition mendacious. Skill at contrivance is the excitement of the exercise, and it is the absence of exactly this excitement which seems so marked in so many new novels.

The writers of these novels would

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object, even if they were to admit that film now seems to many more exciting than fiction. They would insist that this erosion of technique in fiction is deliberate, the new note, the only authentic way to convey "a vision so contemporary it makes your nose bleed." (Actually that is what Thomas Pynchon's vision does to Bruce Jay Friedman, but it might well be what Bruce Jay Friedman's vision does to Kurt Vonnegut, or what Kurt Vonnegut's vision does to—never mind, but they all make each other's noses bleed.) When Bruce Jay Friedman draws a distinction between "storytellers in the old tradition" and "others who will tell you to take your plot machinery and stick it in your ear," between writers "who know exactly what they are doing and others who do not have the faintest idea and are finding out in rather brilliant fashion as they go along," there is no mistaking where he thinks the action is; "plot machinery" gives the game away even before we skid into "stick it in your ear," instantly recognizable as another example of that *joie de physique* diction employed by these writers to denote approval of one another. Similarly, Ihab Hassan writes admiringly of those (he is talking about Joseph Heller, Thomas Berger, J. P. Donleavy, and Thomas Pynchon) who are "relearning the old art of improvisation in fiction. . .they are repelled by the neat formulations of style or structure that formalist critics once pressed so hard."

None of this sounds quite right. Improvisation is no art but a stunt, and there would seem to be a vast expanse of possibilities between the academically "correct" and totally vacuous novels endemic to the fifties and the sloppily picaresque but just as vacuous novels of the sixties, between those "neat formulations" and *Catch-22*. (The author of *Catch-22*, not exactly incidentally, is quite often discussed in print by members of his coterie simply as "Joe Heller," "Joseph" presumably being too neat a formulation.) But no. One suspects that *Madame Bovary* would be a hoax perpetrated upon us by formulist critics; all artifice repels equally. For these writers it is always dawn on the barricades, and the town is to be stormed in Brooks and Warren. "Knowing how outrageous facts can be," Mr. Hassan notes, "they do not pretend to subdue them with a flourish and a symbol."

THIS OUTRAGEOUS-world-we-live-in is a persistent motif, as is the insistence that any attempt to subdue it, to control it, is pretense. Philip Roth sounded the cry when he complained in *Commentary* a few years ago of the American writer's difficulty in "trying to understand, and then describe, and then make *credible* much of the American reality. . . . Who, for example, could have invented Charles Van Doren? Roy Cohn and David Schine? Sherman Adams and Bernard Goldfine? Dwight David Eisenhower?" Everyone quotes that passage, and everyone agrees, as Norman Podhoretz does: "We do so often seem to be inhabiting a gigantic insane asylum, a world that, as Roth puts it, alternately stupefies, sickens, and infuriates." And so, according to Bruce Jay Friedman, "a group of novelists . . .have decided that the novel is the proper place to open every door, to follow every labyrinthine corridor to its source, to ask the final questions, turn over the last rock, to take a preposterous world by its throat [there we go again] and say okay, be preposterous, but also make damned sure you explain yourself."

This is all very well (and not very remarkable, its embattled tone notwithstanding), except that in point of fact very few of these writers are opening any doors at all, preferring instead to jump up and down outside shrieking imprecations at the locksmith. They slip in and out of voice, interrupt a series of one-line gags to exhort the reader on some point or other, shoot wooden ducks, unwittingly improvise themselves into cul-de-sacs where actual moral questions lurk, and then lose their nerve, go soft. The real vacuity of *Catch-22*, as several writers pointed out, lay in Mr. Heller's disinclination to go all the way with anything, his insistence upon having it both ways, all ways, any way his fancy led; for four hundred pages of *Catch-22*, World War II was a fraud and the only virtue survival, while in the last few pages we learned that the war was worth fighting but some of the officers were maniacs, a rather different proposition.

In fact the hallmark of this kind of fiction is its refusal to follow or think out the consequences, let alone take them; it is content to throw up its hands, cry that outrage surrounds us. This absence of moral toughness seems to me to determine the style and the structure of the novels, or rather the lack of it. To throw a picaresque character into a series of improvised situations is to stay as clear of a consistent point of view as one possibly can; all the old structural conventions automatically confer upon the novelist, whether he wants it or not, a point of view, a stance, a statement—just as the mechanical tensions of film do.

Of course this is a difficult problem. Everyone wants to tell the truth, and everyone recognizes that to juxtapose even two sentences is necessarily to tell a lie, to tell less than one knows, to distort the situation, cut off its ambiguities and so its possibilities. To write with style is to fight lying all the way. Nonetheless, this is what must be done or we end up maundering. We tell nothing. To tell something, really tell it, takes a certain kind of moral hardness; Norman Mailer has it, John Hawkes has it, and Bernard Malamud and Flannery O'Connor, and I think sometimes Vladimir Nabokov and John Cheever and Katherine Anne Porter, and Saul Bellow had it in *Seize the Day* but not in *Herzog*. Of course there are a few others who have it; of course each of them is writing to a very different point. But

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each in his way has that hardness.

These new writers do not have it and do not seem to see its value; to cry foul seems to them to be enough, and to cry it in their own controlled voices. Recently Bruce Jay Friedman, trying to illustrate for readers of the *New York Herald Tribune* the absurdity of it all and the impossibility of making sense of it all, described a day spent by a friend of his: "He kicked it off with a visit from his ex-wife, who brought over a bunch of poetry from her new lover for some literary criticism. Did it have something or was he wasting his time? Next came a date with the only homely model in New York, followed by an evening trip to a mental institution to see his new girl, freshly committed, participate in a dance for well-behaved catatonics."

This aggrieved, done-to note is typical. If the world played fair, ex-wives would keep both their chastity and their distance; "dates" would not offend with their homeliness; and girls would not go mad on one. The absurdity is in the telling, and I wonder if it does not suggest a failure not only of the imagination and the intelligence but of the maturation process.

The Development of Economic Thought

HENRY HAZLITT

IT WOULD be impossible for any one person to review and appraise, except in an impressionistic sense, the economic literature of the last ten years. In that period, literally thousands of books (not to speak of pamphlets and articles), technical and popular, general and specialized, have appeared on economic subjects. No one person could read them all; and even if he could, it is improbable that he could understand them all.

Yet certain generalizations about the economic literature of the last ten years seem reasonably safe:

1. It has been greater in bulk than in any previous decade in history.

2. The technical and mathematical part of this literature has been more technical and mathematical than in any previous decade. This means that "pure" economics is becoming more and more difficult for the nonspecialist or the nonmathematician to follow. There has been a similar unparalleled multiplication of statistical compilations and esoteric statistical methods. But how much has all this technical, mathematical, and statistical advance really added to our basic economic understanding? What is odd, and perhaps significant, is that the increasing technical virtuosity has coincided with an increasing absence of common sense, not to speak of an increasing disregard for elementary economic principles, in dealing with the practical problems of policy.

3. Most of the literature of economic policy is more Leftist, collectivist, and statist than ever before.

4. There are nevertheless definite signs of a retreat, in academic thinking, from Keynesianism.

5. Yet, in the realm of governmental policy and in the press, Keynesian assumptions and Keynesian solutions are more dominant than ever.

Before discussing the last two trends in more detail, I should like to refer to some of the outstanding economic books of the decade 1955-1965.

The most important general economic text since Ludwig von Mises's *Human Action* (1949) was Murray N. Rothbard's two-volume *Man, Economy, and State* (1962). Modestly declaring that his work would mainly attempt to "fill in the interstices and spell out the detailed implications . . . of the Misesian structure," Rothbard actually helped to unify and extend economic analysis further. This is especially the case in the treatment of rent, of the time-preference theory of interest—in fact, of the omnipresent role of *time* in all economic activity, and in a quite new theory of monopoly, in which he argues that there can be no monopoly price on a free market. Rothbard's short book, *America's Great Depression* (1963), was also a notable contribution. Mises himself produced three short new volumes—*The Anti-Capitalist Mentality* (1956), *Theory and History* (1957) and *The Ultimate Foundations of Economic Science* (1962). In addition, two earlier books were translated—*Epistemological Problems of Economics* (1960) and *The Free and Prosperous Commonwealth* (1962). A new edition of *Human Action* appeared in 1963.

Among other books that reflected a libertarian point of view, I must mention even in this brief survey: Israel M. Kirzner's *The Economic Point of View* (1960) and *Market Theory and the Price System* (1963), Milton Friedman's book of essays, *Capitalism and Freedom* (1962) and his monumental *Monetary History of the United States* (with Anna J. Schwartz, 1963). Two outstanding statistical works were *Capital in the American Economy*, by Simon Kuznets (1961) and *The Growth of Industrial Production in the Soviet Union*, by G. Warren Nutter (1962).

Books on particular aspects of economics that deserve notice are: Sylvester Petro's *Labor Policy of a Free Society* (1957), Martin Anderson's *The Federal Bulldozer* (1964), John Chamberlain's business history of the United States, *The Enterprising Americans* (1963), and John Davenport's *The U.S. Economy* (1964).

One truly great work that appeared in the decade was F. A. Hayek's *The Constitution of Liberty* (1960). This is not primarily a treatise on economics; it deals rather with the legal, political, and moral framework of all economic activity. It explores with unsurpassed thoroughness, scholarship, and rigor of reasoning, the philosophical foundations of freedom the proper scope of governmental power, and the requirements and limits of economic policy. Except within a regrettably narrow circle, its importance has not yet begun to be realized.

SHORTLY after the appearance of John Maynard Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money* in 1936, the doctrines enunciated in it conquered the academic world and have dominated it ever since. But in the decade beginning in 1955 a frontal counterattack was launched. In 1955 the present writer published *The Failure of the "New Economics,"* with the subtitle, *An Analysis of the Keynesian Fallacies;* a year later brought together in an anthology *The Critics of Keynesian Economics* articles written by some twenty distinguished economists over the pre-

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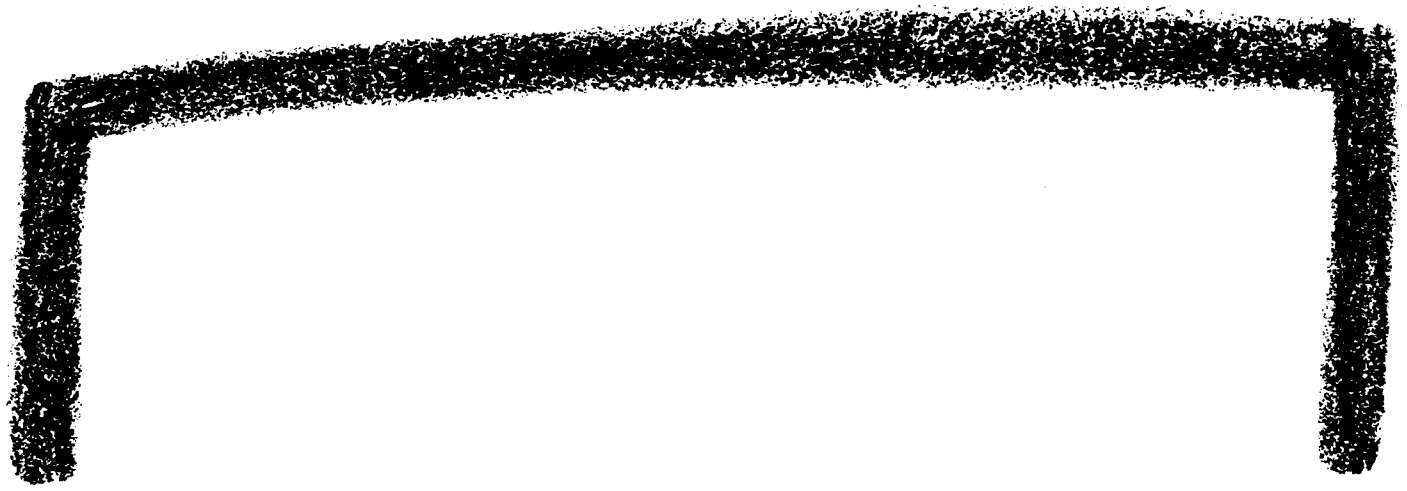

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ceding twenty-four years which directly or indirectly refuted the Keynesian contentions. Then, in 1963, Professor W. H. Hutt, Dean of the Faculty of Commerce at the University of Cape Town, published his brilliant and thoroughgoing *Keynesianism—Retrospect and Prospect.*

There are now, at long last, definite signs of a crack-up of the Keynesian ideology. I wish I could report that this is the result of recent criticisms of its internal confusions and contradictions, but the plain truth seems to be that it is cracking up because the remedies based on it are so obviously not working as advertised. What is happening is precisely the result predicted by Jacob Viner in the same year the *General Theory* appeared: "In a world organized in accordance with Keynes's specifications there would be a constant race between the printing press and the business agents of the trade unions."

It would be wrong to give the impression that retreat from the pure Keynesian ideology on the part of the leading Keynesians has been open and avowed. But it can be detected by the shrewd analyst. In an article in *The South African Journal of Economics* of last June, W. H. Hutt pointed out that Samuelson and half a dozen other Keynesians have quietly abandoned Keynes's crucial concept of an "unemployment equilibrium." It was precisely this, however, that they had originally hailed as "the shattering new insight" that had "wrought a revolution in thought." Instead, they are now explaining unemployment as chiefly the result of "money wage rates that are sticky and resistant to downward price movements." In brief, they have returned to the old "classical" explanation of unemployment.

I HAVE SELECTED for mention so far fewer than twenty volumes published in the ten-year period; my choices are necessarily personal, in the sense that these are among the books that *I* think do most to increase our economic understanding, and somewhat arbitrary because of the limitation of space.

I would, moreover, be misleading the reader if I implied that the bulk of economic discussion in the last decade has circled around the books I have mentioned. Vance Packard and others have enjoyed the greatest sales and attention—for books which give the reader the impression that American industry is chiefly engaged in turning out, wastefully and irrationally, all sorts of silly products that the American public does not need but can be hornswoggled into believing that it wants. And the most discussed and most influential economics book in the last decade has been J. K. Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* (1958). Where the older socialists told us that the trouble with capitalism was that it couldn't produce the goods, Galbraith told us that its trouble was that it was producing altogether too many, but they were all the wrong goods. Therefore, we should tax the "private sector" even more onerously to force it to support an even bigger "public sector"—i.e. still more public spending, more welfare-statism and more socialism.

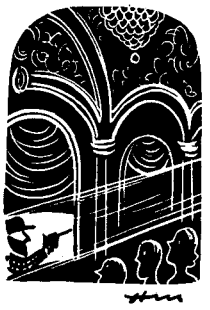
At the same time, those who were endorsing the Galbraith theme saw no inconsistency in also supporting the theme that the American economy was not "growing" fast enough. In any case, their remedy was the same —various forms of government inflation and other interventions to achieve this faster growth. W. W. Rostow's *The Stages of Economic Growth* was a typical product of this forced-growth mania.

The economic theory and practice of a decade cannot be judged merely from its books. While the original Keynesians were unostentatiously retreating in learned volumes and journals, almost every non-Communist government in the world was, and is, practicing Keynesian policies to the accompaniment of Keynesian rationalizations. These policies consist of continuous currency and credit expansion, artificially low interest rates, increased government spending, and budget deficits. When such policies result in inflation, in balance of payments deficits, and in rising prices and wages, the remedy adopted is not to abandon the policies, but to try to offset them by such devices as further import restrictions, penalties and prohibitions on foreign investment, price controls, "wage policies," and "income policies"—in brief, to further government controls that move in the totalitarian direction. And this is the current direction of government economic policy the world over.

Movies

Of Stars and Men

ARLENE CROCE



IT HAS BEEN a decade, for better or worse, of criticism. Critics who would have preferred to direct actually did so; many, having become directors, did not cease to write criticism. The role of critic-director was implicit throughout James Agee's career even if he never made the films he wrote or, through his reviews, rewrote. But the Agee Revival of the late fifties, while it did much for movies among the literati and anticipated directly the arrival of big-time intellectual cinema, marked a great divide of taste. In 1955 there were two serious film magazines in America—one had just been born. In 1965 there are something like twenty-two, but the films that are now discussed approvingly are rarely those which Agee would have thought worthwhile or, to use one of his words, decent.

Only one magazine, James Stoller's *Moviegoer,* carries on in the Agee tradition of secular piety (it is also the best-written). Its politics are leftist (the politics of decency), and the New Wave made politics and all things Liberal or British (the two were often synonymous) unfashionable—except for Italian films, where politics could be shown to have been exhausted. Political irrelevance became a hallmark of the new, hip European cinema, to which non-hip Anglo-Saxons could buy their way by cultivating a love of Alain Resnais, both hip and *engagé.* Resnais (*Hiroshima Mon Amour, Last Year in Marienbad, Muriel*) has an immensely cultured *dernier cri* charm; also,

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he knows, and speaks, of concentration camps and the Bomb.

The years are still countable since educated people in America began to admit the value of movies as an art and the status of directors as artists comparable to poets and novelists. This has been the labor of serious criticism. But those who preferred to think movies were made rather by directors than stars could not (for they sincerely loved movies) have wished upon themselves the unseemliness of the present situation: Director *is* Star. Only a slavish pro-director bias could have found more interest in Richard Lester than in John, George, Paul, and Ringo, and thus prepared the way for *The Knack;* only crusaders (which critics become when they are out to prove a point) could have raised Bergman and Antonioni so high, only to bring them so low.

The taste for directors reached its peak with the *Nouvelle Vague* of the early 1960s. The wars over who deserved to be called Director, or *auteur* as François Truffaut had coined the term, have now subsided; so have many of the issues (e.g., French aesthetics vs. British humanism) which gave heart to the battle. There are signs now that the taste for stars —physical stars—is making a comeback. Perhaps before the end of another decade there may even be enough stars to satisfy it.

THE PRO-DIRECTOR orientation in this country stemmed directly from the tradition of sympathy reserved for men who had to make films in Hollywood. Hollywood, a generation's dysphemism for Hell, was what one fought. Orson Welles fought it—directed, that is to say, in the independent European mode. So did Preston Sturges, though with less noise. Sturges's reputation today is bigger than ever, Welles's on the other hand grows smaller, because Welles, who always tended to make his films for Europeans, has himself become one. Sturges, who died in 1959, was untranslatably American. He worked memorably, if not happily, with stars (Fonda, Stanwyck, McCrea, Colbert, Rudy Vallee, Rex Harrison, Betty Hutton); Welles avoided them or altered them past recognition (Hayworth in *The Lady from Shanghai*, Heston in *Touch of Evil*), preferring his cast of Mercury Players from the New York stage. Both men were unpopular with the bosses, both went to Europe, Sturges to decline and die, Welles to become in truth the faceless conjurer of classics Europe had encouraged.

Other Hollywood directors have survived by staying where they were, using what they had or could choose. The will to independence is no guarantor of quality. Billy Wilder has the obeisance of the bosses (and of Bosley Crowther); he works at the top of his bent and turns out junk. George Cukor, a company man whose products are subject to the corporate stamp, is an artist who has never made a worthless film. The most venerable of American directors, John Ford, has been described (by its enemies) as "vindicating the Hollywood system."

To insist in advance on independence from the system is usually no more than cant, masking a nervous uncertainty over private ends and collaborative means — the difficulty, and to the professionally inexperienced the impossibility, of knowing *who precisely in the whole movie-mix did that.* In the higher criticism it is often the mark of compliance with the ethics if not the economics of Marx-

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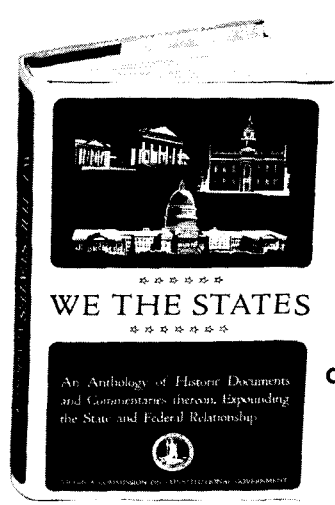
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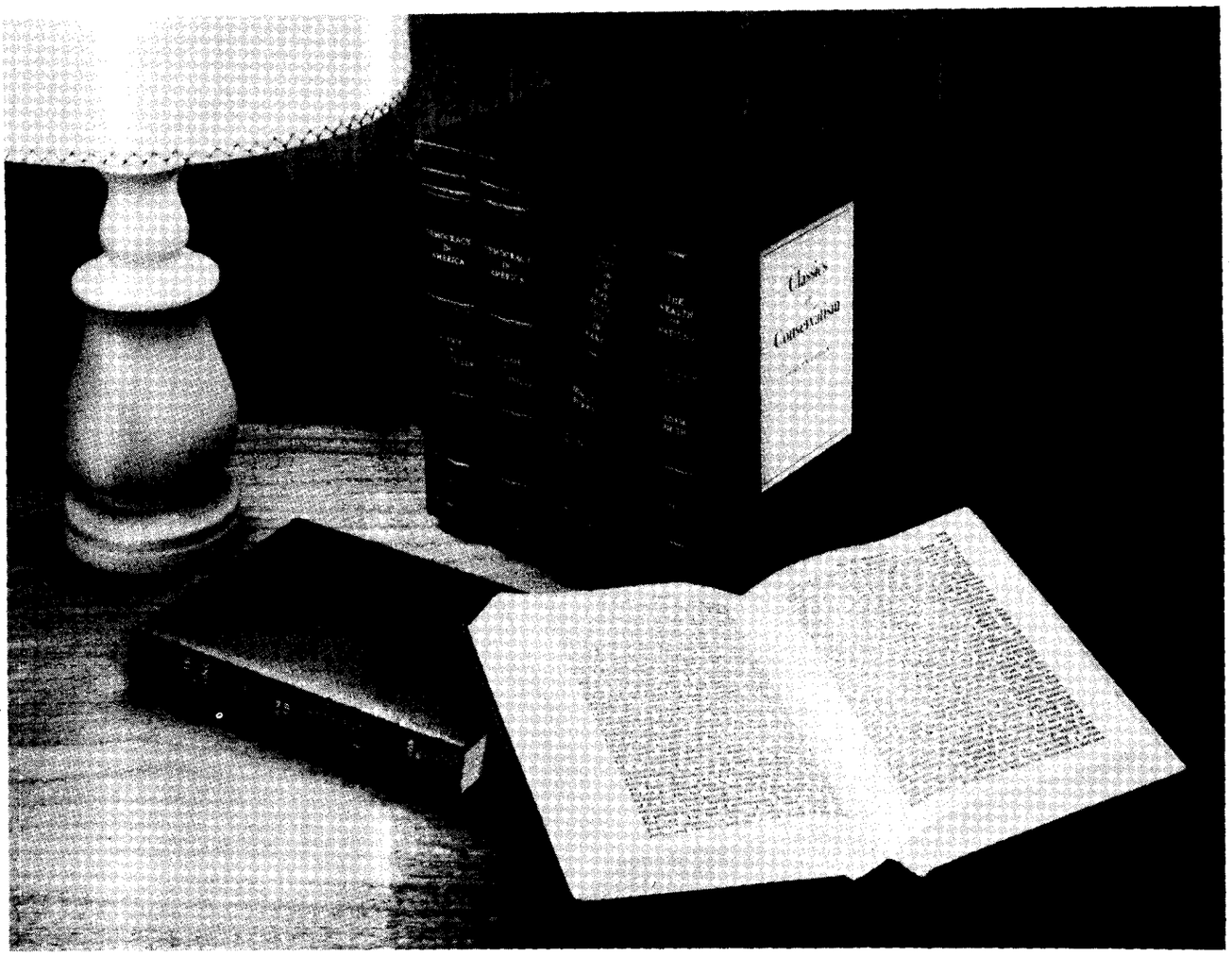

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ism; elsewhere it's a way of making demands without knowing what you are talking about. One hears less of the "director must be free" routine now that *la politique des auteurs* is sifting into history. Derived from a 1955 essay by Truffaut, which owing to shock did not gain currency in America until the sixties, *la politique* sought to locate all film phenomena in the catalytic personality of the director—which personality could express itself, ideally *did* express itself, whether the director worked within the system or not.

Truffaut's theory offended the British, especially as applied to the British-American Hitchcock, but was neither definitive nor exhaustive; nor was it meant to be. *La politique* was hot for a time as Truffaut himself began directing (*The 400 Blows, Jules and Jim*) and as his colleagues Resnais, Chabrol, Godard *et al.* began their rise. Their eminence, coupled with that of Bergman and Antonioni, gave movies their new intellectual focus, but the joys of seeing with the eye's mind were short-lived—rigor without reward. At the moment, vicissitudes of business and fashion have forced all but Godard out of sight and mind, and Godard is slanting downhill fast.

Godard's trouble is similar to Bergman's (than whom no one is more passé): for the little he has to say he makes too many films, thus outstripping the resources of even his most agile defenders. And as with Antonioni (whose films are too few), there is a lot to defend. It was in 1960 that the British journal *Sight and Sound* chose to satirize the continental *avant garde* by recounting the madnesses of a new young director called Puerilescu: "He is also fond of close-ups in which the head of the figure nearest the camera partially obscures the head of a second person. 'I feel that it is important to eliminate all inessential details,' he said. . . ." Which, if you substitute "wholly" for "partially" is an exact description of Godard's technique two years later, in *My Life to Live,* and of Antonioni's the year following, in the aptly titled *The Eclipse.*

Where Truffaut, Antonioni, Godard recede, Jeanne Moreau, Monica Vitti, Marcello Mastroianni, Jean-Paul Belmondo survive. Contrary to legend the stars always live on, whether in revival (see Cults: Bogart, Davis, Harlow, S. Z. "Cuddles" Sakall, etc.) or in royal succession. The public accepts Sean Connery in the star image of Bond and in no other, just as it wants Julie Andrews in *Mary Poppins* —not in *The Americanization of Emily.* Connery, it seems, is neo-Gable and Andrews neo-Jeannette MacDonald; whether they want to or not, they must, for a time, assume the throne.

The new star is not often an American. Hollywood in the days of Empire could and did populate a global cinema with native types, and so many of them as to constitute a cinema separate and entire. The star system worked not because of the system but because of the stars—the Cagneys, Crawfords, Gables we remember without caring who directed them. That is why it did not last. Hollywood fell of its own mortality, on the assumption that stars without directors made stronger movies than directors without stars. Today, emerging from the opposite error, we know that we should have taken both, that Josef von Sternberg was the brightest star of the constellation Dietrich, as Kurosawa is of the constellation Mifune, and even Eisenstein had his Cherkassov.

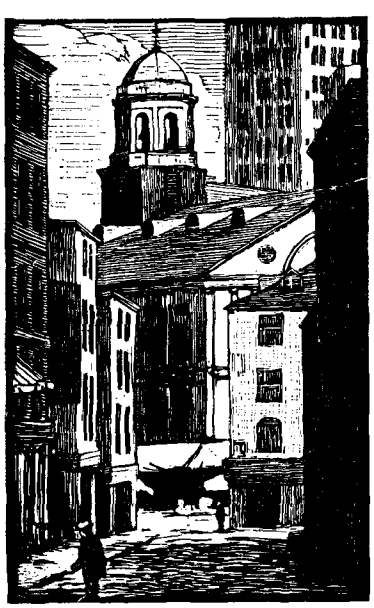
Take both. Take the film *by* Carl Dreyer and the one *with* Greta Garbo. And if Garbo, take by all means her "worst" — the despised *Two-Faced Woman* ("That film was my grave."—G.G.). You may be surprised to see how good it really is. But then, it was directed by George Cukor.

The Passing Scene

My Renewed City

FRANCIS RUSSELL

ODI ET AMO! Boston, the city of my childhood, to which I have returned in my middle age—or almost returned (I now live in the dormitory suburb of Wellesley)—is the only city that I really know by heart. When I first came back in 1948 after the war, it seemed a fading seaport with



no future but its past. The gilt of the State House dome atop Beacon Hill, flaked and peeling under a grey layer of blackout paint, symbolized the time and the place. City Hall with its pigeon-stained mansard roof had become even seedier in the years, although a very few sophisticates had just begun to say kind words about its universally condemned Second Empire style. There James Michael Curley, the most indestructible of bosses, still ran the bankrupt city on his dual technique of contract cuts and ethnic revenge.

Yet though my eyes were unaware, change, sharp and irreversible, had taken place two years before when young Jack Kennedy, the grandson of that Mayor John F. "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald whom Curley had hounded out of public life, had been elected to Congress from the old East Boston district that had once sent both his grandfather and Jim Curley to Washington. Curley—and Honey Fitz *too,* for that matter—could and often did raise a derisive laugh at political rallies by references to "that place across the river." That place was, of course, Harvard, the seat of subversion and inversion. But here was young Jack, second-generation Harvard, a clubman, Cambridge in dress and manner. That debonair, insouciant, new-mould congressman represented everything that a middle-class Massachusetts mother of Irish ancestry wanted her sons to be. When Curley died anachronistically in 1958, Jack became Senator Kennedy, with a roving eye already beginning to fix on the White

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House, and Curley's Boston was disintegrating under the bulldozers and swinging-ball cranes of urban redevelopment.

For decades Boston had had no funds for anything. Playground tennis courts were overgrown with plantain and pigweed. There was not even money enough to flood municipal Franklin Field in winter, where I used to skate as a boy. The Franklin Park zoo dwindled, the South Boston aquarium closed, the public convenience stations so beloved by Curley and Honey Fitz were being remodeled into florists' shops. Then suddenly urban renewal arrived. Not being a politician, I am uncertain as to how it happened, but overnight there appeared a Boston Redevelopment Authority headed by one Edward Logue, a stranger with a supposed genius at extracting the milk of federal funds from the national teat. Before long there was money for everything—for a new aquarium, swimming pools, a super-Gropius City Hall (where there had not been enough money to paint the eagle on the old), a Government Center, high-rise apartments, skyscrapers to include the tallest in North America outside of New York: the prospect at last—as Mr. Logue's public relations crew were happy to demonstrate—of an alabaster city gleaming undimmed by human tears.

Meanwhile much of Boston came to look like London of 1943, the same shattered brick, the gaunt walls with hanging plumbing and outlines of rooms stenciled on them. A Bostonian's home was no longer his castle after Mr. Logue had affixed his official and acquisitive eye on it. The message has begun to sink in. I have noticed signs in Brighton windows proclaiming that "We Want Our Homes," and "Logue Go Home" in an area that is to be demolished shortly. In Charleston, second only to South Boston as an old Celtic matrix, hostility to the Redevelopment Authority is strong enough to break up Logue-sponsored good-will meetings.

The rights and wrongs are not for my a-political self to judge. I must admit as I walk past the new Government Center sprouting from the foundation stones of Scollay Square, I have a certain nostalgia for that area so beloved of the navies of the world. They are all gone into the world of light—the Old Howard where the strip tease originated, the Imperial Hotel with its pastel of Gen-

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New York

eral Patton in the bar window, the New Ritz Bar, the Crawford House, the tattoo parlors, Joe & Nemo's all-night lunch, the "faint smells of beer from the sawdust-trampled street" that Eliot recorded later but first observed on Saturday night wanderings as a Harvard undergraduate. Yet I am honest enough to admit most of it wasn't worth preserving, just as I trust Mr. Logue is honest enough to admit that the honky-tonk he so proudly disposed of has merely moved down to the other end of Washington Street.

MY OWN VIEW of Boston's redevelopment is a small, limited, personal one. I happen to be a member of St. Stephen's in the South End, a small Episcopal mission church on the fringes of this fringe world. For decades the South End has been Boston's dreariest and most extended slum. Part of it includes the Negro district; part of it, the half-world of upper Tremont Street, where the slim black women with platinum-bleached hair, pink lipstick, and lavender skin-tights walk their evening beats; part of it, the derelict flophouses near the Dover Street El station, where the winos sleep in doorways or (more comfortably) in abandoned cars; part of it, the anonymous lodginghouse belt of made-over town houses that still bear the stamp of their lost Victorian elegance in the elaborations of their cast-iron railings, their plate-glass windows, and bow-front façades. The core of the South End consists of tenements, some asphalt shingled, some brick, and built anywhere between 1840 and 1900.

The South End has been considered a pilot case, and federal funds have been funneled in— so much that I estimate that the same amount of money could have bought a $30,000 ranch house in the suburbs for every South End family. Tenements, stores, brick blocks, and many substantial buildings have been leveled. Mr. Logue suavely assures us that everyone ejected from his dwelling will be "relocated." But the pattern that begins to emerge is of a transformation into an essentially professional middle-class district. Astute real-estate operators have already been buying up the lodginghouses in the still-gracious tree-lined squares, under the shadow of the new forty-story Prudential Building, to remodel them into "luxury" apartments. Those who work in the Prudential complex or the buildings being run up near Copley Square will be able to live graciously and to walk to work. Instead of welfare problems, Boston will have high-grade taxable property. Federal funds, as everyone knows, are free, and ethnic revenge has been forgotten in the scramble for the trough. For some of its old inhabitants the South End may again provide homes along the lines of the Cathedral Housing Project, even though most of them resent the very term. But the question of what good urban redevelopment will be for most of the South Enders remains.

I do not see the answers. I do not see the larger aspects. What I do see are my few fellow parishioners of St. Stephen's. We are a mixed group: about half Negro; a few Puerto Ricans and Cubans, alienated from Latin American Catholicism yet not from the church; a few Chinese; elderly whites from the lodginghouse belt. There are only about eighty in the congregation. As best it can in its minute way, our church tries to offer a sense of community to those who have no community.

At our last church supper I sat between a thin Yankee girl from Maine and a fat colored woman from the South. The Maine girl's pinched face looked about seventeen, though actually she was twenty-three. Recently she had contracted syphilis, and the vicar had taken her to the clinic and seen to it that she was cured. Her illegitimate child she had left in her tenement flat around the corner. The colored woman was too fat to determine her age. In her diminished lap, with a paper spread over its face, was a small sleeping baby, one of her illegitimate two. Both women were on welfare, and both were obviously subnormal. I am glad that they belong to us, for they belong somewhere they can be treated as human beings and not as welfare ciphers. But in this practical world what does one do with such people?

I am afraid it is a tossup whether any child baptized at our St. Stephen's is a bastard. One Sunday a white woman appeared with three fatherless children to have them sprinkled. The woman is tough, coarse in speech, but a whiz at cooking church suppers. A few Sundays later a young colored woman appeared with a doll-like brown baby. The mother exuded smartness, from her stiletto heels

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through her form-fitting silk dress to her elaborate hairdo. She was as obviously intelligent as she was assured. The baby, I learned, was her fourth by as many fathers, and she too supported them through welfare. I see the problems, all right, because they sit in the same pews with me every Sunday.

There is Debra, six years old, who gives me a puckish dimpled smile during a sermon that interests neither of us. She charms me, and she knows it. Debra's older brothers and sisters are white, she and the younger ones light brown. Nobody needs to give Debra an intelligence test to realize that she is bright. Sometimes as I drive through of an evening I see Debra's fourteen-year-old sister on the corner, cigarette in hand, waiting for the boys. I suppose that will be Debra's fate in another seven or eight years—an early introduction to the promiscuity of her family and environment, her brightness flattened out. Yet, short of snatching her away from her family (as I wish I could), I see no solution for her, whether through urban renewal, the war on poverty, or federal pre-kindergarten training.

I COULD go on with the histories from our small parish; the dilemmas stare at me each Sunday. Sammy, for example, of the South End though not of St. Stephen's. Sammy is the deaf child of a deaf mother and a deaf grandmother, all mutes, the third generation on welfare. He is nevertheless as bright as Debra. A welfare assistant uncovered him, confined in a room by his grandmother while his mother worked in a factory. Sammy was three then, and like a kitten beginning to peer over the top of its box. The welfare man, wisely suspicious of official channels, asked me if I would help find a home for Sammy. Sammy would have to go to a school for the deaf for some years, but could go home week ends until eventually he would be able to join a regular school. I found finally a childless suburban couple who wanted to take him. But then his mother, until then willing, refused to let him go, since she was now planning to marry some man she met in the factory. She did promise to send Sammy to a school for the deaf. Nothing more to be done—and that was the end of Sammy's real future.

If only these and all the other human problems I see from my peripheral church—and that run into their millions all over the country—could be solved by appropriating money to knock down buildings and build cathedral projects, aquariums, and split-level schools, I should feel like Grimm's dwarf that something human was dearer to me than all the gold of the world. Eventually I suppose we shall have a prosperous professional-class congregation at St. Stephen's, courtesy of Mr. Logue. Then we'll no longer be a mission church with a deficit, but self-supporting, with vestrymen and a rector instead of a vicar. We'll have no problems, either.

The Visual Arts 1955-1965

GUY DAVENPORT

THE VISUAL arts in the decade past have been gaudy, sassy, and pleasantly raucous. It may be that the *avant garde* is, as the Bryn Mawr girl said, *passé;* what she meant is that a loop has come full circle and the fumigations and *épatements* of half a century back seem worth doing over. The scholars are already comparing the spliced bits of the loop. Kurt Schwitters, hero of the *Merzbild,* is now the father of the quoted comic-book page, since it turns out he was on to Pop when Roy Lichtenstein, the current master, was in rompers.

Thus a great deal of the decade's energy is a discovery by the young that there *was* a revolution in the arts around 1906 that did not become Cubism or academic Surrealism. Picasso (Big Pabs) and Dali (Daddy Sal) have joined the society of Michelangelo and Hiroshige. The young turn back to the quaquaversal Francis Picabia (unknown to the Luce papers and fine arts departments and therefore still in fatigues and with smoking revolver), to the inscrutable Marcel Duchamp, and to that spirit among the Italian *Futuristi* and the German and Russian experimenters just before the First World War who saw in advertising, folk art, and the commercial ubiquity of groceries and hardware the symbols they could isolate and make eloquent.

Robert Indiana, whose very name is Pop, went for the shipping clerk's stencil; Robert Rauschenberg elected for helicopters and the face of JFK; Jasper Johns got Old Glory in the dividing up. Andy Warhol opted for the Campbell's Soup can, the newspaper photograph, and the publicity glossy of starlets. They have done well to restage 1906, these pedantic reinnovators; even their studied parorexia pays into their account, for redolent vulgarity is their subject. Vulgarity is an American face; isolated by the artist's wit it inspires a rich blush of emotions. Not since Grant Wood, who so deserves a resurrection fairly soon, has there been as lively an embrace of the American object.

I am a diligent fan of painting and tend to know cities by their museums; I am also the kind of American who delights to see something beyond Detroit and Levi Straus & Co. honored abroad. Whistler and Mary Cassatt in a French museum can give me a peculiar pride; yet for complexity of emotion, for that strange, giddily disorienting shiver that the best art triggers, I know nothing to match a Wyandotte hen lovingly stuffed by Jasper Johns (or his taxidermist) displayed in Peggy Guggenheim's galleries in Venice. There, by golly, was the United States. A bathroom would have been as fluent in the American idiom, and there was one, right down to the toothpaste tube, further on, beyond the wrecked Chevrolet and the fire extinguisher (which may or may not have been Miss Guggenheim's; it was of American make and I admired it as much as the Wyandotte).

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They will be with us but for a little while, these scholarly connoisseurs of trivia, but their mark, I hope, is permanent. We see only what we are made to see, and they have given us a treasure of new sights at one hilarious swoop.

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG, however, is far from being merely a Pop artist. He has paralleled their strategies, but in making the quotidian rise from its mute ordinariness and speak he has given it a vocabulary of acid. JFK was lucky to have him as his image-maker. He is not quite Lincoln's Whitman to JFK, but he has, in his montages, caught the blandiloquent snazziness of the man, the squinting grin and wind-blown hair that fit perfectly with the space capsules and helicopters among which Rauschenberg places him. To date, Rauschenberg's finest achievement is an illustrated *Inferno* of Dante, the plates of which are transferred (by melting printer's ink with turpentine and rubbing, as a child traces a penny) from the pages of *Time* and *Life*. The implications are enjoyable even before one sees the expensive and all but inaccessible book, which does not disappoint.

But the wry brilliance of the Pop artists (and their abstract fellows, the Op folk, who go for pattern rather than the lump presence of things) is not the real *avant garde* of the decade. That honor must lie with the painters and poets who left the static image altogether and took up the moving picture camera. Let us make the transition wholly plausible by realizing that da Vinci would have abandoned the *Mona Lisa* midway if a camera had fallen into his hands. Andy Warhol, head honcho in the Pop camp, is also the loudest exponent of the pointless film. He photographs *ad literam* such acts as sleeping (six and a half hours long), eating (forty-five minutes), and what the Empire State Building looks like all night long to an immobile camera (eight hours). This admits, if you will, of metaphysical implication, but it is also static, sterile in its uniqueness.

When the poet Stan Brakhage, however, turned to the camera, American art moved in a wholly new direction, opening possibilities already exploited by Europeans (e.g., Alain Resnais) and some hundred American practitioners of the Experimental Film. Brakhage, a tall Kansan who reminds one of a pony express scout, began his career, after trying various modes of film work, with a startling and beautiful movie called *Anticipation of the Night*. There had been nothing like it before; here was an architectonic film, built up like a

lyric poem, image after image, as different from a moving picture as an ode of Keats from a play. The images are, like those of the decade's painting, banal and everyday: lawns, parks, children, streets. The eye of Brakhage, though, is an instrument that sees in as many ways as, say, all the seeing skills of all the Impressionist painters. So that the dullness of our eyes falls away, and for the first time we see street lamps and playing children as we've never seen them before.

No artist wants to be judged by such technicalities, yet the artist is the sensibility that gives us what we have. El Greco gave us clouds; the American tourist helplessly looks at the Paris of Utrillo; all is pattern and the artist is the maker. Not since D. W. Griffith educated all American eyes to see cinematographically has a different pattern of eyesight been offered us, and Brakhage, praise be, is the offerer. From *Anticipation* forward Brakhage has delved, sharpened, explored—it is hard to say just what he does with a camera. Unlike the work of his colleagues (the best of whom are Kenneth Anger, chronicler of the motorcycle berserkers, and Gregory Markopoulos, who transposes myths into tensely wrought psychological poems on film), Brakhage's films cannot be categorized as to style or subject matter. He is as likely to photograph nature's reclamation of his dead dog, shooting a little month after month until winter snow and spring flowers have made an elegy as beautiful as any literature has yet achieved, as see his children playing and create a ballet that is capable, surely, of raising the ghost of Lewis Carroll.

Brakhage's masterpiece thus far is a film that can only be compared to a long and infinitely detailed poem about nature, or man in nature, or man and woman and children, Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, say, or Joyce's multiple-imaged, punning manner. The film, *Dog Star Man*, can either be seen in a version an hour and eighteen minutes long, in which the images are sometimes two- and three-ply, or in a four-and-a-half-hour version called *The Art of Vision*, in which the reels are shown in all their possible combinations. Every technique of cinematography has been enlisted in this extraordinarily *dramatic* film: dramatic in spite of its maker's turning away from plot, acting, and all that we think is necessary for a film. The themes that he evokes are immemorial: love, death, the family, the man of action. His evocations, however, are from angles of consideration that we are unused to, and we are carefully awakened from cliché and the dully familiar. American art has had four great masterpieces: *Moby Dick, Leaves of Grass, The Cantos of Ezra Pound,* and Brakhage's *Dog Star Man*. Each is typically diffuse, each is made in a new and inimitable form, each turns out to be, upon analysis and understanding, structurally clear and magnificent.

Many other artists sustained through the decade brilliant careers that were begun long before; many languished. I have tried to keep to what seems permanently memorable in ten highly diverse and busy years.

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (November 16)

Taft-Hartley Act, Sec. 14B

Nothing in this act shall be construed as authorizing the execution or application of agreements requiring membership in a labor organization as a condition of employment in any state or territory in which such execution or application is prohibited by state or territorial law.

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Among Ourselves

Notes on a Tenth Anniversary

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

. . . and then there was the reader who returned from Katmandu, Nepal, expressly to straighten out his subscription troubles. It pained him to report that whereas *NR*'s Circulation Department had, with unerring aim, first time out, managed to dispatch his *Bulletin* to Katmandu, it had fallen all to pieces when notified of a change of street address *in* Katmandu. It was his hope that an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with said Circulation Department could straighten it out. That was in the spring of 1965, and it was clear that whatever else had changed about NATIONAL REVIEW in the five years since the gala Fifth Anniversary Dinner, circulation-wise our motto remained *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose—joliment snafué.*

Priscilla Buckley

October 28, 1960—eight hundred friends assembled for a dinner at New York's Plaza Hotel. Admiral Lewis Strauss, as Dinner Chairman. NATIONAL REVIEW, cocky and proud of itself with a booming circulation of 30,000. No glossy cover, no coated inside stock. Thirty-two pages of magazine (as against 44 to 52 these days). Brent Bozell and Willmoore Kendall had not yet taken off on their foreign travels (Paris, Madrid, Escorial, Dallas) and still bestrode the masthead as senior editors along with James Burnham and Frank Meyer. Mabel Wood had the Production Department (she was it) well in hand, as always. Whittaker Chambers couldn't make the Dinner: he had been ill for a long time and would die a few months later, but frail Mr. Alois Derso, *NR*'s first and most distinguished illustrator, made his final appearance at an *NR* festivity that night.

A few highlights of '61. *NR* started to move out, to spruce up. In September we went to slick paper on the cover in order to accommodate the four-color back page ad Mike Mooney, our valiant Advertising Manager (by definition an Advertising Manager of *NR* has to be valiant), had managed to secure from Kentile Vinyl Floor. . . . October, Bill Rickenbacker, who had started coming in a couple of days a week to write editorials while happily and fruitfully pursuing his life's work as an investment counselor, suddenly, and in that insidious manner *NR* has of taking over the lives of those who fall within its orbit, found himself a full-time senior editor of the magazine with happily, in the view of his hard-pressed colleagues (but not of his burgeoning family), no investment counseling business on the side to dilute his energies. It was agreed that in certain ways Rickenbacker was not ready to be a senior editor: he had not as yet, for instance, learned to leap to the typewriter and vaporize, via memorandum, any fellow editor who deviated .005 degrees from the true course, conservatively speaking, nor had he perfected that deceptive façade which led Bill Rusher just the other day to warn a puzzled editorial assistant: "God help you, Phil, if you take Rickenbacker literally . . . . and God help you, come to think of it, if you take him figuratively either."

'Mater sí, Magistra no'

It was in August of that year that NATIONAL REVIEW got off what was to prove one of its best remembered *mauvais mots,* an item that made its appearance as a discreet kicker paragraph in "For the Record": "Going the rounds in Catholic conservative circles: *'Mater sí, Magistra no,'"* a witticism that neither *America* nor *Commonweal,* to this day, considers a venture in triviality.

December 15, 1961, the last issue in which the old blue cover ("a blue bordered haven in a desert of slanted news," as one of our earliest readers had described it) remained unsullied. Jim McFadden (who never takes "no" for an answer and for whom nothing is impossible) had discovered a distributor who would put NATIONAL REVIEW back on the newsstands nationally. This meant we must have something on each cover to distinguish it from the last. A little furbelow, was how Bill Buckley put it, nervously, to Mabel Wood, Who Does Not Go in Lightly for Frivolous Changes. "Just a little furbelow, Mabel." (Our readers had been consulted about such a revolutionary departure and were about equally divided on it. One gentleman wrote in acidly: "You may as well put a nude woman on the cover." To which he added, with a wink, "P.S. Understand I have nothing against nude women, *per se.*") From the furbelow (the first — perhaps symbolically — was a discreet HUAC picket sign, the second a tiny Taj Mahal) grew the gorgeous (we think . . . Dammit, we know they're gorgeous) covers of the ensuing years and the institution of The Cover Conference. (The furbelow, incidentally, put an end to the kind of titles that over the years had driven our straightforward Publisher Bill Rusher to pinnacles of sarcasm.* Titles such as: "Proudly the Tangerine Heart," "My Doxy is Orthodoxy," and one that got by just a few months ago—WAR was in Europe at the time—"Ali, ali, anza Free-O" —Down, Rick, Down!)

Cover conferences are attended by Bill and Priscilla Buckley, for editorial content, Jim McFadden, wearing his Promotion Hat, and Jimmy O'Bryan, the soft-spoken agreeable genius who is *NR*'s Art Director. The conferences go something like this. "What the Hell have we got for the next issue?" asks Bill. "Beats me," says Priscilla, who has just this minute finished reading the final galleys of editorials for the current issue and has not yet shifted into forward gear. "Whatever it is, I hope it has more pizzazz than last week's lead," says the always intimidated McFadden. O'Bryan smiles. The manuscript file is shuffled; what will be in the news two weeks hence

* Like a rat poison we once saw advertised, Rusherian sarcasm comes in the following sizes: small, medium, and estate.

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discussed; as often as not a quick call put in to an author to check on an overdue manuscript or to commission a timely piece. There's a brief go 'round on the formulation of the cover titles, on whether they should, this once, have *some* relationship to the articles themselves and finally the tactical decision: Should they be in black or in color (the black plate can be changed as late as the Monday before the magazine goes to press; color plates must be finished a week earlier). Bill starts to doodle on a yellow sheet of copy-paper. O'Bryan watches stoically. His fingers start to twitch. He reaches over unobtrusively for some paper and starts softly to block in the cover as he sees it. Bill, utterly unconscious of the damage his attempts at draughtsmanship are doing to O'Bryan's artistically attuned psyche, pushes over his red-inked scrawl, shoves back his chair with a "Well, I guess that's got it," and the meeting is over. The cover, when completed, has not the slightest resemblance to Hizzoner's doodle, as a growing newsstand readership attests. . . .

Moderate Unction?

It's 1962 and *NR* has once again become intolerable to the Liberal community. The attacks on the magazine are mounting so hard and fast that in the issue of June 19 the following cautionary note appears: "The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW would be most grateful to their critics if they would coordinate their attacks on us so that they do not fall too thickly at any particular time, causing congestion. Anyone applying will be instantly allotted a minimum of one paragraph all to himself, and a maximum of two editorial pages, depending on the applicant's rank (applications will be handled without reference to race, color, or creed . . .)"

Among the major irritants, or ribticklers—depending on where you stand politically—all along have been the short lead editorial paragraphs, one of which *Time* Magazine reprinted under the head: "Impetuosity of the Week." Appearing in the second issue after John Kennedy's assassination, it reported, ● "The Editors of NATIONAL REVIEW regretfully announce that their patience with President Lyndon B. Johnson is exhausted." Other impetuosities of note having to do with:

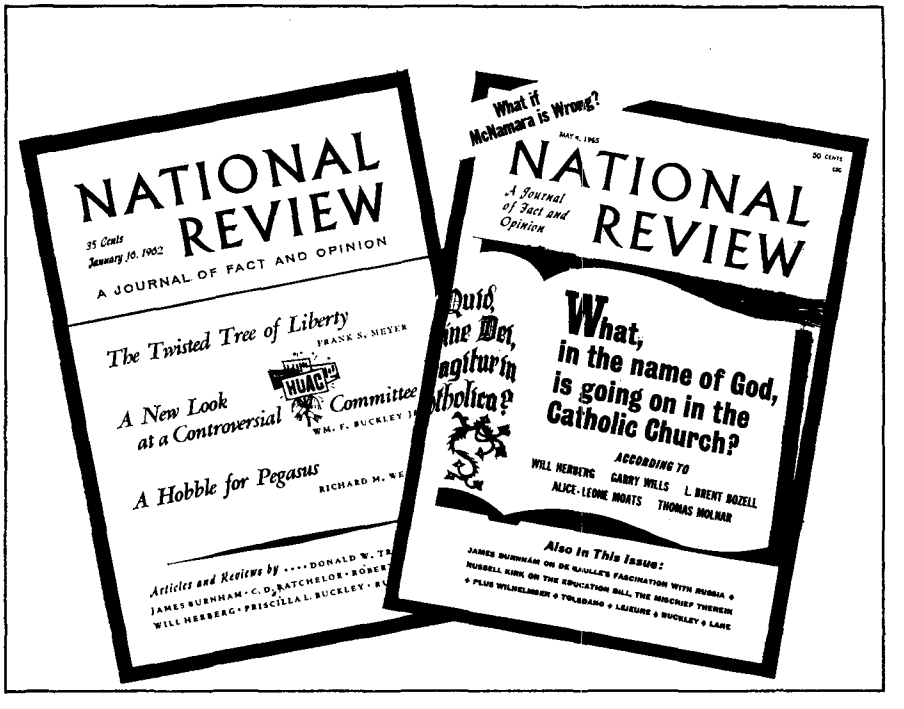
1) The post-Kennedy days, ● ". . . and then there are those who hope that Chief Justice Earl Warren will spend *all* his time on the Oswald investigation." (Feb. 11, 1964)

2) The Extremist Menace of '64, ● "LBJ, Sept. 8, Detroit. 'Our future is almost upon us.' *NR*, Sept. 9, New York. 'Duck!' " (Sept. 22, 1964) . . . ● "Question: When a Liberal Catholic lies dying, does he receive moderate unction?" (Nov. 3, 1964), and

3) Apropos of nothing whatsoever, ● "The American Academy of Dermatology and Syphilology has dropped the last two words of its title. Perhaps the members think skinicism is only sin deep." (Dec. 16, 1961)

On the more serious journalistic level, the last five years were marked by a number of *NR* firsts. NATIONAL REVIEW pretty much carried the ball in telling the Katanga side of the Congo story. It was the first to print Professor Van den Haag's on-the-spot report on the first UN invasion of Katanga, the only detailed objective (that is to say, anti-UN) story of that sorry military adventure to appear in the United States at the time. We carried a Secret Memorandum on the UN's plan for the final invasion of Katanga in October of 1962 which was vigorously denied by the UN in November of '62 and vigorously carried out in January of '63. *NR* carried an "Appeal to the American People," from Moise Tshombe when Tshombe was Out (which was before he was In again, which of course was before he was Out again); a report by the Archbishop of Hué on the Buddhist demonstration that triggered the events leading to Ngo Dinh Diem's ouster and murder; posthumous interviews with Diem and Malcolm X (both by Charles Wiley); and a stirring and blistering defense of Mme. Nhu ("The Lady Is for Burning") by Clare Boothe Luce.

Jacques Soustelle, in exile "somewhere in Europe," sent us an article on de Gaulle's failure to assess the Communist danger in Europe and the Middle East; Col. Antoine Argoud smuggled a piece to us ("I was kidnaped by de Gaulle") from a French political prison. Anyone desirous of understanding the strategic shifts in world power and the twists and turns in the Cold War six months ahead had only to read Jim Burnham's "Third World War" column six months earlier to be so informed or, failing that, Burnham's *Suicide of the West*. During this same period we pub-


NATIONAL REVIEW
35 Cents
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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION
The Twisted Tree of Liberty
FRANK S. MEYER
A New Look at a Controversial Committee
HUAC
A Hobble for Pegasus
What if McNamara is Wrong?
NATIONAL REVIEW
A Journal of Fact and Opinion
What, in the name of God, is going on in the Catholic Church?
ACCORDING TO
WILL HERBERG GARRY WILLS L. BRENT BOZELL
ALICE-LEONE MOATS THOMAS MOLNAR
Also In This Issue:

From tiny furbelows mighty covers grow

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lished a fragment of a new Canto by Ezra Pound; and Frank Meyer, the Panjandrum of *NR*'s Books-Arts-Manners section, unearthed and printed a heretofore unpublished essay by George Santayana and an historically significant letter by T. E. Lawrence.

Bill Rusher's article, "GOP at the Crossroads," is credited with adumbrating for the first time what was to be known as Goldwater's Southern strategy: Rusher's "Suite 3505. The Inside Story of How the Goldwater Candidacy Was Conceived and Launched" (Aug. 11, 1964) told just that. It was the inside story by one of the handful of Republican pros who set up the Draft Goldwater Committee in 1963 and were instrumental in bringing off the Senator's nomination on July 15, 1964, in San Francisco.

Summer of '62 and other staff changes. David Franke, co-founder with Douglas Caddy of YAF, and for two years an editorial assistant at *NR*, left for a short and unhappy hitch as a political organizer and a longer and not so unhappy hitch with the U.S. Army. He was replaced by Timothy Wheeler, fresh from the U of Wisconsin where he had edited *Insight and Outlook*, one of the best of the college conservative magazines. Tim was responsible for all the incomprehensible words in editorial paragraphs that Bill Rickenbacker was not responsible for in the years '62 and '63 (both striving no doubt to attain a higher, that is to say denser, rating in the Fog Index than Willmoore Kendall—Impossible!). This particular Word Game was discontinued when Tim coined "malleodrepanic" (all right, all right we'll tell you, it means hammer-and-sickleish) so arousing our long-suffering readers that the blue pencil (at *NR* it's red) was thereafter more rigorously applied.

A "Notes and Asides," July 31, 1962, reported: "Arlene Croce has joined the staff to work in the Production Department and help carry the onerous burden put down by the valiant Mrs. Mabel Wood, who is leaving us but will continue to help out in times of extreme crisis as a consultant." Prophetically put. We've been in "times of extreme crisis" ever since. Just a couple of weeks ago Mabel was in, working on 1) the Fall *University Bookman*, 2) the 48-page condensation of Jeffrey Hart's book that appears elsewhere in this issue, 3) an eight-page special supplement on the New York mayoral race, only to have to drop 1), 2) and 3) when someone fell ill and she rushed to the plant in New Haven of a Thursday morning to guide the Oct. 26 issue of *NR* through the press. That same July 31 issue carried the first piece of writing by Arlene Croce to appear in *NR*, a free-lance review of the movie *West Side Story*. It showed that flair for words that was to propel Arlene out of Production and into the Editorial Department where it took her all of two years—sluggard that she is—to work her way up from Editorial Assistant to Senior Editor (Bill Buckley, Beware!). Martha Butler, Mabel's able assistant (to be trained by Mabel is to be able) ran Production for two years until forced to resign because of illness, making way for Dorothy Rea, surely the blithest Production Editor in the business.

That 100,000th Subscriber

In 1963 the words "Special Supplement" obtruded themselves into the editorial consciousness, firmly shoved from behind by Advertising and Promotion. Everyone was agreed (every one in Advertising and Promotion, that is) that all *NR* had to do to get that 100,000th subscriber we've been talking about for years was to "show a little journalistic enterprise": give our readers just a little something extra like, say, an extra eight or sixteen or, what the Hell!, 32 pages. And so we had supplements: supplements on College Attitudes Toward Politics and Religion; supplements on the Catholic Church; supplements on Population; supplements on What Goldwater Should Do When Elected; supplements on How Goldwater Should Get Elected; and just plain supplement supplements. The rules on supplements were that, whenever possible, they were to be put out when the editorial staff, never swollen at best, was stripped to the nub by vacations, illness, or the press of other business. To start on a supplement more than a week in advance was considered by all hands to be bad form; to order the extra paper in time, a foul; to inform the printer of what we were up to, tabu. Any supplement that went through without a couple of threatened resignations, an open declaration of war between two or more departments of the magazine, and a cataract of drippingly sarcastic memos was No Fun and No Fair. At the cost of heightened Insomniac and Tranquilizer counts among the staff, that 100,000th subscriber was secured, for a split second, before he skittered away in the bleak months following Senator Goldwater's defeat. Our circulation went down to 83,000 before moving up to its present 95,000 plus.

Goldwater's campaign, we at *NR* were to find, was but a preliminary skirmish to the major Conservative-Liberal Battle of the Century which was to take place in none other than Little Old New York in the fall of this year. It all started when our Editor, a most persuasive fellow, undertook one evening, at the request of the Conservative Party of New York, to persuade Bill Rusher, our Publisher, and the One Man in *NR* Who Understands Practical Politics (you can take Bill Rusher's word for it) to run for Mayor of New York on the Conservative ticket. Golden were the words of our editor and unassailable his logic. Never had so many well-marshalled arguments fallen onto such barren ground. WAR said no, meant no, was downright Shermanesque in his refusal. In the end, so persuasive was Bill Buckley that he was caught in the net of his own arguments: and we were off, or rather he was Off and out of the office and running a chortling, whiffling-through-the-Tulgey-woods kind of campaign that was to leave New York politicos only gently more shook up than his colleagues at NATIONAL REVIEW, who had inconsiderately chosen that very same summer and fall to write a book (Rickenbacker), go to Europe (Croce), and get pneumonia (Burnham) . . . Oh yes, there was also the matter of four brand new special supplements on the New York race (Poet Laureate Bill von Dreele, Editor) to be put out, the last of which went to press about thirty seconds ago *without* Bill Rickenbacker's latest "impetuosity."

● "Going the rounds of Catholic conservative circles: Is it true that the first thing Pope Paul asked upon arriving in New York was whether Bill Buckley's mayoral race wasn't a venture in triviality. . .?"

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Publisher's Report

The First Ten Years Are the Hardest

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

The infant mortality rate among magazines is fearfully high, and among journals of opinion it reaches awesome proportions. How often have we seen those brave words: "Vol. I, No. 1"—and then, "Vol. I, No. 2"—and then . . . nothing. Putting out a magazine is harder than it looks. The first issue is always fun. The second, however, tends to be a little wearying. By the third or fourth, it is obvious that advertising revenues are running far below the buoyant expectations; and disaster is usually only a matter of time.

Alive and Kicking

Why, then, is NATIONAL REVIEW alive and kicking today, ten years after it was launched? What are the factors that preserved it through the perilous early days, and insure its survival in the years to come?

First place, I think, must go to the great upsurge of conservative sentiment in America—especially young America—that has characterized the past decade, and which NATIONAL REVIEW itself has done so much to crystallize and to guide. "Nothing in the world," said Hugo, "is as powerful as an idea whose time has come." Conservatism is not yet dominant in this country, but its strength and vitality are now indisputable. It has been NATIONAL REVIEW's honor to speak, at the highest and most responsible levels, for the conservative movement; and they have grown strong together.

Second, we must acknowledge the generosity of those several thousand people who have expressed their confidence in NATIONAL REVIEW by contributing financially to its support: first the Buckley family, and thereafter a widening circle of friends of the magazine, who have made up their minds that NATIONAL REVIEW shall not go under for lack of funds.

Third, I would unhesitatingly place our good fortune in having a staff with awesome skills. Our editors, and our other writers, are not merely good; they are widely conceded, even by our Liberal critics, to be among the finest craftsmen in American journalism. As for the devotion and loyalty of the administrative staff, I —who work with them daily, and know the problems they have faced and overcome—have no words of praise that are high enough. All of these men and women have contributed vastly to NATIONAL REVIEW's achievement.

What, precisely, is the statistical measure of that achievement? In the summer of 1957, when I joined the staff, NATIONAL REVIEW's paid circulation was less than 20,000. Since then, the curve has been steadily upward—30,000 in 1960, 45,000 in 1961, 65,000 in 1963, 80,000 in 1964. This year it has hovered in the neighborhood of 90,000, and there is not the slightest question that in the near future it will be reckoned in six figures. (As a matter of fact, it seems quite certain that this very Tenth Anniversary Issue will sell over 100,000 copies.)

Advertising has been slow in coming—heartbreakingly slow. American business, in general, seems pathetically eager to play Follow the Leader provided somebody else is the leader. All the more honor, therefore, to those businesses which have stuck by us through thick and thin. Never, certainly, in the field of conservative journalism has so much been owed to so few.

The Break-Even Point

When will NATIONAL REVIEW "break even"? It is a natural question, and a perfectly proper one. There are pessimists who say that a brashly controversial journal like ours can *never* be a commercial success—that the advertisers who spell the difference between red ink and black will never risk their products and reputations in such choppy waters. But I am not one of the pessimists. Certainly it is true that circulation alone can never bring financial success: *Collier's* had three million readers, and still folded up. But there are signs that the business community is preparing to invest its advertising dollars in NATIONAL REVIEW in substantially greater quantities. Our readership, it is becoming plain, is a market that simply cannot be ignored.

It is, after all, not so much a matter of controversiality as of acceptability. Once the *fact* of the new conservatism is accepted in our society, rather than resisted blindly like some sort of foreign object, then NATIONAL REVIEW, as the premier spokesman of the conservative movement, will be hailed and made much of for the very qualities that render it suspect today. Then we may experience some of the bittersweet emotions of Samuel Johnson, upon hearing that Lord Chesterfield was at last ready to be his patron: "Seven years, my Lord, have passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain. . . . Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?"

Fidem Servavi

Until that day arrives, NATIONAL REVIEW will keep right on surviving from year to year with the loyal help of its friends. Nor is there any reason to be ashamed of that. The Catholic Church doesn't "break even"; neither does Harvard, or the Democratic Party. All of these eminently successful enterprises flourish despite huge annual deficits, which are made up only by the constant generosity of their supporters; yet no one expects any of them to vanish very soon. So it is with NATIONAL REVIEW, which possesses (no disrespect intended) some of the qualities of a church, a school and a political party, as well as the more usual characteristics of a magazine.

And, in the long run, perhaps it is better this way. Let the mountain be never so high, we will climb it by ourselves; and thus, when the summit is reached, we will owe no debt to anyone save our companions on the journey. It will be quite a view!

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Historical Footnote

The National Review: 1883-1960

EDWARD J. BELL

When the *National Review* went out of business in 1960, it was England's oldest and, perhaps, its stodgiest conservative magazine. Yet when it was founded, in March, 1883, it seemed to fill a yawning void in the life of the nation: Disraeli was three years out of office and two years dead; although Gladstone and the Liberals were now firmly in the driver's seat, Disraeli's conservative and imperialist ideas were in general circulation; and yet there was not a single respectable monthly review of Tory leanings.

Its first editor was the poet Alfred Austin. Among the first contributors was Arthur Balfour, who was to become Prime Minister nineteen years later and a prime intra-party target of the *National Review* in the years before World War I. Leslie Stephen and W. J. Courthope became regular contributors.

Ten years later, the *National Review* was bought by one Admiral Maxse, best known as an intimate of George Meredith and as the living basis for the hero in one of Meredith's novels. Admiral Maxse turned over the editorship to his son Leo, whose long tenure (1893-1929) turned out to be the magazine's golden age. In August 1898, Maxse, in a signed article, exposed the pivotal forgery in the Dreyfus case. The forger, whom no one had previously suspected, confessed and committed suicide.

It was in the Edwardian era that the *National Review* bulked largest. In those years it opposed the statist and quasi-revolutionary tendencies which became grafted onto the Liberal Party; it plumped for the preservation of Empire; and saw, almost alone among the periodicals of the time, the expanding state of Germany as the chief threat to the Empire and to European peace. The insistence of the *National Review's* lonely cry can be seen in a collection, *Germany on the Brain*, consisting in large part of Maxse's vehemently anti-Kaiser editorials between 1899 and 1914. The complacency of the magazine's audience is underlined by Conservative leader Balfour's remark, in 1914 no less, that Maxse was a "lunatic" for supposing that Germany might be ready for war.

It was in those years, too, that the House of Lords was emasculated. The struggle over the Parliament Bill was the most violent Liberal-Conservative division since the Reform Bill of 1832, and Asquith won it in 1911 in much the same way Grey had won in 1832: by getting a new and inexperienced monarch to threaten to create, overnight, an army of peers to override the constitutional veto of the House of Lords. The *National Review* was much more tolerant of the King than of his Liberal advisers:

> . . . the real pathos and isolation of [King George's] position . . . lies in the tremendous barrier erected by interested parties between a Monarch and the truth. In old days it was occasionally blurted out by some chartered libertine in cap and bells, but the recent crisis reveals the prodigious difficulty of getting the truth through the thicket of political and other intriguers surrounding a Sovereign, Constitutional or otherwise.

In the years following the war, Maxse and the *National Review* continued as the mirthful prickers of Liberal illusions. The League of Nations, for example, they saw as the ineffectual darling of "responsible statesmen, exalted ecclesiastics, international highbrows, mugwumps, defeatists, speculators in the mark, and that huge army of facile activists with whom the wish is ever father to the thought." Maxse was, in the words of one of his successors, "free from fashionable illusion and always conscious that the basis of political power is military strength."

His successor as editor, his sister Lady Milner, was as lively as but less steady than her brother. For example, she attacked appeasement of the Nazis, but editorially ignored Winston Churchill because of an old family feud.

But on the whole, Lady Milner's instincts, if not always her intellect, were in touch with the real world. It was her womanly instinct that told her, in September 1945, that rationalism had been exploded as an explanation of human action:

> These are the same sort of theories as those held by people who thought that the Germans would not fight because it would obviously not pay them to do so—well—people do not only do wise or even obvious things. The Germans did fight. The electors in 1945 did vote for Socialism.

In 1948, Lady Milner stepped down as editor and sold the *National Review* to Sir Edward Grigg, Lord Altrincham, who became the new editor. Lord Altrincham was a sometime Lloyd George Liberal who left his party only after it was quite plainly dead. Since his moorings were less conservative than those of the Maxses, his responses to individual events were more equivocal. In 1949, for example, the *National Review* endorsed a modified form of independence for India. But like his two predecessors, Altrincham had a keen eye for leftist hypocrisy.

> How strange indeed that any in this country should fear to entrust the backward people of Rhodesia to a predominantly British and Christian system of government, while at the same time they acclaim the transference of the backward southern Sudanese to the control of a very recently civilized Islamic North, whose chief industry was still the slave-trade little more than fifty years ago!

Lord Altrincham died in 1955, and his son succeeded to his title and his editorship. Before too long it was clear that any conservatism the *National Review* retained was at best vestigial. The second Lord Altrincham was a self-professed "radical Tory," which meant that his views were distinguishable only in tone from those of the opposition. In the Suez crisis of 1956, perhaps the last stand of the old school of British conservatism, the *National Review* found itself in lock-step with Colonel Nasser and the Labor Party. Subsequently, its

(Continued on p. 1131)

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CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

'We do not all celebrate this occasion for the same reasons . . .'

We are all gathered here tonight for the same purpose: to celebrate the 10th Anniversary of NATIONAL REVIEW. But we do not all celebrate this occasion for the same reasons. As Chairman of the Committee of Sponsors of this testimonial dinner, I have been alloted a little more time than the other speakers to give you some of my own reasons.

First, NATIONAL REVIEW is a fortnightly. And this gives me a chance to catch up on *Time* and the *New Leader*.

Second, NATIONAL REVIEW has proved that witty and elegant prose is not necessarily a handicap to a journal of opinion, and that it is possible to sound like an intellectual without using *apropos, vis-à-vis, Zeitgeist, Weltanschauung, lumpen-proletariat,* and Latin phrases. Understandably enough, in some journalistic circles this bias in favor of English and conformity to its grammatical rules and correct punctuation has fostered the idea that the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW are dangerous radicals. Still, as a one-time *Herald Tribune* columnist, I share the view of some of my former journalistic colleagues that NATIONAL REVIEW's punctilious syntactical approach to polemics betrays a certain habitual sneakiness. There can be no doubt that the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW do frequently sneak a look at Roget or Webster or Fowler.

Now, the reason they give is that language is the only way men can communicate with one another. And, therefore, they maintain, intellectual discourse and debate are more likely to be fruitful when intellectuals are precise in their use of language.

But the chief reason I celebrate the 10th Anniversary of NATIONAL REVIEW with you is that NATIONAL REVIEW insists the civil and intelligent discussion of political principles is an absolutely necessary precedent to the making of sound political judgments.

NATIONAL REVIEW gives priority to the discussion of principles because it assumes that man's capacity to reason is what distinguishes him from the lower animals.

Logically enough, NATIONAL REVIEW is cordially detested by all those in the journalistic fraternity and in political circles who believe that the only brainwork that should be done before political action is taken, should be done by computers and programmed to analyze the emotional responses of various ethnic, religious, and racial groups, and organized blocs of voters, to various programs and personalities.

But NATIONAL REVIEW also has bitter-end enemies among those who do share its view that political principles are, if no longer necessary to *win* in the computer age, still relevant to the maintenance of a free society. But these enemies—often also enemies of one another—believe that it is better to consult the principles found in *Mein Kampf* or Karl Marx than to consult the Constitution.

And there is one more category of enemies of NATIONAL REVIEW. It is perhaps the most dangerous of all to our free society. It comprises all those who believe that a political label is the Ariadne's thread that can guide them out of the maze of present day politics, where lurks the Minotaur of Tyranny.

NATIONAL REVIEW is anathema, of course, to those who hold, by definition, that all conservatives are kooks, nuts, little old ladies in tennis shoes, or crypto-fascists. It not anathema, it is a thorn in the flesh of those Liberals who still contend that even if all conservatives are not on the lunatic fringe, they are, again by definition, all dull, stodgy, humorless, crotchety characters, bloated with wealth, lacking in political polish if not spit, and—when they can be lured into TV and radio studios—pushovers for intellectuals like Jack Paar and David Susskind. For by definition (their own definition, of course), all Liberals are intellectuals. . . .

The late Sol Levitas of the socialist *New Leader* and his editors passionately believed that human dignity—and that means the right of every man to become a whole person—can only be preserved in the climate of political freedom. So do Bill Buckley and his editors. Socialist Sol Levitas was a mean guy, and conservative Bill Buckley is a mean guy: They won't cave in on this idea.

Indeed, this room is full of mean guys who, however they label themselves, or are labeled by others, also won't cave in on this idea. I am honored to preside on a dais where there are so many who have cheerfully borne the incubus of false labels —in print, in public office, on public rostrums, in the halls of Congress, and on the bloody fields of battle—in their common cause: the defense of Order, Justice, Freedom.

And now the time has come—to use Bill Buckley's phrase—to give our other speakers a chance to escalate the rhetoric.

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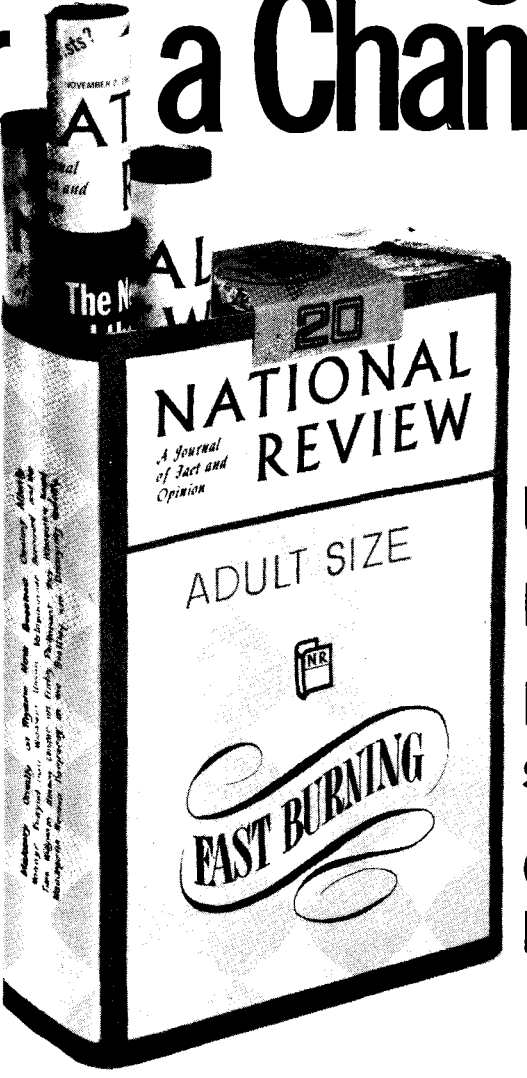

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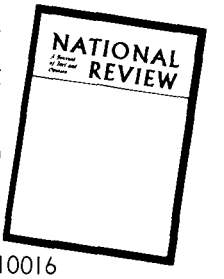

NATIONAL REVIEW
150 East 35th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016

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• My name is Barry Goldwater. It's a pleasure to be here tonight to honor NATIONAL REVIEW on its 10th Anniversary.

• People ask me if I ever think about the 1964 election and I have to admit it, I do. Because, in the words of that immortal commercial: "If they don't put you in the driver's seat—it Hurtz."

• I always said, if you're going to lose them, lose them big, Bill.

• As a candidate for Mayor, the editor was apparently unconvincing. As a political king-maker, he was a "wrong-way Corrigan!"

• What can you really say in a city that you lost by 1,387,021 votes? It's nice to be among friends. Even if they're not yours.

• I had an interesting dream last night. The scene was Johnson City, Texas and Bill Buckley was moving into a brand new house. And across the highway Lyndon was nudging Lady Bird and saying: "Well, there goes the neighborhood."

• Bill Buckley, as you know, is the author of *God and Man at Yale.* 'Course, since he wrote it—one of them has gone to the White House.

• Running as a conservative in New York City must be an interesting experience. You're not really a candidate. You are a political kamikaze.

• Actually, Bill didn't really expect to win the election. If I had to define Bill Buckley—I'd say he was a Goldwater who did it on purpose.

• But Bill Buckley ran a great race. I understand at one point, Bobby Kennedy was so worried, he put Staten Island in his wife's name.

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• It's just a wonder what NATIONAL REVIEW has accomplished. As of October 31st the combined circulation of the NATIONAL REVIEW and the *Reader's Digest* was 22 million copies.

• Seriously, for just a second, I'd also describe NATIONAL REVIEW as the magazine of the future. For, if we are to have a future, it will be in freedom, and magazines such as NATIONAL REVIEW will be part of its voice.

• And so I join you in honoring NATIONAL REVIEW and Bill Buckley, the man who lost the election but won the campaign.

Visible (hopefully) on the dais, left to right

Mr. Holmes Alexander, Dr. Ruth Alexander, Hon. John M. Ashbrook, Mr. William J. Baroody, Mr. C. D. Batchelor, Mr. Robert E. Bauman, Mr. Lemuel R. Boulware, Hon. Spruille Braden, Mr. Louis Francis Budenz, Mr. Dean Burch, Dr. W. Glenn Campbell, Mr. Lammot D. Copeland Jr., Mr. John Davenport, Prof. Lev E. Dobriansky, Mr. Joseph W. Donner, Mrs. Jelene Dover, Mr. Harry Elmlark, Mr. Mark Evans, Mr. Lawrence Fertig, Hon. Gerald R. Ford, Mr. Clifford Forster, Mr. Patrick J. Frawley Jr., Mr. Devin A. Garrity, Mr. Clayton Gaylord, Rev. Richard Ginder, Mr. Victor Gold, Mr. Walter S. Gubelman, Mrs. Ione F. Harrington, Mr. Earle T. Holsapple, Dr. Stanley K. Hornbeck, Mr. Tom Huston, Dr. John A. Howard, Mr. David Jones, Mr. Denison Kitchel, Prof. Garry Wills, Mr. James J. Kilpatrick, Mr. Ralph de Toledano, Rev. Eugene V. Clark, Mr. Brent Bozell, Miss Priscilla Buckley, Mr. Steve Allen, Mr. Frank S. Meyer, Hon. Tom Van Sickle, Mr. William A. Rusher, Hon. Barry Goldwater, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, Mr. William F. Buckley Jr., Hon. Lewis L. Strauss, Mr. Henry R. Luce, Mr. James Burnham, Mr. John Dos Passos, Mr. William F. Rickenbacker, Miss Arlene Croce, Mr. F. Clifton White, Mr. Henry Hazlitt, Dr. Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn, Miss Suzanne La Follette, Mr. Victor Lasky, Mr. James Leff, Dr. Charles W. Lowry, Mr. Eugene Lyons, Mr. J. Daniel Mahoney, Dean Clarence Manion, Mr. Neil McCaffrey, Mr. Martin B. McKneally, Mr. Frank C. McLearn, Mr. J. Wm. Middendorf II, Mr. E. Victor Milione, Mr. Roger Milliken, Prof. Thomas Molnar, Mr. Roger A. Moore, Hon. Robert D. Murphy, Mr. William I. Nichols, Mr. Kieran O'Doherty, Rev. Edmund Opitz, Cmdr. Frederick G. Reinicke, Prof, Charles E. Rice, Mr. Robert R. Richardson, Mr. Lloyd H. Smith, Sen. John G. Tower, Mr. Gene Tunney, Prof. Ernest van den Haag, Mr. W. H. von Dreele, Mr. Milton Wick, Mrs. Alice Widener, Mr. C. Dickerman Williams. Dr. Karl A. Wittfogel, Mr. René Wormser, Dr. Max Yergan.

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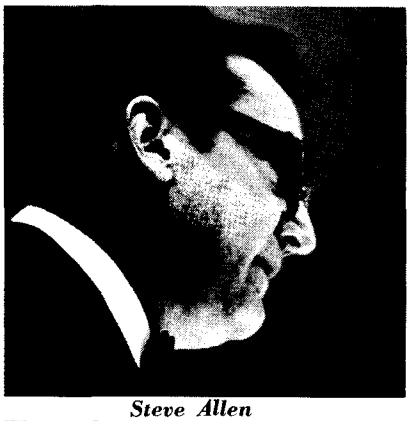
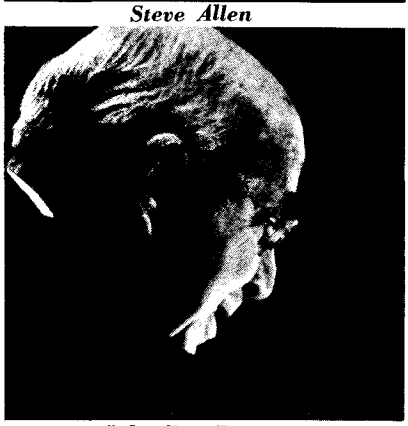
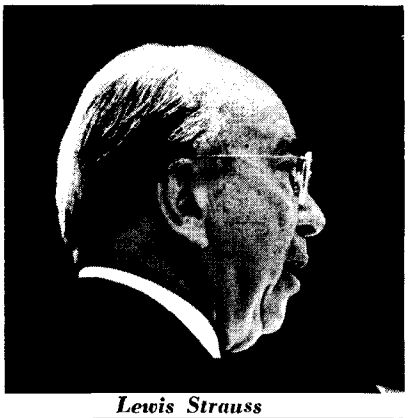


Steve Allen



John Dos Passos



Lewis Strauss

Thomas Van Sickle

Allen

Now I have been treated rather cavalierly in the pages of your magazine, and I expect to be so treated in the future, as evidence that both of us remain consistent. On the platform and in print I have debated issues with Mr. Buckley. If Mr. Buckley were God I am sure he would change me somewhat [applause]—I don't know if you're applauding God or Buckley—and if I were God I should change him somewhat. But even saints can be quoted against each other. . . .

There are those conservatives who seem to believe that the world needs no Liberal, progressive force at all [applause]—that the ideal society would somehow be composed of conservatives [applause]. And there are Liberals who apparently feel that the only decent thing for a conservative to do is cease to exist, or to convert. I assert that a society needs both a vigorous, responsible conservative movement and an equally vigorous and responsible Liberal movement. Out of the tension between the two forces comes the on-going debate that is necessary to the mature development and preservation of a nation.

Dos Passos

In ten years NATIONAL REVIEW has proved itself a really notable magazine, of the stature of our great weeklies in the past, like Albert Jay Nock's and old Villard's. Buckley has collected a rebel band about him and infected them with his cheerful enthusiasm. Together they have attacked the established preconceptions with humor and verve.

Perhaps we can hope in the next ten years to see the development of practical plans to replace the federal bureaucracies—as their failure to solve the problems they have promised to solve prove tragically evident—by some sort of organization more enlivening to the spirit of man. Those on whom that task will fall will owe a great deal to NATIONAL REVIEW for holding open the avenues of rational discussion.

Strauss

In the years since the NATIONAL REVIEW dinner in 1960, there have been many changes affecting all our lives.

The five years have also wrought changes among us—changes which, being mortal, we cannot escape. Friends have been called away. Most mourned of all—for me—Herbert Hoover, a pillar of strength who gave support for so many years to the old moralities. He heard your voices with an elder statesman's satisfaction that younger men were engaged in defending the principles of individual freedom and official virtue which he had so long, and at such cost in wounds, espoused.

In our changing world, however, there are a few things which, thankfully, have *not* altered. The pages of NATIONAL REVIEW are as fresh and as stimulating today as they were in the beginning. Over the years, even on those occasions when an inevitable cause for disagreement has briefly come between us, (such as some of your criticism of General Eisenhower) NATIONAL REVIEW has proved good to read and good for those of us who read it. Our lives would be poorer and our days far less enjoyable without it.

Van Sickle

No one can travel about the United States very much, as I have as Chairman of the National Young Republican Federation, without recognizing the key role played by NATIONAL REVIEW. Above all others, NATIONAL REVIEW is the flagship publication of American conservatism.

NATIONAL REVIEW has spoken to young Americans in accents they understand and respect. It has given intellectual drive to the movement toward conservatism of which those of us who work for freedom in the political arena are beneficiaries.

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For The Editors

Burnham

Something has happened in the past year, the immense significance of which has not yet been much noticed. For the first time since the Henry Wallace affair in 1947, and more profoundly than in 1947, a split has opened within the Liberal ranks. Liberalism, for so long the smugly dominant ideology of our society, is divided against itself, and cracking. . . . To win those fellow citizens now trying to liberate themselves from Liberalism, and the youth not yet corrupted by Liberalism, the conservative movement will have to break out of the sectarian and doctrinaire clannishness that is natural enough in the early stages of every political movement. It will have to become more flexible, more generous, more intelligent and more humane. This is not an easy assignment. But if you believe, as I believe, that our country is *not* ready for suicide, we can be of good cheer about what the outcome will be.

Rickenbacker

I offer you some prophecies, neither right nor wrong, neither here nor there.

John Lindsay will go in for phosphorescent make-up, so that next time he hits the wrong switch at Gracie Mansion, he won't be without his image.

I was reading Walter Lippmann the other day, in a rather pleasing English translation, and he said there that Mary Lindsay is the Mary Scranton of politics.

The dollar will be backed by wheat, sputtering, and aluminum. London will hold the pound convertible into Beatles. The franc will always be worth its weight in gall. The money managers will scoff at gold, while making it a crime for anyone but them to hold it.

Conservatives will totally master the business of running a program on schedule. As a step in that direction, I hereby quit with two minutes to go. I bequeath these minutes to Mr. Frank Meyer, on the odd chance that he may wish to think for a moment before he starts to speak.

Meyer

Conservatism is no more nor less than devotion to the restoration and renewal of the spirit of Western civilization. It is a colossal task. Yet from its very grandeur we may take heart when the tides of power swell against us. What we base ourselves upon runs deeper than those tides. The nature of men, firmly rooted in their creation, belies the construction of the Utopians. . . .

I venture to predict, we will be back here ten years from now, ten years stronger, to signalize—fittingly together—the 20th Anniversary of NATIONAL REVIEW and the 200th anniversary of the War of Independence that launched our republic.

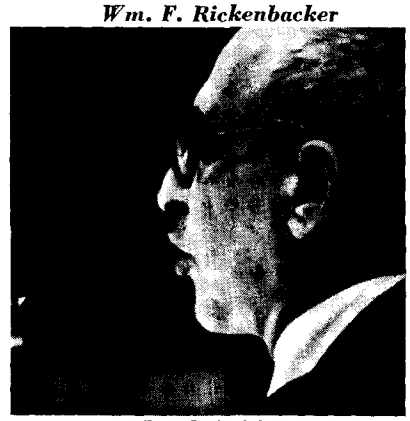
Rusher

The late Arturo Toscanini is supposed to have said, "It's not true that I am the world's greatest conductor. I am just the only good one." Sometimes we feel the same way about NATIONAL REVIEW. There are few enough conservative publications of any kind, and when it comes to journals of opinion we have distressingly little competition. What's more, in these early years we have had to play all sorts of auxiliary roles on the Right, from baby-sitter to ambulance driver. Not long ago, as you know, we even had to throw one of our principal editors into a contest for public office.

But I hope you will believe me, ladies and gentlemen, when I say that all of us at NATIONAL REVIEW will be profoundly glad when the conservative movement is large enough and strong enough to do all these things for itself, and we can get on with our main job (and a very important job it is): namely, putting out the best possible journal of opinion.

James Burnham

Wm. F. Rickenbacker



Frank S. Meyer

Wm. A. Rusher

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Spotlight on welcoming banner over center dais. Autograph hunters obscure Gold water, Mrs. Luce. WFB lectures Lewis Strauss on how to win elections. Genial, grey ing tycoon publisher H. R. Luce looks away

Buckleys everywhere. Background Mr. and Mrs. John Buckley. Foreground, James L. Buckley, campaign manager for brother Wm., too old to cry, hurting too much to join Mrs. Wm. F. Buckley Sr. in laughter

Steve Allen turns his back on Frank Meyer, who explains to newly appointed editor Arlene Croce where the mines are buried

C. D. Batchelor, left front, with Bob Bauman, Lem Boulware. Behind, Holn Ruth Alexander, John Ashbrook, Wm. Baroody

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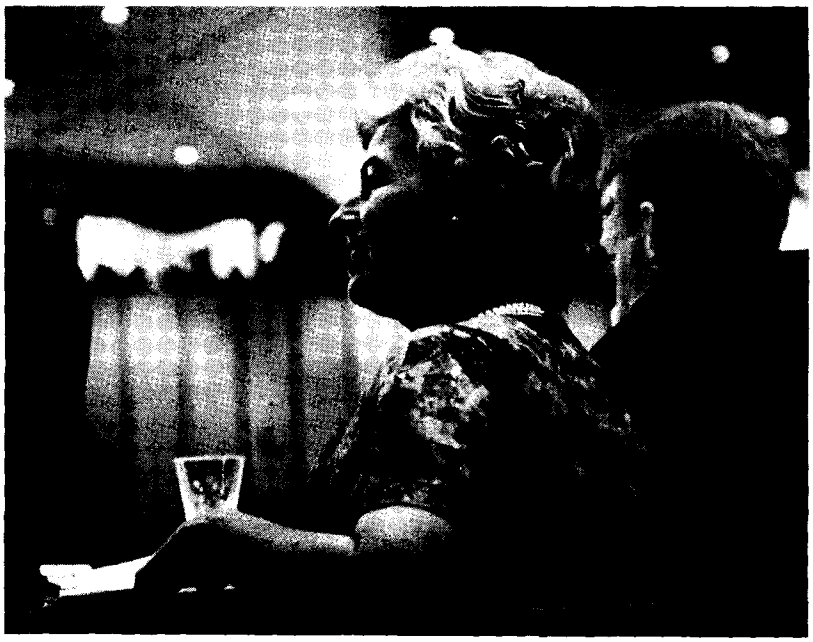

Priscilla Buckley, managing editor, at ease for first time in nine years, no thanks to largely absentee contributor at right, L. B. Bozell

"We got to talk low, Bill. Time Inc. is listening . . . Careful what you say from now on about John Lindsay. Don't ever kick a man when he's down . . ."

Mrs. Wm F. Buckley Jr. forces a smile when editor Frank S. Meyer predicts National Review *will go on forever; and wondering, if Mary Lindsay is the Mary Scranton of politics, what does that make her?*

Henry Luce Jr. disconcerts author Theodore H. White, betting his book will sell only 200,000. John K. Jessup of Life Mag *looks on*

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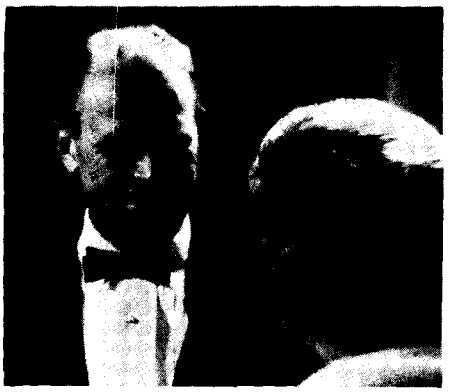
Clif White, organizer of the Draft Goldwater movement, smiling at Denison Kitchell and Dean Burch, Goldwater organizers



Republican Minority Leader Gerald Ford talking to distinguished but unidentifiable lady about the horrors of the do-everything 89th Congress. The lady was said to have wept

●

Intent. WFB (no notes); John Dos Passos, James Burnham, Henry Luce, Lewis Strauss, at Mrs. Luce's confession that she was once a disciple of Walter Lippmann . . .

●

Greetings. The dais guests line up—all eighty of them!—at reception, to file into banquet hall, prior to eating three courses and hearing 11 speeches

L. Brent Bozell, and Marvin Liebman, eminence grise *extraordinary and principal organizer of the 10th Anniversary Dinner*

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Remarks at the Anniversary Dinner

I am on the one hand most grateful to you for being here, and on the other most disconcerted that, after the most recent NATIONAL REVIEW Fund Appeal, there should be so many of you left with seventeen dollars to spare for a dinner ticket. I know that some of you must feel that you have been taking NATIONAL REVIEW to dinner practically every night of the year, and that therefore it is only just that at least once every now and then you should be permitted to dine at your own table. Still, you have welcomed me and my colleagues, for which we thank you deeply: even as we recognize that the true meaning of the occasion is that you welcome your own ideas, devotion, and faith, which it is our duty, and our privilege, to refract as best we can.

Which is very well indeed, I think I should say, if only to maintain that commitment to candor which is always good for 13 per cent of the vote. I mean by that that I cannot conceal my own pride in my association with my colleagues; some of whom you have heard from tonight, some of whom are here and have not been heard from; still others are not here tonight, without whom our journal could not continue. I must be frank and say that to them all I feel greatly obligated. It is not exactly a sense of gratitude, because that would suppose that I am entitled to feel grateful for the exercise of other people's noblest exertions. It is more like a sense of personal security, that issues from the conviction that something like a gyroscope does continue to spin; that our society isn't merely a mobile to be raised or lowered by the currents of an impulsive age, taking all of us up or down, flattering us that we continue to be different from one another, even while we maintain the same relative distance from the axis of history. Albert Jay Nock once wondered whether it would be possible to write an essay demonstrating that the world is moving into a Dark Age. My colleagues and other spokesmen of our faith have here and there given us intimations that it *is* possible to know when things are awry, that we do have available to us a social perspective that reaches beyond the horizon, beyond even the beachhead in space that has so greatly numbed the imagination. I do therefore take the occasion not so much to thank my colleagues as to remark to them that I am most deeply comforted by their existence, that I have frequented this huge ballroom all alone many times in the last ten years to give them an individual, but no less fervent tribute, for the repose they bring to my political soul.

I cannot express my own gratitude to all those here tonight who have given me and my colleagues such pleasure without sounding like a litany. And if I tried to sound like a litany, I do not know that I could bring it off. I ask you, then, to accept my deepest thanks, unspecified: to you all, on and off the dais—the most arbitrary dais ever composed; not because so many who sit on it are undistinguished, but because so many who do not sit on it have performed such prodigious service for our country, for our literature, and for our public philosophy.

You have heard from Mr. Van Sickle who, as chairman of the National Young Republicans, has resisted with ease the notion that the Republican Party, not having had any valid points to make during all these past years, should so adjust its social philosophy as to achieve the approval of the Americans for Democratic Action.

Mr. Steve Allen, my engaging friend, displays from time to time that marvelous flexibility which he so commends in others, as when, dining with me in the composure of Northwest Connecticut he was constrained a year ago to agree that the arguments were sound for zeroing in on the nuclear installations in Red China, and bombing the hell out of them, unsanely.

Admiral Lewis Strauss, among our oldest friends; always a little shy, a little reticent, self-effacing; who, however, is the tiger in the Republican tank when anyone seeks overly to dilute the essence of Republicanism. John Dos Passos, whose talent and integrity overpower everyone of literary sensibility, from Jean-Paul Sartre to Whittaker Chambers, both of whom called him the greatest novelist in the world; whose work is translatable in every language in the world, save Swedish.

Barry Goldwater, my gallant friend, and friend of every American. I cannot think of him without recalling the occasion when a Dublin newspaper complained that the Lord Mayor of Dublin should attempt to make himself more popular with the people, and William Yeats remarked that surely considering the undisputed eminence of the gentleman involved, it would be more relevant that the

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people of Dublin should make themselves more popular with the Lord Mayor.

To Mrs. Luce, chairman of this gathering, I desire to say this, that I especially admire her generosity in the light of her stated disagreements with some of the positions NATIONAL REVIEW has taken from time to time. I should, I suppose, remark that I too dissent from some of the positions my colleagues have from time to time taken, even as they dissent from my own. But I do not believe there is any dissent concerning her own magnanimity and wit and courage. I hold in my hands clumsily the bouquet she has thrust into them, and emulate Abraham Lincoln on the occasion when a charming lady in a crowded receiving line thrust a bouquet at him. Are these flowers really mine? he asked. In that case, I can't think of anything I'd rather do with them, than present them to you.

Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Harry Truman once remarked that if you can't stand the heat, you should get out of the kitchen. I think he implied by that something a little different from the truism. He implied that no normal man—no virile man—would want to get out of the kitchen. I should like humbly to question Mr. Truman's planted axiom. I do not, to begin with, understand why any normal person should enjoy the heat of the kitchen, and especially I don't understand why a virile man should desire to expose himself to a heat which he cannot under the terms of Mr. Truman's metaphor, insulate himself against. The normal thing for a normal man to do is to step outside the kitchen, and let the heat rage on within it. And a virile man takes matters into his own hands, and reduces the heat to a point of toleration. Politics, it has been said, is the preoccupation of the quarter-educated, and I do most solidly endorse that observation, and therefore curse this century above all things for its having given all sentient beings very little alternative than to occupy themselves with politics. It is very well to say that we will ignore the Great Society. But will the Great Society ignore us? How is it possible nowadays for a normal young man to go to school in Berkeley, California, and not be occupied in politics? He cannot nowadays walk across the hall to the bathroom without having to lift his legs over the bones of a recumbent classmate, protesting in the prone position. How is it possible for a sensitive human being on the dark side of the Iron Curtain to avoid politics, when he cannot visit an art gallery or read a textbook, in which the heat of the kitchen doesn't reach out to scorch him. And therefore how is it possible on the happier side of the Iron Curtain for a man sensitive to the suffering of other men to retire from the kitchen in order to devote himself wholly to his or his family's private concerns. To retreat from the kitchen is surely not undesirable but altogether *the* most desirable of things to do: but where can we go, always provided we have to take our consciences with us, and be free of the heat? Where can we go and feel free *not* to read the *New York Times*?

No such freedom exists nowadays, which is the conclusive reason, surely, to deplore this century's most distinctive aggression, which is against privacy, publicly understood. Move your ashtray from here to there, and in this century there are vibrations caused that rattle the bones of other men, far away. Fail to bestir yourself in foreign policy, and you fail to bring hope to desperate people. Decline to talk back to the editor of your newspaper and you will find before long that he is regulating the temperature of your living room. Accept passively the strictures of your textbooks and you will find that you are indulging not abstract arguments relating to other people in other times, but terribly concrete arguments binding on your own life and your thought. There is no refuge, in our world, from Mr. Truman's kitchen. Mr. Jack Kerouac can counsel us to go on the road; but to do that, is right away to acknowledge that we are refugees, seeking the privacy of the Flying Dutchman. Mr. Norman Mailer can counsel us to an existentialist permissiveness; but soon we recognize that thrillseeking is a tedious substitute for the homelier, and headier, pleasure of duty and restraint, of order and peace, of self-discipline and self-cultivation.

It isn't so much that we can't stand the heat: we are standing it. It is that we resent, or at any rate I do, that we are given no morally tolerable alternative than to live in it. Mr. Scott-King, the classics teacher, after his tour through Evelyn Waugh's Modern Europe, comes back to school, and there the headmaster suggests that he teach some popular subject in addition to the classics—economic history, perhaps, for the classics are not popular. "I'm a Greats man myself," the headmaster says. "I deplore it as much as you do. But what can we do? Parents are not interested in producing the 'complete man' any more. They want to qualify their boys for jobs in the public world. You can hardly blame them, can you?" "Oh, yes," Scott-King replies. "I can and do." And, deaf to the headmaster's entreaties, he declares, shyly but firmly, "I think it would be very wicked indeed to do anything to fit a boy for the modern world."

I do not doubt that no one here will flee from the modern world. But I know that you will not stay where you are, merely because you enjoy it, even as Mr. Truman enjoys politics. There is, to be sure, a joy of battle. That joy we can experience, we do experience. But it must not be taken for doing the whole job; and it isn't taken for that. We cannot crack a joke, and thereby crack the riddle of the universe. A) Because we can't; and b) because even if we could, we would never get the credit. I do envy some people their cachets with the press. If the Mayor-elect in the next few months, succeeds in removing one double-parked car, he will be hailed as the dawn of a new municipal era. We might meanwhile discover that, on soberer analysis, *E* doesn't actually equal *mc* squared and for our pains be denounced as anti-Semitic.

It is undoubtedly necessary, every now and then, to bare one's teeth; and we do so, preferably, in the course of smiling. But the smiles have a way of freezing, as the sadness rolls in. The joys of warmaking presuppose the eventual stillness of victory; and that, so far as I can see, is beyond our reach. Perhaps it was meant to be so. Eliot observed that there are no lost causes because there are no gained causes. Perhaps Providence has decreed that the price of a soaring Gross National Product is perpetual servitude in the kitchen. I don't know. (You will be relieved, no doubt, to know that I don't know.) I only know this, and I know it as a certitude, that you are the finest company in all the world, and that on the 10th Anniversary of NATIONAL REVIEW, I celebrate, above all things, yourselves.

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(Continued from p. 1086)

fessional Houyhnhnms among us confuse them, soliciting the revolution, and the imperfectly aware confuse them, hoping for things to stay still for a bit, and the world to cease sweeping its way past commonplaces half-remembered from Fillmore High.

The revolution reduces discourse to facts and tradition to a flat present, backless. Renovation asks that words shall remember their meanings, and that things experienced, not specters persisting, shall move the imagination. "Word/thing," assents the simplifier, as though he had the heart of the matter.

The revolution reduces language to a profile of usage, writing as one says and saying as others say. Renovation listens to the talk of its own time, testing against live intonations the thousand cadences it has inherited. "Writing/speech," runs the freshman note.

The revolution asks that we be moved, but toward a simpler quality of life, prizing if possible temperance, industry, exercise, cleanliness, and opsimathic skills, but at least survival. Renovation respects the impulse cleansed by wonder, wonder before what forty generations have fearfully and wonderfully made: an intuition of man in tension among prudence, temperance, fortitude, and justice, an intuition barely to be sustained but always renewable, up to now always renewed: recoverable from the archaic values of Achilles as from the baptized values of Alighieri. "Thought/action," mumbles the man with a commencement address to prepare.

Before what it values renovation is perhaps dumb, or is perhaps moved to coinage, or perhaps has some ready quotation, since their ancestors assert themselves in us when we handle their words. So Dante at the instant of supreme vision reaches from Heaven to the world of Euripides, recalling the sea-god amazed at the passing shadow of Argo. Revolution at its good moments (the surf high, perhaps, or the chick limber) can expect to be thrown back on quotation likewise, very likely on the climactic sentence of Gray, Baruch and Montgomery's accredited classic:

Oh, oh, oh![19]

19. *Ibid.*, p. 47.

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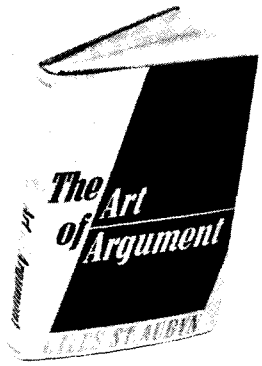

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To the Editor

(Continued from p. 1059)

of words. Deficits, odds, and danger factors may grow by squaring and cubing but never, *NR*, probability.

Wishing you continued, and enlightened, success, I am

Boston, Mass. RICHARD T. TROUTNER

The highest theoretical probability that any event will occur is *1* and is associated with events which, in a strict sense, are inevitable. The probability that a non-inevitable event will occur is less than 1 by the definition $p = s/n$, where p is the probability that an event will occur, s the number of occurrences which would satisfy the definition of the event in which we are interested (a "success"), and n is the number of possible events, including but not necessarily restricted to the one in which we are interested. When p is less than *1*, p^2 is less than p, for example:

$(1/2)^1 = 1/2$, $(1/2)^2 = 1/4$, $(1/2)^3 = 1/8$, . . . , $(1/2)^{10} = 1/1{,}024$;

or

$(5/6)^1 = 5/6 = 180/216$, $(5/6)^2 = 25/36 = 150/216$, $(5/6)^3 = 125/216$.

Consequently, proliferation of nuclear weapons would decrease the probability of nuclear war to infinitesimal proportions if p is affected exponentially by

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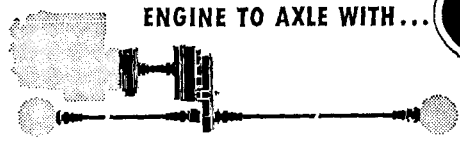

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integers. In passing, those who suppose that nuclear war is inevitable have to assign a probability of *1* to its occurrence, an absurd notion since nuclear war would then occur inevitably even though no nuclear weapons existed: $p = 1 = (1)^0$.

Just as the square of p is smaller than p, so also the square root of p is larger than p, for example:

$(1/25)^1 = 1/25$, $(1/25)^{1/2} = 1/5$;

or

$(9/100)^1 = 9/100$, $(9/100)^{1/2} = 3/10$.

Hence, your conclusion that "a moderate number of bombs in *both* Japan's and China's hands would put the probability of nuclear war at not the square, but the square root, of its probability when China alone has got them" is inconsistent with the political gist of the article.

Philadelphia, Pa. DENNIS D. MURPHY

A solid QED to our mathematician readers. The editorial wording was non-technical, borrowed from popular discussion of the problem in C. P. Snow and a number of American writers. The theory can be expressed formally through some such formula as

$$p = \left(1 - \frac{1}{c^n}\right),$$

where n = the number of countries possessing nuclear weapons, and c is a constant greater than O (actually not discoverable, but presumably rather small). Thus, $p = O$ (1-1/1) when $n = O$, and increases by the stated exponential function as n increases.—ED.

Slavery North and South

Pyrrho, in his letter to the editor of Oct. 19, suggests that Negro slavery in the South and white "indenture" in the North were "not substantially different." This is a strange assertion for a responsible historian. Was indenture enforced and involuntary? Was it binding for life? Did any law forbid the indentee to learn to read? Was his testimony rejected in court? Was his marriage legally valid? Was his wife free to his master's use? Were his children born in indenture? Could they be sold away from him by his master? These differences are substantial indeed—the differences, indeed, between treating a man as a human being and treating him as property.

Berkeley, Calif. GORDON B. CHAMBERLAIN

Trib's Gus?

When Mr. Max Geltman, in his article "A Little-Known Chapter in American History" [Oct. 5] mentions "Charles Augustus Dana" of the *New York Tribune* he really means Charles Anderson Dana, doesn't he?

Seattle, Wash. ANTHONY F. MOITORET

He does. —ED.

Historical Footnote

(Continued from p. 1117)

young editor attacked the monarchy. By 1960, it could be observed printing something called "Tory Radicalism at Oxford," an interminable article in which a humorless young Oxonian told of his (largely successful) endeavors to convert his University's Conservative club into a vehicle for the orthodox Left. In June of 1960, the *National Review*, bereft of its animating ideas, its sense of humor, and many of its readers, expired, of natural causes, at 77. Its final issue was admirably free of tears and (for the most part) recriminations.

One footnote: on the last page of the final issue, there appears a quarter-page ad for another magazine—also, oddly, named NATIONAL REVIEW—in which extravagant claims are made, in garish letters: "If . . . you do not read NATIONAL REVIEW . . . you do not know *America*!" This magazine claimed to be "America's only journal of conservative opinion," a claim which might have seemed similar to—but that, ladies and gentlemen, is another story.

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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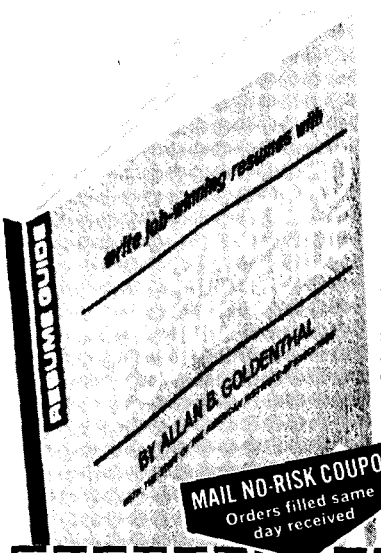

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. King of Judah, son of Asa.	1 51 65 160 203 122 89 19 148 196 36
B. Miss Postscript.	26 31 101 90 77 150 123 41 2 52 197 128
C. Frankish ruler, 715-741.	37 204 57 4 21 102 66 163 78 217 182 133 110
D. Unscramble EKE HOLY.	69 111 85 183 206 79 218
E. Its capital is Regina.	74 80 38 161 139 58 25 195 184 12 164 5
F. Capital of Washington.	106 28 143 186 49 22 6
G. Two cities same name, different states, seats of Carleton, St. Olaf, Norwich.	117 216 140 23 223 201 59 39 7 82
H. Tax levied by old-time lord upon his tenants; often a high one.	121 166 142 153 172 151 40
I. Male servant.	138 233 55 93 187 158 43 146
J. Assignment of a cause or reason.	152 42 8 60 177 181 165 200
K. What many a Hollywood girl is.	162 227 94 56 9 24 104 178 211 234
L. To make into a law.	170 107 30 54 10

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Roman emperor, 305-306.	53 230 81 11 192 144 173 219 67 3 124
N. University near Columbus.	136 44 113 220 62 95 154 27 105 214 208 70
O. To drug a horse.	145 116 209 221 96 29
P. What restaurant soup often tastes like.	174 149 114 84 91 45 98 222 13
Q. A fur piece from a long distance.	88 179 14 61 68 228 115 199 237 212
R. Unscramble NICE TRAIT.	97 169 15 126 156 76 118 64 92
S. A king of Denmark.	46 202 226 120 16 215 236 231 168 189 191
T. In a way not subject to control by others.	63 119 135 32 83 47 129 141 71 157 99 176 229
U. It sounds like boarding-house grub, but means noninterference.	103 48 193 72 86 127 167 137 190 205 17 155
V. City in Massachusetts.	130 159 33 125 180 18 108 224 50
W. Property valuation for taxing.	134 34 73 131 171 194 235 109 207 147
X. Two French heroes (3 wds.).	185 20 100 175 213 188 225 232 198 75 210 87 112 35 132

See page 1112 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 A	2 B	3 M	4 C	5 E	6 F	7 G	8 J	9 K	10 L	11 M		12 E	13 P	14 Q
15 R	16 S	17 U	18 V		19 A	20 X	21 C	22 F	23 G	24 K	25 E	26 B	27 N		28 F	29 O
30 L	31 B	32 T	33 V	34 W		35 X	36 A	37 C		38 E	39 G	40 H	41 B		42 J	43 I
	44 N	45 P	46 S	47 T		48 U		49 F	50 V	51 A	52 B	53 M	54 L	55 I	56 K	57 C
58 E	59 G	60 J	61 Q		62 N	63 T	64 R	65 A		66 C	67 M	68 Q	69 D	70 N	71 T	72 U
73 W		74 E	75 X	76 R	77 B	78 C	79 D		80 E	81 M	82 G		83 T	84 P	85 D	86 U
87 X	88 Q	89 A	90 B		91 P	92 R		93 I	94 K	95 N		96 O	97 R	98 P	99 T	100X
101B		102C	103U	104K	105N		106F	107L		108V	109W	110C	111D	112X	113N	114P
115Q	116O	117G		118R	119T	120S		121H	122A	123B		124M	125V	126R	127U	128B
129T		130V	131W		132X	133C	134W	135T		136N	137U		138I	139E	140G	141T
142H	143F		144M	145O	146I	147W	148A	149P	150B	151H		152J	153H	154N	155U	
156R	157T		158I	159V	160A	161E	162K		163C	164E	165J	166H	167U	168S	169R	170L
171W		172H	173M	174P		175X	176T	177J		178K	179Q	180V		181J	182C	183D
184E	185X		186F	187I	186X	189S	190U		191S	192M		193U	194W		195E	196A
197B	198X	199Q	200J		201G	202S	203A	204C	205U	206D	207W	208N	209O	210X	211K	
212Q	213X	214N		215S	216G	217C	218D		219M	220N		221O	222P		223G	224V
225X	226S	227K	228Q	229T		230M	231S		232X	233I	234K	235W	236S	237Q		

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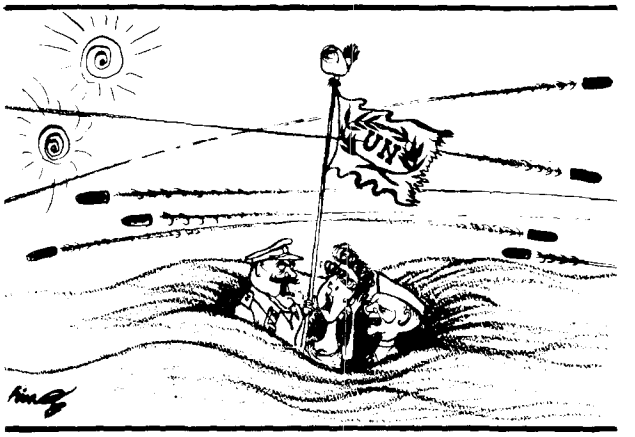
For The Record

Conservatives in Illinois looking around for candidate to run in Republican senatorial primary next June. Name most often mentioned as so-called "Percy alternative" is Philip Crane, professor of History at Bradley University, author of The Democrat's Dilemma, adviser to the Illinois YAFers. Charles Percy, who lost close race in '64 to Gov. Otto Kerner, being urged by centralist Republicans to take on Senator Paul Douglas next year. . . . Liberal GOPers in California, who seem to want to beat Ronald Reagan more than they want to beat Pat Brown, dredged up a "progressive" candidate last week in 35-year-old William Patrick (a Democrat turned Republican) who says he is ready to spend $1.5 million on the race. Said Patrick, in announcing his availability: I will expose John Birch Society support for Mr. Reagan "if I can dig out the facts." . . . In Oregon it now looks as if Gov. Mark Hatfield, who has announced he will run for the Senate seat Mrs. Maurine Neuberger is giving up, will be himself running against Dem. Rep. Edith Green, who is Liberal enough even for Oregon voters (ADA - 84 per cent; COPE - 98 per cent). Tipoff: Mrs. Green's congressional newsletter now being mailed outside her home district.

Communist version of what happened in Indonesia (as recounted by National Guardian editor Wilfred Burchett) is that the PKI (the Indonesian Communist Party) had to strike after uncovering a plot by a group of generals for an anti-Communist coup between Oct. 5 and 12. . . . Reports from Jakarta say army units are closing in on PKI Chief D. N. Aidit, who has been hiding out in a Red-dominated area near Mt. Merapi. . . . Ceasefire that isn't: India reports 640 Indian and Pakistani troops have been killed since the UN's Sept. 23 truce went into effect.

Rhodesia's declaration of independence has not put an end to Rhodesian-French negotiations for sale of French small arms and light aircraft to Salisbury. . . . Afrikaners snapping up Portuguese offer of farmland in fertile highlands of northern Mozambique. Land is given to farmers in groups as means of reinforcing Portuguese defenses along Tanganyika border. . . . Unforeseen result of Israel elections: the people of Nazareth voted in a Communist coalition government, the first city in Israel to do so.

Job Corps scandal: the Director of the Job Corps camp at Camp Breckinridge, Ky. was fired last week when it was dis-



King, *Daily Telegraph*, Australia — Ben Roth Agency

"I can't hear, the ceasefire's too noisy."

covered a) that the wives of 51 of the camp employees (including Mme. Director) were on the payroll, and b) that the staff numbered 350, the trainees 358. . . . Washington, D.C. grade schools now almost totally resegregated. Negroes account for 91 per cent of the enrollment, while only 61.2 per cent of the population.

UPI says it's true: Orders have gone out to Sudanese Army troops in the rebellion-torn south to shoot anyone they see who is clothed on the theory that anyone who is clothed is apt to be a rebel with concealed arms. Initial bag: one tailor, one prison warden, one missionary, three teachers.

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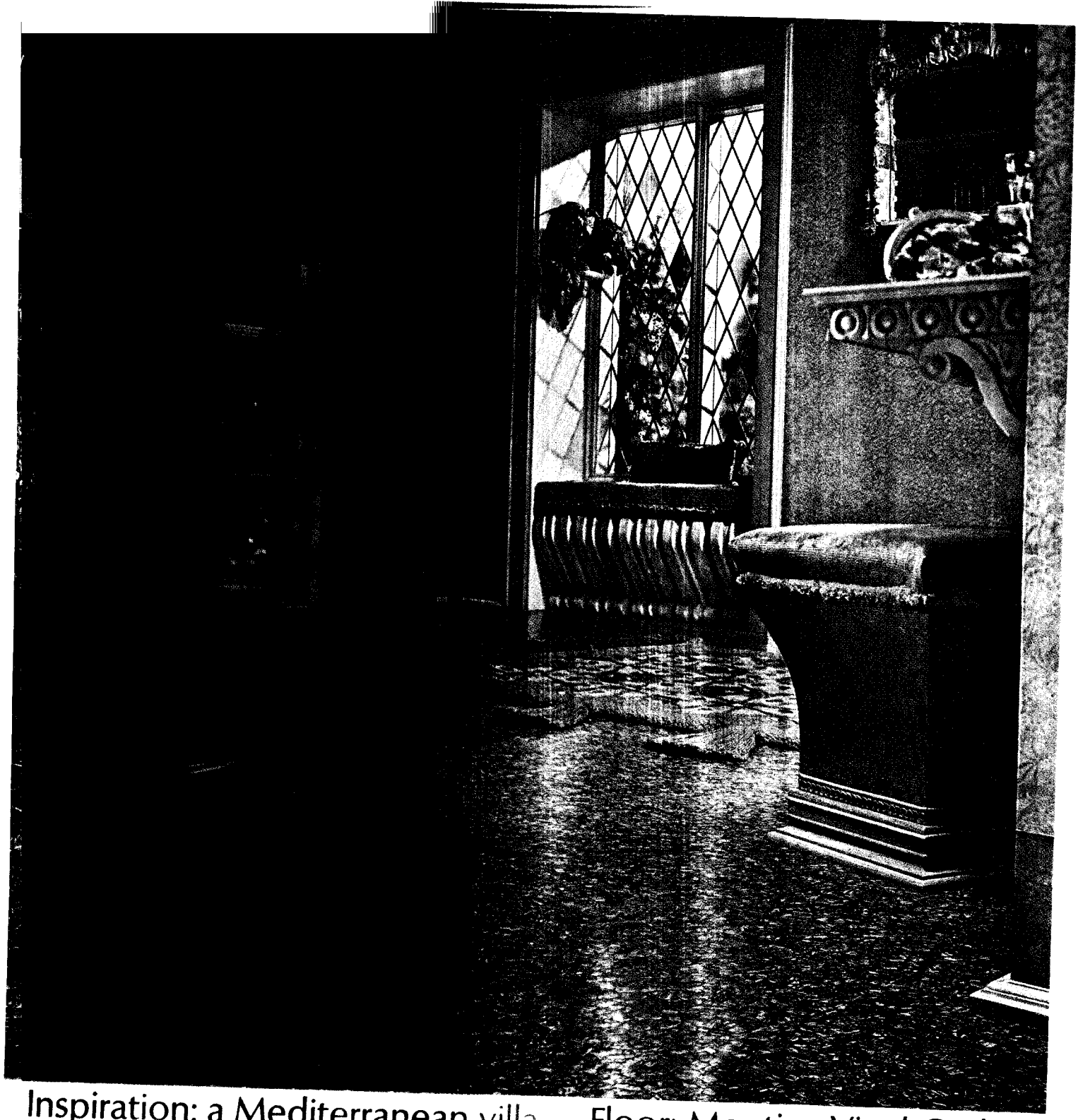
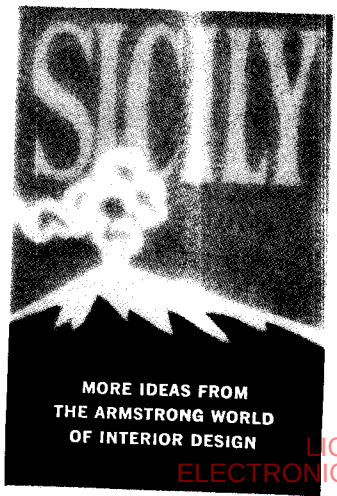


Inspiration: a Mediterranean villa Floor: Montina Vinyl Corlon



Deep, rich color and intricate design are the essence of Sicilian decorating, and of this new vinyl floor—Montina Corlon, by Armstrong.

Montina is made of stone-like chips of vinyl veined with color. They are set in deep, translucent vinyl to create intriguing, pebbly texture.

This textured surface helps hide scuffs and heel marks.

Because Montina comes in wide rolls, there's scarcely a seam, wall to wall.

And Montina can be used anywhere in the home—even in most downstairs playrooms, directly over the concrete.

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